



ALBERT R. MANN
LIBRARY
AT
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



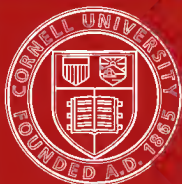
Cornell University Library
SH 439.F81A

Angling reminiscences.



3 1924 003 423 773

mann



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

ANGLING REMINISCENCES.

BY

FRANCIS FRANCIS,



*Author of "Pickackifaz, a Novel in Rhyme," "The Real Salt,"
"Angler's Register," "Newton Dogvane," "Sidney Bellew,"
"Fish Culture," "Sporting Sketches," "Reports on Salmon
Ladders," "A Book on Angling," "By Lake
and River," "Angling," "Hot Pot," "The Practical
Management of Fisheries," "Eric
and Ethel, an Old-Fashioned Fairy
Tale," &c., &c.*

LONDON:

HORACE COX,

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.



1887.

SH
439
F81A

360254

LONDON :

PRINTED BY HORACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

PREFACE.

WHILE the following sketches were in the press their author, after a long and painful illness, passed away. Very few of them, if any, have had the advantage of being corrected by him ; for, although able to take an interest in selecting them from the mass of his former work, and to anticipate with pleasure their reproduction in a book form, the nature of his infirmities did not permit him to rewrite anything, or to make that effort which the concentration of his attention for the revision of proofs would have necessitated. The reader is asked, therefore, to bear this in mind, and to be lenient in his criticism of mistakes, if any should be discovered.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
A CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT	1
LUCK	16
LOCH TAY	30
THE ANGLER'S WISH	73
GRAYLING FISHING	75
SPRING SALMON FISHING	82
BARBEL FISHING	91
COVER SHOOTING	96
FLY FISHING FOR LADIES	107
SAINT MAYFLY	113
MY FIRST SALMON RUN	117
THE MAYFLY MESS	131
A MONTH IN THE WEST	144
TROUT FISHING	199
IN AND OUT DALES	211
UP AND DOWN	231
TOM BOWERS'S CHRISTMAS	232

ANGLING REMINISCENCES.

A CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT.

When all the world was young, lad,
And all the trees were green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away !
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

It is about seven lustres since, or thirty-five years ago, when I was, like the celebrated William Taylor, "a gay young fellow, full of mirth and full of glee," when I could do a mile in 4.50, and box a bit besides, and rather fancied myself at most things. It was the day before Christmas Day, and I was chub fishing under the boughs at the Cherry Orchard above Hampton. I was standing in the stern of my house boat—a home-made one, converted by Bill and myself out of an old dinghy, with some matchboard and tarred canvas. She rowed nearly as lightly as an ordinary boat, and had a little snug stove in her

for cooking, &c.; and I excursed, fished, and sheltered, and often slept in her too. She was the cheapest investment I ever made. She was pushed into the boughs, which in those days fringed the north bank of the river, and ran out thirty or forty feet into the stream. It was a favourite haunt of mine in those days, and many a pleasant, lazy, dreamy day have I spent there with a pie and a bottle of sherry, a pipe and a friend, talking over old scenes and memories. It was a capital place to take temporary root in, for the reach was in those days choke-full of fish of all kinds—pike, perch, big trout, barbel, roach, gudgeon, &c.—while the boughs held huge chub. I adored the dear old river in those days. It was a whole family to me—an occupation, a history, and almost a religion besides. Now that it has become the prey of the steam-launch demon, the water-works fiend, and the conservancy ogre, its charms have vanished. I had the stern of the “Turtle,” as we called the craft, just projecting beyond the bushes, so as to admit of my fishing the boughs below with a long line. For just below where I was made fast was a noted chub bough, under which resided two or three familiar “busters,” and I was letting a traveller and a lump of cheese down to them, when a boat with a pair of oars came swinging up past Platt’s Ait, and, trending over to my shore, hugged the boughs closely. “Done again!” growled I to myself. “Confound those boats! I never shall get on terms with those downy old chevins. Keep out a bit, old fellow; you needn’t cut our stern off.” “Why, who would ha’ thought of fuf-fuf-finding a bub-bub-boat here? Hope we haven’t

spup-poilt you," said the bow oar, with a remarkable stutter which I had heard before in the far-off past. The voice was familiar ; so was the face. " Why, it's never Scops ! " " Why, who the ded-ded deuce are you ? Why, if it aint old Chingachgook ! Why, Skosti, here's a go ! it's Chingy, by all that's thirsty." " Chingy ! " said a hoarse voice, which I knew equally well. " Then in bow, mate." Taking hold of the bow of the boat, I rounded her into the bushes and laid her alongside, and in the next minute they were both aboard, and such a shake of the fist we then exchanged as only old schoolfellows, once close friends and long parted, can give. We made up the fire, and sat down to a chatter. The kettle was on in a twinkling, and a smell of lemons, &c., soon became apparent. Scops, as he was nick-named, came to our school a small round-faced, round-eyed boy, with very prominent ears. " Why, young 'un," said Backey Stiffens (so called because he had been known to smoke real tobacco, a tremendous thing in those days, when cane and pith-wine were looked upon as debauchery. He was a big chap, four years older than we were, and besides being the bully of all the youngsters, had a talent for inventing aggravating nicknames). " Why, young 'un, you look for all the world like an unfledged owl" (and he did, there was no denying it)—" a Scops eared owl," he continued. " Henceforth you're Scops, mind ; so come out and field for me, Scops ;" and Scops he was thereafter and for ever. He was a quiet boy if left alone, and a very good fellow as schoolboys go, though his notions of meum and tuum and general

morality were hazy, and when not hazy piratical to a degree; but he was good-natured and generous, and, as for pluck, he fought his way up, in spite of frequent lickings, with a dogged determination which made him a most unpleasant enemy.

I fought Scops three times about an apple he stole, and three times the combat was adjourned. It was after the third adjournment that, smarting with my punishment, I came into the hall followed by Scops, when Backey Stiffens pulled my ear sharply in passing; he never could let a small boy pass without some such aggravation. My temper just then was not at its best, and no sooner did my enemy nip me than, looking round, I spied the heavy wooden bar which was used for barring the door, and, seizing hold of it, I swung it round my head — which it took all my strength to do—and hit Mr. Backey an awful crack just below the knees, knocking his legs clean from under him, so that he came down severely on the stone floor, with a howl.

“Hooray!” yelled Scops from behind: “Hooray, old Chingy!” At this dire insult the fallen hero struggled up and made at Scops. “Here, Scops, take the bar and give him a pelter,” cried I, handing him the weapon. “Ah, won’t I!” said Scops, flourishing the bar. “You come on,” he shouted, “here’s for you!” But he didn’t come on; he fled ignominiously, and never ventured to touch either of us again—indeed, he would have had to tackle both if he had. From that time Scops and I were inseparable. My name of Chingy, or Chingachgook, was derived from the Indian chief in “The Last of the Mohicans.” We

were full of that novel in those days, and we had an Uncas, a Hawkeye, a Magua, &c., and acted the novel and performed Indian feats. How I remember, among other feats, making captive of Rags, the baker's poodle, a disreputable dog (who, if a bad name should hang a dog, ought to have been *sus. per col.* long before), and pretending to scalp by seizing on his stump tail as a scalp lock, and making a circular flourish round it with my pocket knife. But the knife must have been sharper than I thought, for Rags resented it by biting my thumb and running away quickly, which was declared un-Cooper-like, and Rags was voted a bad Injun.

Skosti, Scops's companion, had derived his name from the second Greek Delectus. Those who remember that work of the learned Valpy will recollect that, at the commencement there were a number of stupid things supposed to be done by a silly fellow—Skolastikos, as he was termed. Unfortunately, Tom Carter was a very dense lad at his Greek, and a very odd and apparently foolish or witless boy in other matters; so he got called Skolastikos, or Skosti for short. He was not half as foolish as he looked and pretended though; he was very fond of what we call "doing Tomkins"—asking foolish questions, and pretending he didn't know things—and he never lost this peculiarity. He had a growling voice, and he said the oddest things at times—things that seemed quite apart from the subject; and yet, when you came to think them over, they fitted in with an ingenuity which was quite startling, and looked as if he had thought them over for an hour,

though they were quite impromptu. For example, he was talking one day about an acquaintance with a friend. The person discussed was a soapy kind of party, who wormed his way to his end, and often achieved it somehow. Skosti was rather warm against him. The friend was not a strong admirer, but had still a good word or two to say. "Of course, I don't consider him, you know, what you'd call a hot-blooded or a violent man. "Violent?" said Skosti, with silent scorn; "Hum!" - "And yet he can say what he thinks. He's rather what I should call a man of a—aha — rather a mean temperature." "Yes, yes," replied Skoski, apparently thinking of something else; "d——d mean temperature. You're right; right, quite right."

We had a glorious afternoon in the little cabin, and finally pushed out and dropped down to the creek, where stood the cottage in which I lived. They had come out to spend the next day somewhere, and had a bag in the boat; so I made up a bed on the sofa at my cottage, and, having a spare one besides, we chummed out snugly. I was accustomed to this sort of invasion, and often had two or three friends down very unexpectedly, who had a way of sleeping where they dined. As it happened, my good manager, Bill's wife, who cooked for me, was a notable and provident party, and could not be put out, and my cellar was always in first-rate fettle; so I did not fear to be taken unawares. Somewhere in the small hours we exhausted our talk, and got to bed. The next morning, after putting out some special 1820 Madeira to be nursed—for Madeira is like the butcher's steak

in "Martin Chuzzlewit," "it must be humoured, not drove;" and if you want it perfect, give it some hours and go slow—and after breakfast we got into the punt and pushed up to the weir, to get an appetite for dinner and a few perch for breakfast on the morrow. We picked up three or four in the side eddy, and then shoved round to the tumbling bay, and got as many more and a brace of nice jack.

"I wonder what that side ditch was ever made for which runs through old Goggles's garden?" said Skosti, in one of the intervals.

"I fancy it must have been a salmon pass in the old time, when all these weirs were first made, for there are similar cuts to a good many of the lower weirs on the Thames," I replied; "and I am the more inclined to think so, because the pass between the eyots above is called the 'hog hole.' Now the hog hole was the aperture made for salmon to pass through weirs in old days, the regulation being that the holes should be so big that a hog could turn round in without touching the sides."

"Oh, that was the law of it," said Scops, "was it? I once heard from a cute Yankee a very different account of 'the law of it,' and I'll tell it you by-and-by—after dinner, for there goes the half-hour, and we dine at four, I think you said." He was right; we dined at four to have a long evening, so we up ripecks, and dropped down to the creek again. Dinner was ready; the logs blazed; the Madeira, wrapped in flannel, was perfect. We dined, drank all suitable toasts, including our noble selves, cracked a few filberts, &c., and, pushing back the table,

wheeled the big chairs round, and mixed the punch, loaded the big pipes, and grew prosy in the gloaming.

“What was it you promised to tell us about ‘the law of weirs’ after dinner, Scops?”

“Oh!” answered Scops, “it was a Yankee notion. I was fishing the —— some years ago, and I met Jed Chewlick, who was making a tour of the Highlands. He had some sympathy with fishermen, and we interchanged ideas about sport at the table d’hôte. One day I had been trouting below the weir at ——, and as I came up the water I met friend Jed, who was surveying the weir with a rapt gaze while sharpening the blade of a penknife on a piece of soft stick, which he had in his hand preparatory to whittling the same. ‘Say, stranger,’ said he, nodding towards the weir, at which several salmon were jumping ineffectively, ‘Who does the water belong to above that dam? —for everything belongs to someone in this durn country of yourn.’ I mentioned the name of the next proprietor. ‘And is that dam his’n?’ ‘Oh, dear, no! that belongs to a Mr. So-and-so, who lives down south, and who lets it to a tacksman, who catches the fish in that cage yonder.’ Jedediah sniffed, and begun to whittle softly. ‘And does Mr. up above there approve of that erection?’ ‘No, of course he doesn’t; it ruins his fishery, but what can he do?’ ‘The Tarnal! wal, I mind when father busted at New York, we went to New Brunswick, and took up a location on Swanstone Creek, and when we first located there was a sprinkling of salmon in that creek, and we made dollars out of it. Wal, by-m-by comes a durn Scotchman who sets up a saw mill below and

puts up a *dam* across that creek, and, after that, we didn't get no salmon nohow; but he just raked em up in piles. Wal, father goes to him fair and easy, and says, "My friend, you must just make a hole in that dam o' yourn, and let some o' them salmon come up *tu* me." "No," says McSandy, "I hev bought the water privilege, and I mean to hev that water privilege." "Very, good," says my father, "I am a peaceable citizen. I am a'goin' up *tu Saint John's* nex week, and I guess I'll inquire into the law *ov* the case." "Du," says McSandy. So my father goes up to *Saint John's* nex week, and he comes back with three cocoanuts done up very careful in a box, and I chanced to see them. "What air them nuts, father?" says I. "Them is the law *ov* the case, my son," says he.

"The next day father was busy in his workshop with a piece o' board, some friction tubes, and some string; and, arter supper in the evenin, he just says to mother, gentle-like (he was always quiet and gentle, wos my father, unless he wos real riz, and then he worn't), "My dear," says he, "I am just a-goin' out a-communin with the stars," says he; and I see him take out one o' them cocoanuts careful-like, and, with a bit o' board about a foot square under his arm, he went out softly, a whistlin' the proverbs o' Solomon settomusic. I thought this was odd; so, arter an interval, I went out to commune with the stars likewise, or to see how 'twas done. About a hundred yards below our house the creek took a bend, and just here the road ran 'longside of the stream which swept round the pint. There had been a freshet the day before, and

there was a good deal o' water in the creek, so that it was a-running perhaps nine inches or a foot deep over McSandy's dam down below; and thar was a heavy run o' fish up there. Wal, father goes long down tu that bend, and stops at the bank over the river. The water was pretty deep there, and run close round that pint, and the stream set off from there towards the middle pretty sharp. Wal, as I comes up to father I hears a splash in the water, and I see something like a square bit of timber float away out into the stream. "What's that, father?" says I. "That, my son? That *is* the law ov it." "Is it," says I. "It is," says he; "and now run right away home, and tell mother to get them nets ready agin to-morrow," says he. "What ever for, father?" says I; "there aint no fish now since the dam was up." "Never you mind, sonny," says he; "always you do as your parents tells you and don't ax no questions," says he, "but see and have them fish boxes ready agin to-morrow, for I doubt they'll be wanted," says he. Wal, I went home mighty kewrious, you bet. I kud 'ardly sleep for thinkin' o't. Nex' mornin' sure as sun-up, word comes up from below that suthin' had happened to McSandy's dam, and there was a hole in it as big as a hayrick, and all Swanstone was a-runnin' threw merrily. I never did see my father look so surprised. Naterally he would anyhow,' said Jed. 'But he *did* look that extra astonished that—"Why, lor a massy!" says he to that there messenger as brought the noos, "I shouldn't wonder a mite or mossel if them durned salmon ain't some of ov 'em come up into our water." "I shouldn't wonder neither," said that messenger

drily, for he was a dry chap was that messenger, and chips worn't a circumstance to him. Wal, how it came to happen no one kud tell. There was the hole, which daily growed larger, and we had the most splendaciousest season's fishing as we ever had. McSandy then set to work to repair that dam, and it cost him a matter of three or four hundred dollars to make it sound and good again. Not very long arter there come on another nice little freshet, which I knew would bring up fish, and father he was very busy all day in that workshop of hisn agin.

“ ‘In the evening after supper he took another walk to commune with the stars with another square board under his arm, down tu that pint agin. There was another splash, you guess. “Wot is that father?” says I. “That is the second section ov the law ov it, sonny,” says he; “now run right way hum, and get them nets and boxes ready.” Then I begun to think that father was kinder of an astronomer, as communed and astrolōgised along with them stars to larn wot wos a-goin’ to happen. And dog-durn me if the very next morning that thar messenger didn’t come up agin and say as there was another hole in McSandy’s dam, big as a house this time; and such fishin’ as we had that fall we never did afore. No, sir. Then Sandy pranced around consi’r’ble, and thought that someone had a-done it out o’ malice like, as if anyone would be that malicious to injure a feller cretur so. He made consi’r’ble of a muss about it, but nothin’ come of it, so he just mended up his tarnal old dam the second time—nuther four hundred dollars, and no lumber, and no fish, ’cause they’d all come up to us.

Wal, it was just one of the most astonishin' facts, but the same thing actilly happened all straight over again. Sandy mended his dam, and set people to watch it this time. Father went out and studied the stars a third time to see what was a-goin' to happen; and, as he said, the sidereal infloences was favourable to fishin', and Pisces wos in the ascendant, so he estimated that there would be salmon tomorrer. And them fellers was a-watchin' and a-watchin' Sandy's dam, when all of a sudden, just about half an hour arter supper, as we heerd nex' mornin', believe me if that there dam didn't cave in all of a sudden with a regler bust for the third time; and this time there was a hole in it as big as tew houses. Then, what with mendin' the old dam, the stoppage o' business, and gettin' no fish, McSandy was nigh about stone-broke and played out, and he just chucked up that there dam, and moved on; and long arter he'd gone father explained to me the law in cases of this sort. "Them three cocoanuts, my son, was charged with the execution of the law, and the board was the officer who supported and had charge of it; and when that board slumphed over the weir into the down draft, it'd have drawed out a ton, leave alone a friction tube; and when that old cocoar took that dam kerchunk in the middle, six foot below, that dam just moved on about as quick as it knowed how." And that *is the* law in cases of this sort, you bet, young man, and there's a pint about tew hundred yards above that dam yonder that you could arguey the case from most *convincin'*. Ef that there water wos mine, I guess I'd have my share o' them salmon, anyhow.'

And Jedediah walked away reflectively, picking his teeth with the stump of the peg he had whittled."

We laughed heartily at Scops's tale, but we didn't quite think it would suit this country, though ingenious.

"Well," said Skosti, between long and solemn puffs at his big churchwarden, and a critical and appreciative sip at the punch—but perhaps swig would be the better term, for though sip, as Mr. Weller admitted in respect to the valentine, is perhaps the "tenderer word," still swig, as his son remarked, "means more"—"Well, I suppose, in the present age of civilisation and progress, if you want to rob or commit any act of violence to your neighbour, it is best to get an Act of Parliament to do it with, then you can dig him up and chuck him out when you please. But a jolly old pirate like you—you know you always were. Remember the apples you stole, and old Tettix's radishes." Tettix, by the way, was the nickname we gave to the head master, in whose house we boarded. He had a peculiar hoppy, springy walk; so we called him the Grasshopper, or Τερτιξ, which is the Greek thereof. Tettix had a large garden, which we were never allowed in, as it was full of fruit, &c., and in it there was a greenhouse, the sloping roof of which slid nearly up to the bed-room window of Scops the acquisitive. Scops used to get out of window, and, at the imminent risk of going through into the greenhouse, contrived, by a bit of tightrope walking, to get down along the narrow ledge where the wall at one end was, and so into the garden. There he used to pull up and secure bunches of radishes, which he

sold to the boys on his return at a penny and twopence a bunch; and he made a handsome revenue, much to the disgust of the gardener, who could not think where the radishes went to, until one day Scops happened to drop one on the top of the greenhouse, where it was detected. That bed-room window promptly had bars put to it, which, as Scops remarked, was "mean." But to continue. "I daresay," said Skosti, "you would aid and abet any violence or immorality out of pure love for it; but I—and yet—hem!" and the speaker paused. "Yes, hang it, I do recollect a turn we gave that old Foxham one time when I was at home. You see the way of it was this. Foxham was a tenant of my father's, and we had some very tidy shooting in those days; but Foxham was too fond of the tap at the Feathers ever to do much good at farming, and he was always grumbling that the rabbits were eating him up—instead of the Feathers drinking him up—and wanting compensation for damage in places where there wasn't a rabbit to be seen, and where the crop was poor from pure bad farming and—hem—a—a—exhausted improvements. My dad, however, being fond of a quiet life, gave him leave to snare or trap any holes that there were in his own hedges. But he wasn't satisfied with that; he snared and trapped every meuse in the place, and nailed pheasants and partridges and all, and made a very tidy thing of it; and, not satisfied with this, one evening Griffiths, our keeper, spotted him wiring one of our hedges. So he told me, and we concocted a plan. We went round quietly, and took up a score of wires and ten or a

dozen traps where Foxham had no business at all (for the permission had turned him into a regular poacher), and having seen him away to the Feathers for the evening, we went and put 'em down in the narrow footpath lane that led to his backdoor from the road, which was always the way in with him. Well, about 10.30 Griffiths and I went and hid behind the hedge and waited, and in about a quarter of an hour we heard Foxham stumbling along, and singing in a very well mixed voice, 'I likes a drop o' good beer!' Presently he entered the lane. Before he made ten steps, there was an exclamation, a stumble, and a crash. Then there was a roar and a howl of pain, and then we quietly retired chuckling. Foxham got his foot in a good stout wire, of course, and, being *Bacchi plenus*, over he went, and floundering about on the ground, he dabbed his fist into a rabbit trap, which pretty nearly chopped his thumb off. He managed to get home somehow, though he fell foul of one or two more wires, &c., on his road, and the next day he recognised the weapons. He went about with his hand in a sling for a fortnight or more; and didn't the rabbits chuckle, and didn't we? And he stuck to his own hedges in future."

Just then a neighbour came in, and we resolved ourselves into a social rubber, with devilled bones and a barrel of oysters in the small hours; for the oyster had not left off breeding in those days, as we are told they have now; natives were 5s. 6d. a barrel of one hundred and twenty, or sixpence a dozen, and Dando was a name still remembered.

LUCK.

“It is better to be born lucky than rich.”

It's all very well, but many a fisherman gets a reputation as an executioner of the first class by luck, Sir—pure luck ! Very few, of course, maintain that reputation for ever, because a run of luck, like one at cards, after a year or two in your favour, usually turns the other way. I knew a friend once who had a perfect gift at whist. Oddly enough, his luck always deserted him at loo ; but at whist, for about three years, he was invincible.

The hands that were play'd
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see.

We nicknamed him “The Heathen Chinee.” I don't mean to say he never lost, but his winnings were something very comfortable, and yet he was a very moderate player, and never, as he said, “played to the gallery.” Then, one Christmas Eve, the luck changed. He lost about sixty points without winning a game, and from that time the punishment he got was such that, after a steady run for six months, he gave it up—for a time. So it is with fishing. I have, as a rule, abominable luck with trout. I can remember when I almost

lived on the Thames. I used to be on it from four or five in the morning till dark at night. I had, all to myself, the best fisherman on the river in poor old Bill Wisdom. I kept him. Those who remember him will say that (with the spinning rod more especially) there never was a better. I have known him to take thirty-nine trout in one season at Hampton Court alone. But I, who could handle a spinning rod prettily tidily too—I couldn't catch them. I lost them in every possible way that fish could be lost; but catch them—no! Duffers would come down and get hung up in a good fish somehow, with the greatest rubbish of tackle, and the fish would pretty nearly jump into the well to save trouble. Fellows would go with a huge jack bait and gimp, and chuck down the throat of the very trout I had been spinning the most beautiful little dace and bleak for marvellously, for months almost without an offer. Others would blunder a lob worm and a perch hook into a five or six pounder, and pull him ashore by the hair of his head, anyhow; while, if such a thing ever happened to me, he would walk off with half of my salmon gut, to a moral certainty. No bit of luck of that sort ever happened to me. I have gone out with friends (lucky chaps), no better fishermen certainly—perhaps not as good—times and again, and seen them catch fish; but they never saw me do it. I remember once being with a namesake at Marlow for two days. I fished from the shore, and he from the punt. The first day, for half a mile on a fine run, he got a fish; I I didn't get a touch. The next day we changed; he took the shore, and I the punt; again he got a fish,

and I none. I went out once with Rolfe; he had never spun on the Thames for trout before in his life. As we came down from Sunbury past the white pile, I said, "Throw to the pile, old man; there's sometimes a fish behind it." He did; the punt was then below it, and drifting down rapidly, and he drew down, when he struck a fish of $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and landed him—the first time he ever tried for one! If I had thrown at that white pile till I was black in the face, no trout would ever have favoured me there, or, if he had, he would have fooled around somehow and got off. As to the ways in which I lost them, they were endless and startling, after all my tremendous application and superhuman patience—for no red Indian on the war path, no high-spirited Irish tenant behind a stone wall, waiting to get a receipt from the agent, ever had more patience than I had. If those trout had lifted my brother's hair, or had objected to my owing them six years' rent, I couldn't have waited for them with more patient or more deadly malignity of purpose. I have sat upon one of those weir beams, with the river thundering beneath my feet, till the monotonous hum has at last caused me to pretty nearly fall off the beam into the foam, asleep; and if ever a trout did by any very remote chance pay me a visit, it was always after some six hours' waiting, and just as my nose was touching my knees; but he never hooked himself on those occasions — as his race always did with other people — oh dear no, not he! he carried off the bait, or pretty nearly tugged the rod out of my hands. "But he gave me just a jog, and nothing more." No, I

gave up Thames trout fishing at last as a bad spec.

For years I hugged myself with the notion that some day this bad luck would end; I should strike a vein. And then wasn't there a long arrear of good to come! Mightn't I perhaps get hold of three or four in a day? I should lay down a ledger or a paternoster frequently, and taking it up promiscuously, say, "Dear me, here's a ten pound trout!" and what news it would make for the papers! But it would not do—it would not do. Job could not have stood it. They tried him with all manner of things, but he never attempted Thames trout fishing, that's certain, or he would have succumbed a deal sooner than he did. So, after spending hundreds of pounds on two or three fish, I finally abandoned it; and when anyone has asked me of late years to come and try for a trout, I regard him with "a smile that is childlike and bland," and say, it is "a game I do not understand." No; wild horses should not drag me again to the top of a weir beam. When those big salmon, Buckland was so fond of prophesying about, swarm in every stream, I am "on," for with salmon my luck equals that of most people; but for trout I regard the Thames as *non est*—that is, for me.

Then, dear me! what horrid luck I have had with them all over the kingdom! Either the weather, or the water, or something is out of order, nineteen times out of twenty. One little bit of fair luck I did have, by the way, three or four years since* at Loch

* Written in 1881.

Rannoch. I was there some ten days or so, and I got hold of four good fish, the smallest $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and the biggest $11\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; he was one of the grandest pure yellow trout I ever saw. I sent him to the Piscatorials, and they had him stuffed and cased. They have some four different sorts of trout in Rannoch, one of which only is the true ferox. It is the fashion with anglers to call every big lake trout a ferox, but you can't mistake the real ferox if you have ever seen one. *En attendant*, let me advise anglers who go spinning for big loch trout always, if possible, to use natural baits—they beat artificial into fits—and also always to employ good big hooks. You lose half your fish from too small hooks, and big hooks will not frighten a lake trout. By the way, too, while speaking of Rannoch, I may say that on one or two occasions, when the day was fit, I got two or three and twenty pound of nice trout in the loch, mostly half-pounders, a few three-quarters. It is not half a bad station that Loch Rannoch, for there is a lovely river, full of very fine fish running out of it. The worst of it is that you have a long drive to the best of the ground, and on a large part of the shore you must not land, some of the chieftains thereabout disapproving anglers. But one may go a lot further and fare a deal worse, as regards sport, in the Highlands. That was one little exception; but I have had a lot of bad luck with the trout in Scotland as well as in Hampshire. In Hampshire one or two downright cruel cases have occurred, when, but for the most perverse accidents, I should have made bags which would have made my name A 1 in Winchester. I remember

once, in the early days of Worthy (before it was played out, and when it was packed-full of fish), going there one May-fly day—Lock, the keeper, waited on me. I began at the point of the water below the Saw Mill, and fished up Penny Lake. The May-fly then did not show before about three in the afternoon, so I went on with the Wickham. The wind was fair and the day favourable, and I picked up fish very fast. Every rising fish I saw I covered and hooked. I did not lose many, and in about a hundred and fifty yards of the stream had killed eight and a half brace of nice fish, when about one o'clock, as I was stepping back with a fish on—Lock having left me for a few minutes—squash I went down into a blind water hole, pretty well up to my armpits. It was scarcely noticeable in the long grass, and had been caused by the overflow of a carrier up above. I scrambled out as well as I could, and hurried up to the public. I had no change with me, so I had to dry my clothes as well as I could, and the resources of the establishment were not brilliant in that respect. For several hours did I sit there, hearing how wonderfully the fish were rising at the May-fly, which came out in clouds; and when at length I returned to the water the rise was over. I have no doubt that I could, and should, have scored hard on twenty brace of fish that day but for the accident. I have related elsewhere how precisely the same misfortune happened to me in the middle of another May-fly day, some years ago, near Bishopstoke, when I again contrived to get ducked, and so lost more than two hours out of the very middle of the day, when the fly was rising well, and

just as I had come to the very best of the water. Yet, before and after the accident, I managed to get the same number as above noted, viz., eight and a half brace, averaging $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each, and said to be the handsomest take ever seen in the Royal Hotel. There again would have been a creel which never could have been approached in Winchester, I should have wanted a wheelbarrow to take them home; as it was, poor old Walters, my man, could scarcely carry that 40lb. up the slippery path to the keeper's. I regret that one accident more than anything that ever happened during my whole fishing career; for I should dearly have liked for once to have distanced everybody. I would have fished on and chanced it; but after fifty rheumatism is not a thing to play with. As George Robins used to say, "Such an opportunity never can occur again."

How our old anglers do mourn over a thing like this! Wasn't it in H. W.'s book on roach fishing, where somewhere on the Lea he was catching roach like steam—pounders every one—when towards dark, though the fish bit as well as ever, someone persuaded him to leave off, which, as he said, he did like a fool, and had never been happy since. It would be a pretty tall friend, by the way, who would get me to leave off if the fish were taking. Izaak Walton sayeth, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or wears better clothes than I do. I envy but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." Well, I don't envy anyone particularly. If a man catches more fish than I do, let him. Why should I care? there are plenty for me. "By Jove.

I am not covetous of gold, nor care I who doth feed upon my purse. It yearns me not if men my garments wear." Stop a bit! yes it does though. There's my old shooting and fishing coat, and likewise my waders and brogues. If I saw any one put them on! Jehu! But I don't think the sentiment is quite worthy of Izaak. Why should he go about envying people? I sometimes envy a man the possession of a nice piece of water; but then, as a rule, if I ask for a day or two on it, I get it; so after all there is not so much to envy. There is one thing I have an itching for; I should like to have the entire management of a nice three miles or so of pretty manageable trout stream. I have an idea that I could in a few years make it a specimen stream, from which every other in England could copy. It would cost some money at first, but it would in the end handsomely repay it. And here, too, luck has always failed me; I have never succeeded in getting hold of such a position. Never mind; some day, when that ship of mine comes home and the luck changes, we'll see what can be done. It is wonderful what a lot of streams there are all over the country which don't produce a twentieth part of what they might, through sheer ignorance and mismanagement.

But this is running away from "luck." The most aggravating things in the way of luck to put up with, after the unhappy contingencies of weather—which, after all, is always a reserved point in the angler's category of grievances—are those unforeseen ones which you cannot control. You pick out, as you think, the best day in the year, to fish some very

. . . .

special water,—a perfect day, cloudy but brisk, wind S.W. You reckon your chickens before they are hatched. Why do you do it? You know it does not pay; but who can help it? You'll send so many brace of the best to your aunt Jellico; you are her godson, you know, and that thousand a year of hers has always been a sort of horizon to you, which you have skirted gracefully and hopefully. Then so many shall go to A., B., and C. and, yes, D. And then, when you have appropriated that six or seven brace, you reach the water, and find they are sheep-washing or weed-cutting. Your heart descends to your boots, and stops there—what luck! what abandoned luck!—and all you get is a little evening fishing, with a very faint rise on and small fish. And such a day as it is too! And Aunt Jellico goes very short—pity you said anything about it to her, for, like all old maids, she is suspicious, and will be sure to think you have given them to someone else. Or perhaps you get a named date, and it is as bright as possible, and you wait all the hot day through for the evening fishing; and then, just as the fish begin to rise, a fog comes up, and off they go as if they were shot; or you find the water sinking lower, lower, lower, and you suddenly remember that it is Saturday night and the mills shut in early, so that in half an hour the fish are flopping almost with their backs above water. How's that for luck? Yet Charley Nye and Tom Gordon, on those two very waters only a week ago, killed, one nine, and the other eleven, brace of “busters.” A couple of duffers like them, too! Ah, it will happen so.

Then the luck you have in leaving things behind. How your little Billy, the cherub, took his pa's reel out of the basket, because he liked to hear it tick, tick, tick, like ma's watch—a darling angel—just before pa started, and is now playing “tick, tick,” with it, to the delight of the nursery, but the destruction of that new forty yards of taper 8-plait, while you are forty miles away, stamping and wondering what in creation has come of that reel? Joy for Billy if his pa could only catch him now! Dear, dear, what language, and the fish rising in a manner so perfectly heavenly! What would you have? “*Que voulez-vous?*” as our lively neighbours would say. Then don't you remember that day—“*dies iræ, dies illa*”—when Sir Topkins Bootler, the great City knight, who has that lovely bit of water so crammed with fish which no one ever fishes for, after you had for years been laying snares for him, at last fell into one at one of the City dinners, and actually offered you a day, and promised to drive over to Dash Dash station to meet you? Don't you remember how that fiend of a porter at Bump-squash Junction told you to change for Dash Dash, and how you found yourself at Squash-Wash, twenty miles away, in consequence, with no train back to Bump-squash for three hours, and then not another on to Dash Dash for two hours more? and how Sir Topkins, finding you did not come, drove home in solitary rage and grandeur, and cut you dead the next time he saw you? Oh! and you spent the day in little horrid roadside stations, gazing at your unhappy rod and creel in torments, instead of killing two-pounders by the bushel. That would not have happened to Charley

Nye or Gordon. They would have turned up all right, killed lots of fish, gone in to lunch with old Toppy, and have won his heart.

One hears talk of the patient angler. Well, I admit that I am an impatient man in many things, but I have any amount of patience in angling. Indeed, I expend so much of it in angling, that perhaps that is the reason why I have so little left for anything else. But if we are to have many seasons like the last, and like this seems to open, my patience will be sorely tried, even if it does not go altogether. I never leave a river so long as there is a chance of a fish rising. As I once heard a lady who was a most enthusiastic fox-huntress say, "While there's a note in a hound's throat I don't go home." Precisely. I can quite understand that, and that is my own way of thinking. A whole-souled sportsman I can understand and appreciate, but a half-and-halfer I don't care to be hanked up with. I fully appreciate the feelings of that jack fisher of Leech's, who, being appealed to by his companion quite in the dusk of the evening, when it is blowing and raining hard, to leave off, says, "I never see such a chap as you. You come out for a day's pleasure, and you're always wantin' to go home." But it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Last season, over and over again, I went out, got on the water by ten, nothing moving. Eleven, nothing moving. Sat down on my basket, and looked on the water. Twelve, nothing moving. Patience on a fishing creel smiling at nothing till one o'clock, and after three hours of watching a few fish begin to rise, then more and more, and the rise would be fast and furious

for a quarter of an hour or possibly even twenty minutes, and then a dropping fire for another ten minutes or so, and then all quiet again; and by two everything was over. Then sit down and wait, if you did not care to go home. Three, nothing moving; four, nothing moving; five, ditto, ditto; six, ditto; seven, perhaps a very faint rise or two, but nothing at all to speak of, nothing like former years, and perhaps even nothing at all; and by eight the river as still as if there was not a fish in it. Now, eight hours' watching for twenty minutes' fishing, when it comes to be repeated for many days together, seems to be rather a cruel waste of time. Yet that was what we had to endure too often last season, and what has already occurred a deal too many times this. Patience certainly is one of the very highest and first of virtues; and when a man has that, and faith, if it is only in his own skill, it makes a good man of him, or goes a long way to—and *thorough* fishermen are, as a rule, very, oh! very good men, and deserve the best of everything, and the longest lives to enjoy it. That, I am sure, no whole-souled, thorough fisherman will dissent from; and as for the others, they are not worth consideration. I had rather a man were of Dr. Johnson's creed than a half-and-halfer. Nothing to me is so detestable as to be mixed up with a chap who is always wanting to go home, getting bored of his fishing, and constantly coming and asking you irrelevant questions—the sort of fellow who “is very fond of fishing, don't you know, when he can catch 'em”—that is, when he is slaughtering all day long, but who as soon as he is not gets bored, and wants to know whether

it isn't almost lunch time, and wonders whether that trap will be at the bridge, and whether it will wait for us if we are ten minutes behind time, just because you will stop and try that two-pounder you lost the other day; and whether the dinner will not be cold, and whether they will have the sense to put it back or keep it hot; and who always howls if his feet are wet, or if all the whisky is out and the backy runs short, or if the ten thousand and one things which are more or less inseparable from fishing venture to happen to him—as if what happens to everyone else took a great liberty in happening to him, and ought to get out of his way and avoid him. How I detest that sort of companion! and what a lot of them there are, too! There is only one unbearable brute whom I hate worse, and that is the man who is always coming and bothering you for a fly or a cast just as you are well on to a fish. You give him one in a hurry to get rid of him, and he looks at it and turns it over, and then looks at yours and asks, in a sort of discontented tone as if you were wilfully swindling him, “Whether it's the same colour or size, and whether the gut ain't coarser, don't you think?” and who has not been gone ten minutes when he comes back with his old worm-eaten relic of Cheek broken at the brazing and jammed tight in the ferrule; and “that gut, you see, was *too* strong. He thought it was, and the rod wouldn't have broken, don't you see, if it hadn't been.” And he tries to make you responsible for his rod having been made thirty years ago, and out of bad and cheap stuff then. Ah, don't you enjoy that day? and go home sulky and silent, making the most bitter

vows to yourself that never—no never, again will you—— And yet, what can you do ? The proprietor of the fishery is his friend, not yours, you know, and so, and so you—— And yet I don't know, either ; and I am doubtful whether I would not rather give up good water than be compelled to endure such company. These are some of the enjoyments of fishing, which make the sport so popular and sought after.

LOCH TAY.

I KNOW no salmon fishery in the world that habitually yields such large fish as Loch Tay. The average of fish caught in Loch Tay for some years has been something like 22½lb.; a fish under 20 pounds is said to be rather exceptional. Week after week, each season, have we seen the returns with 25, 27, 30, and 35 pounders plentifully besprent, and at last this year a 50-pounder was brought to land upon a single gut.*

Fired by the notion of such monsters I much longed to try my hand at them. The late Lord Breadalbane had offered me fishing in the lake on previous occasions, but I never chanced to be in Scotland early enough in the year to avail myself of it, the season lasting from the middle of February to the end of April.

This year, just as I was meditating a flitting to some fresh air and change, being ordered thereto by the considerate family medico, who knows my failings and has a brother angler's sympathy with them, the present Earl called to see me on some matter of business, and in the course of conversation most kindly renewed the offer of a week's fishing on Loch Tay; and thus the question of where to go for a change and fresh air was most agreeably determined. I, as might

* Written in 1881, since when, heavier fish have been caught, I believe.

be expected, jumped like a trout or salmon at so desirable a chance; and getting my friend G——, who had never yet “set squadron in the field,” or fly or minnow dancing over a salmon, nor indeed seen a salmon off a fishmonger’s slab or a dining-table, to take a seat in the boat with me, and to relieve the dullness of the journey and of sitting for hours each day with only the boatman to talk to, I set out for Killin, via Stirling and Callander.

Nothing adventurous or exciting occurred on the journey except the railway travelling from Callander to Killin, and that I confess is a little surprising. One travels along the side of a mountain, and out of the near carriage window gazes down a precipice, and sometimes, as the carriage leans over, has an opportunity not commonly afforded of inspecting the whole of it; while on the far side, a rocky wall, which you can almost touch, affords a limited prospect of what may be supposed to be the rest of the mountain. Loch Lubnaig kindly accompanies us part of the journey, so that we may come down soft with a choice of evils, if we come down at all; and I confess that I felt rather like Mark Twain’s nigger in “curin a cold” when he was let tumble in the water at his baptism, and said, “some gentleman’s nigger gwine to get drowned some day by just sich darn foolishness as dis;” and I looked upon the engineer who made that line as an individual capable of any enormity. On we went like a big blue-bottle along the edge of a brick on the side of a house, and pretty safely on the whole, though it was awful to think of what a frost and a rain might do for us.

I never did see a train tumble over a precipice, and

it would be quite a new sensation ; so, if the railway company could contrive to let me know when that train is coming over, I would take a boat on Loch Lubnaig that day ; it would be what the Americans call an almighty smash. Killin station at last, whence a homicidal omnibus does the four miles to Killin (what a dreadfully suggestive name it is !) all down hill, with plenty of turns and any amount of luggage, by various rapid acts of horsemanship, and one might add bussmanship. I don't know how the outsiders felt, but I had a fat old lady opposite, and a fat old gentleman beside me, so I was pretty comfortable, being well wadded up as it were. As it happened, by the mercy of the gods I wasn't shot into anyone, but reached the hotel in good time and without accident, for which I hope I was sufficiently thankful.

The fishing guests in the hotel were not in high spirits ; the day had been a blank, and so had the previous one, the season was unusually indifferent. In fact, whether it was that the floods in spring did not suit Loch Tay, being only just enough to suit the nets below, and not enough to put them off for any time, or what is the reason cannot be determined ; but the angling in Loch Tay this year has not been equal to what it was in the three or four previous years. So far as I know, no salmon fishery in existence ever will or did always keep up to an unvaried level. There must be and always is now and then a slight falling off, but it is generally followed by an unusually good year to make up for it. Still I have no reason to complain ; my sport was good enough. At each end of the lake Lord Breadalbane reserves a portion for his own use, Taymouth Castle standing at one end, and a beautiful

residence which his lordship is now building called Autchmore at the other, the best grouse shootings lying in that direction. The whole of the rest of the lake for some twelve or thirteen miles is open to anglers, who may stay at the various neighbouring hotels on payment of 5*l.* a week if a weekly ticket be taken, or by the day, I think, 25*s.* Two men are required for the boat, whose lunch and whisky have to be provided, and who receive 4*s.* a day each; and in discussing this question, as some writers have done, they should not lose sight of the fact that one always, no matter where one goes salmon fishing, has to provide one man, &c., in like manner. The whole of the fish taken are the property of the angler, and considering that often he will take from ten to fifteen fish in a week, and sometimes five or six in a day, and that these fish average 22*lb.* each, I think Loch Tay will bear all comparison. There are plenty of rivers where you pay from 40*l.* to 60*l.* a month, exclusive of the gillie's cost, and have to give up most of your fish too, where the fish will not average 12*lb.* in weight, and there is no chance whatever of a 30-pounder, and very little even of a 20. The quarters are easily reached; but, as the inns are often full in the fishing season, it is as well to write and engage boats and rooms beforehand, more particularly if private rooms are required. The Killin Hotel is pleasantly situated, the river Lochy running past the garden, so that you can get into your boat and row to the head of the lake about three-quarters of a mile down.

The river Dochart is the principal feeder of the

lake, and runs in at the other angle, the hotel standing between the two on the tongue of land thus formed. The Lochy, however, has some falls about three miles up, beyond which the salmon cannot go. The Dochart is a fine, rapid, tumbling river in parts of its course, particularly about the bridge of Dochart, where it tosses about among the rocks merrily. Salmon usually, if water suits, begin to get up the Dochart about May, and a fish may be got in the pools a mile or two up; but they do better later in the season, when they begin to get red and towards spawning.

Burnes, Lord Breadalbane's head keeper at this end of the lake—a fine fellow, very intelligent, and a capital gaffsman—was waiting our arrival. He had skimmed over a part of the water that day, and had got a couple of fish, 22lb. each, and had no doubt that we should do at least as well to-morrow. Greatly cheered by this assurance—for our hopes had been a little darkened by envious piscators, who prophesied gloomily for us—we set everything in order for the morning, and went to bed to dream of it. Eager for breakfast, we worried the unfortunate waiter, who had, between a lot of private rooms and the coffee-room, enough to do for four men. He did attend to us at last, and, the boat being ready, we started down the river, rowed by Burnes and his aide-de-camp Peter (a stalwart Highlander in a kilt), making a short cut through a canal into the lake. Out went the lines, fifty yards to each rod, and a No. 7 blue and yellow phantom (that being about the best size at that time, though I used a size larger with good

effect now and then), and we rowed slowly round the head of the lake over the best ground. Presently a trout gave a tug at my line, and I pulled him in. The Loch Tay trout are not very handsome; they run about three or four to the pound, though now and then large ones up to five and six pounds, or even larger, crop up. Just as we got into the straight along the side of the lake, a heavier tug announced something, and a razor-backed kelt of half-a-dozen pounds or so gave as much trouble as he could to get him in, having to be tailed out and returned — a practice enforced, not only by the law of the land, but of the lake. A heavy tug at the other rod, and some doubtful play at first led us to hope that a veritable salmon might have got on, but we speedily saw it was a pike, and in time Burnes savagely gaffed a huge beast of fifteen or sixteen pounds. Finally my friend's reel began that lively screech which is so delightful to the angler, and an unmistakable salmon showed himself in a wallop on the surface, and, after a moderate bit of play, Burnes put the gaff into a fairish 18-pounder, which was G.'s first salmon. It was, of course, the perfection of salmon kind, and he sat down to gaze, panting with exertion and excitement, and paid his footing for his first salmon, like a man, on the spot.

The usual libation being made, minnows were up again, and we went on. G.'s reel was slack, and he asked me to wind up for him, and while I was stooping down in the boat engaged in the operation, of course a fish rushed at my bait and gave the rod a good shaking. Of course I knew he would, and when

I could get hold of the rod he was away. My luck. That fish wouldn't have run till I was somehow or other engaged, if I had done nothing but stare at the rod point for eight hours; but let me blow my nose, or fill my pipe, or take a sip, and there he is. I smiled pleasantly, if looking like thunder at the offending reel be smiling pleasantly. Ere long once more G.'s reel sang joyous songs, and a brisk run or two, followed by a heavy plunge on the top, showed a good fish, who immediately sounded and kept bottom for some minutes, and, after a longish but not very brilliant fight, a clean, fresh-run 24-pounder was hauled on board. The marks of the sea louse were on the fish, which was a beauty. Once more the magic rites were performed, and, in high spirits at getting a couple of fish so soon, we again put out, and, after another turn or so, G.'s reel once more screamed, and G. was arms and legs at it, while I looked on and advised when necessary. This fish took out a good long spin of line — some seventy yards—and then made a fine jump out of the water a long way off. But G. steadily reeled him in and got him alongside, when the sight of the boat gave him a start, and he sprang out of the water a couple of yards away, and another pully-hauly began. It ended like the rest, however, and in good time Burnes hauled in a handsome 20-pounder, when, being in need of refreshment, we went to luncheon on a little island at the head of the reach which had produced all our fish, and which, as it had no particular name, we called Goshen. At each end of the preserved fishery was built a small wooden hut for

shelter, with a rough stove and a variety of cooking utensils for heating water or soup, or even cooking a potato, coals and wood being also provided. Very sensible and comfortable arrangements they are, considering what weather they often have here in February and March, when the fishing is at its best, and when a basin of hot soup and a tot of hot grog are necessities. After luncheon, as G. had killed three fish and I none, it was agreed that, if the next fish came at him I was to play it; and we had just reached the bottom of Goshen, close to the next bay, which we called Jericho, when another bang came at G.'s rod, and I took it and got hold of a jagger.

I don't know if I make myself understood by that term, but jagger, though not to be found in Johnson, Walker, or Keith, is a fish that jags; and if there is a more unpleasant sensation to the salmon fisher than a succession of jags, I don't know it. It is like a series of electric shocks, and goes from your elbows to your shoulders, and thence communicates a galvanic current of apprehension that travels erratically from the roots of the hair, through the more sentient parts of one's vitals to the calves of the legs, and thence to the roots of the great toe-nails. Jag, jag, jag, went my fish, trying the hold in every direction; jag, jag, and jag again—nothing but jag. "You've let me in for a good thing, G., and I'll trouble you for a peaceful five minutes when I have landed this beast, if ever I do." G. said nothing, but beamed. He was getting tanned and coppered by the atmosphere, and when I say he beamed, I mean it. He was effulgent, radiant, and enjoyed it. At length—for all struggles

must have an end one way or another—I got the fish within the reach of the fatal hook, and he came in—a reddish 16-pounder, and the worst fish of the lot. Soon after a fish came (again at G.'s rod), shy, and followed the bait, just tipping it. G. did not seem quite up to it, and, fearful that the fish would get off, I took the rod and found the fish on. And now I had one of another kind—a sulky beast, who, after the first good run or two, plunged down, down, down to the bottom of the lake and lay there. Now and then he moved, and then he would come sheer up to the top and lie upon the surface with all his back and tail above water, swimming slowly and easily along, as if calmly surveying the prospect. As I always treat a big fish on the surface with the most profound respect, and allow him to have his own way in everything, he did it quite at his leisure for two or three minutes together several times. He was a very odd beast, and after three-quarters of an hour of this sort of work I got him within reach of Burnes's hook, and he was the ditto in every particular of the 24-pound fish G. caught in the morning.

Once more the lines were out, and once more, after a decent interval, G.'s lead bounced off the seat, and he was again hard at it. I growled. This was the sixth fish that had preferred G.'s rod to mine, and the minnows, tackle, &c., were, to all appearance, identical, unless Mr. Farlow, of whom I got the phantoms, had, unknown to me, anointed my friend's bait with mystic unguents composed of dead men's fat, gummy heron's marrow, and oil of what's-a-name. This fish, a dull one too, took other three-quarters of

an hour, making only a run now and then. At length it was pulled in and proved to be a beautiful 22lb. fish, making our take up to six, weighing 124lb., for the day, exclusive of kelt, pike, and trout. And no bad day either. After this we took another sweep round, but did no more, and, seeing the other boats going home, we reeled up and returned home to dine. There was not another fish taken by the hotel boats, that day, and our lot made a very grand show laid out in the hall. One pike of 12lb. was brought in.

The more I see of big hotels in connection with the sport of angling, the less I like them. If they are full and busy, they are a nuisance ; if they are empty, they are a desert, a tomb. In the one case you are always running up against unpleasant people ; and the very idea of a crowd in connection with angling is an abomination. In the other case you move almost like a phantom in a graveyard, or as if you were a solitary tenant of illimitable space ; and if you do come across a stray waiter, he has a strong whiff of the sexton about him.

These big Highland hotels in the season overflow with the British and foreign tourist—a terrible creature to come into contact with—a sort of gigantic octopod ; and when all his huge limbs are unfolded, and all his suckers at work, one had better flee before the face of him, if one can. Sleeping under a billiard or a hall table, with little or no refreshment, may be very good fun for those who like it ; but it doesn't suit me. If you come to these hotels out of the season, it is nearly as bad—three-fourths of the servants are discharged, half the house shut

up, everything smells damp and mouldy, and the melancholy pervades even you ; while as to what you eat, drink, or avoid, no one seems to care. The cookery, you may rest assured, will be a caution to digestions ; and if by chance you do meet a companion, and wish to invite him to partake of the festive bowl, you may very well do so in the language of Horace, “Vile potabis modicis Sabinum.” I once for my sins spent three weeks in such a house—out of season. Shall I ever forget it ? I felt rather out of season myself at the end of it. The little wayside “pub.” that one has to put up with now and then is, of course, the other extreme, and that too is painful to contemplate. What we anglers want is a house something between the two—not too grand and not too mean, where some half-dozen fishermen at the most can get accommodation, and where the landlord, himself a fisherman, understands the wants of his guests. Such an one there is on the north shore of Loch Awe, at Port Sonnachan, kept by Cameron ; all that it wants is a couple more of sitting and bedrooms to make it a very jolly little place. But such inns are few and far between.

At Killin we were tolerably fortunate in our company ; for, though many guests came and went, with an exception or two the only disagreeable ones were not coffee-room customers, and we met with a clergyman and his wife, with whom we *table-d’hoted*, to coin a word, and who proved to be most pleasant and sociable company.

But to my fishing. The next day Father Boreas became uproarious, and showed us what a wind storm

on a Highland lake was like. Loch Tay is rather a stormy lake, there being so many glens and gullies among the mountains. At the Killin end this is particularly the case. There, when it does not blow down one gully, it does down another, and to-day it blew with a vengeance. In the bay of Goshen, about the only sheltered part of the lake, I got hold of a pike of 15½lb., and G. one of 5lb.; but at length it became so bad that we were obliged to make round the shore for the cut into the river. I have seen stormy weather on many lochs, but never so bad as this was. The water was literally scooped up during the squalls in sheets, and whirled along over the surface. Even Burnes said it was fearful, he had never seen it worse; and when we got in the comparatively sheltered river, it grew so bad that, with two immensely powerful young men of six or seven and twenty at the oars, we could make no head against it at all, and were twirled hither and thither and driven ashore like a log of drift wood. In the end we had to abandon the boat, and walk home as all the others had done long before.

The consequences of the gale, which blew for about twenty-four hours, were disastrous to our fishing, for it drove all the fish off the throws into the deep water, and next day Goshen was a dead sea—it was barren. We got but a 9lb. pike and a trout in it, and then tried out further in the deeper water, when I had a splendid run, and my reel whizzed magnificently. In the very middle of it the fish got off, and when I reeled in my line I found that he had taken the minnow with him, the strand of gut it was tied on

having parted. As there was no strain on at the time, and the line was running off with perfect freedom, I marvelled exceedingly, and then tried the remnant of the strand of gut: it was as rotten as tinder, and would hardly have landed a good-sized trout. It was one of three or four new strands which I had bought just before I left town, to tie the minnows on with, and as I had only put it up that morning, I at once tried all the remaining strands, which proved equally rotten—a two-pound trout would have broken them. And this was new salmon gut! One lives and learns.

I put up a new minnow with well-tried gut, and at the edge of the bank I got another drag, and this time I knew the tackle was safe. After a couple of desperate runs of sixty or seventy yards, out came Master Silversides into the air with a prodigious splash. Again and again he ran and leaped, for he was a very lively fish. Now and then he would scud along the top of the water, and then plunge down into the depths—not for long, though, for he soon came shooting to the top again; and, after a good deal of ground and lofty tumbling, fate overtook him at the hand of Burnes, and he came in a lovely 24-pounder. Of course he wasn't as big as the one that got off—that was not to be expected; still he was pretty good, and, after a try round, we went to lunch.

The fish were rather dour to-day, and we lost a good deal of time trying the throws, when they were all out in the deep water. At length, towards six o'clock, we turned out from the bottom of Goshen into the

lake, and I got hold of a very lively kelt, who spanged about in the most brisk and active way. Poor beast, the reason was obvious when we got him in, which we were some time about; he was hooked in the eye. He swam away, however, as though glad to escape even on those terms. And soon after G. got a heavy, sullen lug, and stood up to his work like a man; and then ensued one of the dullest and slowest fights I ever saw. The fish kept the bottom and sulked for ten minutes at a time; he sailed slowly about and followed the boat; he came up and literally basked on the surface, hardly moving, and apparently quite at his ease; went down to the bottom again, and so on, ditto repeated, for a solid hour and a half. At length, when we were getting desperate, when dinner was long over, when I had filled and lighted G.'s pipe for him three times, administered two glasses of beer to him to support his failing strength, and otherwise comforted and consoled him with the promise that he had got hold of a 40lb. kelt—at which he gave vent to a Johnsonian sentence of objurgation—the fish, I think, very unconsciously, gave Burnes a chance—and he never lost one, being a particularly fine gaffsman, one of the best I ever met—and in came, very much to his surprise, a beautiful 26-pounder. He had been fairly hooked, but had got the line round his fin and head somehow, so that he was quite noosed, and could not feel the drag of the hooks at all, and evidently did not know what was the matter with him. Of course when we got in dinner was over, and no one else had a fish.

The next day, Saturday, we had hardly more than

got out of the short cut which joins the river to the lake, and G. had not half his line out, when a rush was made at his rod, and to his surprise he found himself, almost before he had begun fishing, fast in a good fish, who made tracks about the lake in pretty brisk runs, and after some very fair play for about twenty minutes G. had the satisfaction of beginning the score with a 20-pounder, rather a reddish fish, and a little fallen off, but still pretty good. Not ten minutes after, when fairly into the channel, G.'s reel was singing again. This fish made a very dull fight, sounding and sulking, and sailing slowly along on the surface. This star-gazing seems rather a habit of the fish on Loch Tay. The fight, though slow and long, was pretty sure; and if there was nothing exciting in it, there was the after pleasure of seeing a handsome 22-pounder forsake its native element for the boat. Twenty minutes later, G. had another good fish on, and this one as plucky and gallant a fish as ever I saw. He spun the line out sixty and seventy yards at a rush, and jumped five or six times in the most desperate and reckless way; once he shot up into the air and turned a complete summersault, as if he didn't care where he went or what he did. "That fish is a regular screamer, G.," said I. He'll play you some slippery trick, if you don't take care. You have hooked him in some aggravating place, depend on it." At length, when only about thirty yards from the boat, he dashed out of the water, one tremendous sidelong leap, a yard high and fully three yards long, and came down, as Yankees say, "ker-squash." It was the biggest leap, I think, I

ever saw a salmon make. Poor G. was not quite equal to the occasion; the rod point was up, the salmon went down with a shoot, and the call upon the line was sudden. The result was a smash, and the gamest fish by far that we had seen—in weight between 25lb. and 30lb.—went off with a new minnow which G. had fixed only that morning, the remnant of the gut being twirled up like a corkscrew. G. sat down, looking unutterable things. It was the first fish he had really lost, and he did not like it. I consoled him, however, by telling him that in all probability it wouldn't be the last, and after the usual lamentation and liquidation we tried again, but did no more; and so to lunch.

All the fish so far were in the deep water. Once more we traversed Goshen, but with no result; and so round the point into Jericho. And here I had a run, and after some dull play got a red fish of 18lb. I had puzzled my brains to account for why G.'s rod got so very large a share of the runs, while mine, not four yards away, with the same bait on was ignored. I noticed once or twice that in crossing flats his bait took the weeds when mine did not. The fact was, his line was heavier than mine, and he fished with only fifty yards out, while I fished, to equalise the weight, with over sixty (we used no lead); and in puzzling over the matter it occurred to me that, G.'s line being heaviest and shortest, his minnow came over the fish first, and they took the first they saw. At any rate, I determined to make a trial according to my lights. I put two rolls of sheet lead on the trace, and shortened the line to forty or forty-five

yards, and lo! Jericho even was no longer barren. It had not a good name, I am bound to say, Burnes never having seen a fish killed in it previously. I had no chance of further testing my theory, as it was dinner time when the fish was landed. Lord Breadalbane, who came daily down the lake in his steam yacht to superintend the building at Auchtmore, most kindly offered G. a boat to himself, and as it would increase his chance of getting fish, it is needless to say that he gratefully accepted. Our three fish were the biggest, but this day they were not alone, for one of the hotel boats had a 14lb. fish — a very red one.

The next day was Sunday. Why the Scotch should make it so dreary I can't understand; but they do, and all one can do is to smoke, drink, eat, and walk. Even to tie a fly is looked upon as something most reprehensible, and you will be told that you'll have "no luck wi't." So we didn't tie any, but took a walk to the Bridge of Lochy, and also away up the Dochart instead. About Dochart Bridge the river is a very pretty series of tumbles, falls, and rocks for a mile or so. A lot of water had come down from melted snow that very night, and the river, which was still high, was very strong; and the major part of our salmon in the preserved water, I make no doubt, made up stream towards the deep linn, some two or three miles above.

We sallied out on Monday, each in a boat; but we had very hard work to get sport. G., however, soon struck on an 18-pounder, just above Goshen, while I, having tried and found everything barren, went away

down to Trehuish beyond "Fir Tree point," our furthest limit; for Burnes said he had marked down a fine fish he saw leap there in the morning, and at the exact spot he indicated up came the fish. We had a hard fight of it, for the rod I had, a new one of my Lord's, was too big, heavy, and stiff, and the fish being clean, and making good runs, I had to be very canny with him. At length, however, we got out the best fish I had seen—a noble 28-pounder. What a beauty it was! so silvery in colour, so just in proportions. To my mind, a fresh-caught, fresh-run salmon is one of the loveliest spectacles in nature.

We got no more runs, so we lunched there, and after one more try we went back. G. had lost another fish just as it was fit for the gaff. He also hooked and landed a kelt and one or two grilse, and so the day ended. The hotel water, however, had evidently got a fresh run, for five fish were brought in all, from 10lb. to 12lb—a very unusually small size for Loch Tay. A lady also, who was living in another house caught two; her husband had been out for three weeks without a fish, when she did so. I afterwards heard that on a subsequent occasion she got three, when her husband had been long unsuccessful; and I thought of the old rhyme, a little altered, where the husband and wife dispute as to who is the most skilful at work:

And then she vowed, by the sun and the moon and all the stars
in Heaven,
That she could kill more fish in one day than he could kill in
seven.

Only it should have been three "sevens." "Poor

man," as G. said, "don't I wish I wasn't him! Fancy being beaten by your wife like this!"

The next day we were regularly played out; not a fish could we get. Even G.'s luck deserted him; he had one run, and I not a touch. They had clearly all levanted from our end of the lake up the Dochart, so, to utilise my time and do some good, I took to catching pike, and put on the natural baits. I got five, and lost a big one. Out of three of these brutes, each about 4lb. or 5lb. weight, we squeezed their breakfasts by way of curiosity; one had an eel of a foot long, and a trout of half a pound in him; another the tails of three trout of like size, and the third a trout and a charr of similar calibre. One can fancy what havoc these brutes must play with the smolts when they come down the river, for as soon as they do the pike all migrate to the mouth of the river and from the rush beds there make sallies out on the smolts, few of which can escape them.

Let us make a small computation—one pike will easily devour (according to his size) from ten to twenty smolts a day. Now suppose there are only fifty pike in the river, and that is very far below the mark (as it is easy then to catch ten or a dozen of them with a bait), those fifty fish in the fortnight the smolts are descending will take about 17,500 smolts, and that will make a difference of several hundred fish to Loch Tay next year. But the mischief may be estimated far beyond this. Certainly no pike should be allowed to congregate in the river in May; but all should be persistently netted out. A pike or two here and there in the lake then would not perhaps so much matter.

The whole of the country for a great extent here-away belonged in former times to the M'Nabs. But misfortune befel them, and, like Mr. Micawber, they "dwindled, peaked, and pined." Glen after glen and mountain after mountain slipped away from them, until the last M'Nab led a sort of besieged life in his ancestral home, not very far back from Killin. The law had many liens on M'Nab, but unfortunately it could not get hold of him, for this part of the country was at that time somewhat like Connaught in years gone by, when "the king's writ was not worth a tra-neen" there, and the bailiff who did not much affect swallowing his "true copy" hardly cared to venture into it. Many were the schemes set on foot to nail the last of the M'Nabs; but that creditor-hating veteran kept to his tower, and did not give much chance to the Philistines. At length a process-server and an assistant did, by dint of superhuman cunning and herculean labours, contrive to make entry into the castle of M'Nab, and served the old soldier with an attested copy; but, like other old warriors, there was a kick in the old hoss yet, and it was a far cry to Loch Tay and a far road to Perth or Stirling too.

The bailiffs having made entry and capture were unexpectedly well treated by M'Nab; he fed them and whiskied them, and finally, as they could not start till next day, they were shown "hearty and comfortable" to their sleeping apartments. Only one old woman was seen about the place, and she carried the candle; and when the chief limb of the law entered his room he was frightfully disturbed at hearing the door closed with a slam, and locked behind

him. Kicking and holloaing were clearly totally useless. He tried the room all round ; there was no exit but the window, and that was, at a rough calculation, between seventy and eighty steps from the ground, for he had just come up them all. At length, as there was nothing for it, he laid him down to sleep, and after a very disturbed night, with daybreak he was up and looking out of window. The old courtyard of the castle was before him, with a gigantic withered tree in the midst. As the light grew stronger he noticed some dark substance hanging from one of the boughs. It looked like—yes, no—well, as someone had—had—as it were, committed suicide. The light increased, and, though rather shortsighted, he did at length clearly make out a human form hanging from one of the branches motionless. Anon it grew still lighter, when the fashion of the garments struck him, and a horrible suspicion crept over him. Lighter yet—there was no mistaking that greatcoat ; and the terrible M'Nab who had received him with the sleek courtesy of the tiger had hanged his unfortunate follower on the dooms tree of the castle. Horror, distraction ! it was too true ; and what might not be his own fate ? Ah that he was only snug in bed with Mrs. Bailiff in his own comfortable home. Oh that he had never trusted the hospitality of these bloody-minded, bare-legged Highlanders, who feared neither man nor devil, who had no respect for a writ and no regard for a king's warrant, and who stuck at nothing, not even murder. Just then a knock came at the door, and the old female brought him his hot water. In speechless

terror he pointed to the dooms tree and its dreadful burthen. The old dame treated it mighty cavalierly. "Weel, what could the dhuine wassal expect," she said, "to come troublin' the chief about his dirty bits monies? He just got hangit for his pains; an' after the mornin' meal his honour there would joost gang up beside him. They couldna be fashin' an' feedin' an' drinkin' wi'oot payin' the lawin'."

At this dreadful sentence the horrified process-server went into a fearful state. He protested, besought, begged; pulled out his purse and his watch, and offered the old hag anything, everything, if she would only connive at his escape. The sight of the gold acted upon her like Tilburina's promise of a thousand pounds to the governor of Tilbury Fort; it evidently "touched her nearly." After awhile she began to lend an ear to his persuasion, and finally she agreed to get him smuggled out if he'd be very careful not to make a noise, and not to get caught again so as to compromise her, "an' he might joost leave those bits of property behind—maybe she'd tak tent of them, an' maybe no." With great precautions and most perfect success she got the wretched man out of the tower. Behind the orchard he found his horse waiting. He fled unpursued, and never drew bridle till he was far from Loch Tay side, while the laird and the old woman put a ladder to the tree and cut down the wretched follower. He fell on the ground very lightly, and even bounded off it; and when the old woman took off the clothes which had belonged to the assistant, it was clear that the figure was only a dummy. The other fellow had been got rid of, *minus*

even his clothes, in some equally dexterous fashion ; and the Philistines who came to shear returned shorn completely. M'Nab, some years after, emigrated to Canada, much regretted by a numerous body of creditors, and the land of his fathers knows him no longer.

Friend G., being a man of business, and having only a limited time at his disposal, had for the last day or so been working out puzzles in *Bradshaw*, which somehow only ended in the severe and permanent corrugation of his usually placid and philanthropic features, and he was heard murmuring to himself during fits of abstraction, "There's a train stops at Bock-agin at 2.49, but then the train from Diddlem Junction leaves at 2.48. No ; that won't do—no. Well, then, there's a train from Don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it at 3.24, but that only runs to Sold-again, and the Sold-again train goes out as the other comes in, if you are punctual. No, it is quite clear that I must start overnight, and spend four hours at Diddlem Junction ; and then, if I wait two hours and three-quarters at Bock-agin, by going round by 'Aroon-about,' which is only forty-five miles out of the way, we shall get into London by four in the morning"—which is a very convenient time to get into London when you live on some suburban line. Something like this is always taking place in the minds of travellers returning home by these confounded Scotch railways. Nothing can be more inconvenient and annoying than the way in which they decline to correspond, and waste the time of the public. They neither "welcome the coming" nor "speed the parting guest,"

but delay him as much as they possibly can; keep him mooning about at wretched little out-of-the-way stations, where neither shelter, refreshment, nor even civility can be obtained in many instances, for the porters, of course, are as independent as their masters, and leave you to find out the name of the station you are stopping at, and to carry your own luggage, or to leave it behind as you prefer. Certainly the Scotch know, better than any other railway administrators I have ever met with, how to make railway travelling disagreeable and insupportable. G., however, contrived to utilise the time he had to sacrifice by paying a flying visit to the Trosachs, so that it was not quite thrown away.

After he left, I walked up the river to the falls of the Lochy to see whether it would be possible to pass salmon up them, as there is a long stretch of some dozen miles or so of favourable river for breeding and rearing above the falls. The Lochy and the Dochart, which run into the head of the lake, are its two principal feeders; as it is, the Dochart forms the only spawning stream, and the upper waters are not over-safe for the fish; so that owing to the falls of Lochy, which are about two or three miles up the river, fully one-third or more of the productive power of the head waters of the lake is cut off. The falls are very pretty, and the river banks are precipitous and picturesque. The river makes a series of falls, the upper one alone of which presents any difficulty; the others a pickaxe and a little judgment would easily surmount. The top one, which is apparently from 15ft. to 20ft. high, would have to be laddered, and the

situation presents no impossibility on this score. Lord Breadalbane, however, seems to think that the fish would be poached if admitted far up, and is not willing to open the fall. After visiting it, I had my traps carried down to the lake, Lord Breadalbane having very kindly offered me a passage to Kenmore in his beautiful little steam yacht, the *Alma*, from the deck of which we could get a good view of the surrounding mountains—the mighty Ben Lawers and the precipitous Ben More, now covered with snow a full third down.

Apropos of this, I may mention an accident that occurred as showing the danger of going on snow without a guide. Two gentlemen went up Ben More, one of whom ventured upon a roughish slope, on which some fresh snow had fallen. Unfortunately, this concealed some frozen snow or ice beneath, which was slippery, and he began to slide down rather rapidly. His friend called out to him to stop (thinking he was larking), but he had only time to shout, “I can’t,” when he turned head over heels and disappeared over a precipice, down which he went some four or five hundred feet, and his body, terribly knocked about, was only recovered with some difficulty by conveying long ladders up the mountain. Unfortunately, too, he left a large family behind him.

We had a delightful trip down the lake, my lord pointing out to me all the matters of interest, both in scenery and sport. Here was a picturesque waterfall, there a famous grouse hill; yonder, from that point to the pine wood, about the best trail on the lake for salmon. Here it was suspected that

there was a bank that ran out into the lake, as salmon were often taken on it; but they had no chart of the soundings, which would be very useful as showing which was likely to be the best trolling ground, and where it was hopeless to fish. Yonder was the beautifully wooded Hill of Drummond. Kenmore at last. I wished it ten miles further off, picturesque as it was from the lake; but we rounded into the little quay and landed. Kenmore on land is not so picturesque as Killin; but in Taymouth Castle it holds one of its chief attractions. Taymouth is magnificent, and while enjoying Lord Breadalbane's hospitality I had an opportunity of seeing it. It is a princely residence, and the decorations of some of the rooms, particularly the library, are superb. There are some splendid old trees in the park, and the river Tay, which runs out of the lake, makes several fine salmon streams at no great distance. A good many heavy fish had been killed during the previous week. The first time I fished the preserved water at the Kenmore end of the lake, however, it was a clouded and windless day. The lake was glass—there was not a breath of wind. Two or three fish jumped far out, and we rowed over them, but did not get an offer. Two boats were out on the public water, one of which got a handsome 30lb. fish, but we came in empty. I liked the look of the water, though, and, as I had a week's leave on it, I determined at least to try another day or two. In the early season no doubt it is far the best for sport, and there is more fishing ground for the extent than at Killin. The late Lord Breadalbane used to kill a great many fish on it.

I had promised to meet a friend at Aberfeldy the next day to fish the Tay at Grandtully water, on which we had both leave. I therefore took trap to Aberfeldy the next morning, and reached the hotel soon after my friend Mr. D. came in from the railway. The keeper was waiting for us, and had a dogcart ready to carry us over. A three-mile drive brought us pretty near the head of our water. The keeper attended me, and his assistant was told off for Mr. D. The banks here are steep and precipitous, the Tay having worn itself a bed in the bottom of a ravine in course of long ages. The shore is picturesquely and pleasingly strewn with heavy boulders and small popple stones, and it is altogether cheerful walking for a lame man as I was at the time. However, I stuck to it, and got on better than I expected. The river was rather low, and the banks well wooded, making free casting not too easy, and the fish therefore wanted coaxing. I put up an old fly that I had had in my book for many years. Mr. D., however, being ready first, began at the first pool, and I went to the next.

They were both blank, and D. went on down, leaving a pool between, called, I think, the Croy pool, to me also. This I fished the upper part of, when we had to cross in the boat to fish the lower part, which was more easily accessible from the further side; and when I was about half-way down there was a bright glance in the water and a chuck at the rod top. He was not a very plucky fish, however, and took to grubbing in the eddies and dead water, evidently trying to rub the hook out, but he could not succeed

in his object; and when I got him in at last I found he was hooked outside the nose. He was a nice chubby fish, and weighed 10½lb.

As I walked down the river, after this, I came upon a cast, which I had seen Mr. D. make for, and about half-way down I saw on the gravel and stones fresh scales and blood; so D. had also caught a fish; and when we came up with him soon after, he had one about 11lb. less than ours. We fished the river down, pool after pool; but the day changed and got still and close, and we saw no other fish. The lowest pool in the fishery, called the "Long Shot," was a fine turbulent stream of considerable width; and, after casting it down as well as I could, Mr. D. got into the boat, which it was necessary to use here, and we harled it over thoroughly; but it was of no use, and we did no more. The fly I had killed with was a fly which poor old Blacker had tied for me more than twenty years before—a yellow wool body, blue hackle, and mixed wing. I had tried it occasionally, liking the pattern rather, but never killed a fish on it before. However, if you keep a thing long enough, it is sure to turn up useful some day. It was lucky that the fish was not a very sporting one, for when I examined the fly I found the loop so broken, the gut so utterly rotten, that the only wonder was how I had got the fish in with it. The railway station is close to the bottom of the water, so we timed a train in the evening, and got back to Aberfeldy well in time for dinner.

The next day was very dull and close with no wind. Mr. D. rose one fish twice, but showed too

much of his face to him the second time; for the fish rose close in almost under his feet, and, catching sight of him, clearly looked on him as a suspicious personage loitering about with intent to commit something or other, and so ran away and hid himself in the cellar. I only saw a single fish, which would not rise at all, and the day was a blank, for, though D. went back in the evening to have another try for his fish, it would not come again. The next day was Sunday, and as I was anxious to get back to Kenmore, and we had three days, I left Mr. D. to do Monday by himself, resolving to have another try at the lake. I dodged my own luck, however, as the sequel proved; for my friend D. got two good fish, 15lb. and 17lb., and lost a third, rising two others. The Grandtully is a fine water, but wants some knowledge of it to fish it properly. The casts are peculiar, though likely, the banks precipitous and wooded, and not easy to cast from properly. There are about eight or ten good general casts, and the water is some three miles in length; yet so thoroughly is the river screened by the nets below, that they think they do pretty well if they catch from thirty to forty fish in the season with the rod upon it. A third of the water in the tideway would probably produce thirty times the fish.

It would be of course impossible to supplant the position and profits of the lower waters, and no one wishes to do so; but there is a long way between 30 and 3000, and the upper proprietor would be very satisfied if his two figures were converted into the smallest amount in three. Surely this is not a very extreme demand, and the difference even then is far

too enormous. When I got back I found that a gentleman from Edinburgh had had my boat in my absence on Friday, and had taken a beautiful 29lb. fish and lost another; and, fired by the news, I went out eager the next day. It was a fairish day, with wind now and then, but bright and warm. The trout were rising well all about the lake, and there seemed more here than at the Killin end. They rose freely at my minnows too, and I got half a dozen of them. They were all of a size (a short $\frac{3}{4}$ of a lb.), and when I got home I ordered them to be cooked for my breakfast; then I found out how it was I never could get them cooked at Killin, order I never so strictly. They were as pink and as curdy as possible, and really excellent. No doubt they were laid upon more holy shrines. But no salmon put up. Round and round and round went we, right and left, hands across, and down the middle (of the lake). I set and turned to my partners, pousetted my winch handle, and glissaded the line over the water, and pirouetted my minnows assiduously. Neither *entrechat*, *tour de force*, nor *gambado* was of any use in provoking a *pas de deux*. The disgusting fish were sulky, or sick, or away, or something.

They say that drinking is a good sort of refuge under your misfortunes in this way, and I am free to confess that it would be one of the finest of modern or ancient institutions, provided it did not first make a fool of a man, and then provide a "to-morrow." No. Some people take to swearing, but it is profane and objectionable in other ways, and therefore I always leave that to the salmon; and don't

they swear when they find those innocent-looking minnows with stings in them! Well, I couldn't catch any fish, so I went home and had dinner and consolation; and the next morning I heard that someone on the next water above had caught a fish the very last thing. He stopped till dark, and was standing up in his boat winding in his last line, when just as it was half home a 28lb. salmon came and took it, and committed suicide. Such a bit of luck never happens to me. Think of that lucky fellow, too, who got the 50-pounder and a 35-pounder on the only day he ever went salmon fishing in his life. You wouldn't believe it. But the men that I have over and over again seen come down just for one day's fishing, and catch big Thames trout that I have fished for for months, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, it is positively—well, never mind! It's destiny, that's what it is—kismet, as the Turks say: Inshallah, mashallah, barikallah, asteferallah! Be chesm! on my eyes be it! since it can't be helped.

The Faskally water is the *crème de la crème* of the Tummel, and the salmon fisher's eye seldom lights upon more promising-looking streams than are found for two or three miles below the Falls of Tummel. Above the falls the pools are short, rough, and deep, and no doubt most of them would form good salmon casts if the fish could get up in all waters. But as it is now they can only do so when the water is unusually high, and these falls block out more fine fishing and spawning ground than any in the country. There is, too, very fine and safe lying ground in many places above the falls. The Faskally streams, with an

exception or two, have a strong family likeness—a narrow throat, a heavy, rushing stream, deep water, gradually expanding and slackening, and then, after a short interval, another sharp-rushing stream. Considering the distance, there is a great deal of fishing; and when the water is at all in order, to fish it up on one side and down on the other is not by any means a bad day's work. Having made my arrangements, I started for the river.

The morning was a fairish one, the keeper was at his post and we commenced fishing on the north bank—the same side as Faskally. I was going to use moderate-sized flies and single gut, but the keeper declared both to be useless, and put on a Blue Doctor, a good-sized spring fly, and treble gut. The first pool or so I fished blank. In the third pool a fish came at the fly. It was a nice stream, and the lay was on the further side of the stream, under a ledge of rock, from which, doubtless, the fish came out to the fly. He only came and looked, however, and I could not rise him again, although I tried several flies over him. In the next stream I rose another fish, who served me the same way. The next pool was a deep, dark, swirly one, that looked of considerable capacity, and we had to do a bit of scrambling down the bank and rock to reach it; but though the keeper assured me there were several fish in it, as he had seen them lying out on the shallow that morning, I could not induce one of them to move. From this we went on up to the Boat Pool, just under the house. This could not be properly fished without the boat, as you had to fish it from one side while the fish lay on the other, and it was difficult

to hang the fly properly. It had a very good name as a taking pool, and about half-way down, at last, just as I was beginning to think the day looked ominous, a curl on the water and a screech of the reel raised my drooping spirits, and we landed, while I played, a not very brilliant fish, that paddled about backwards and forwards, making short runs, and then returning again to his starting place like a dog bolting from his kennel to the extent of his chain, and gradually retreating before the stick; and after a quarter of an hour's middling play we hauled ashore a decentish fish of 16½lb., a wee bit thin in the flank and a trifle off his first brilliance, but a very good fish for all that.

The usual ceremonies having been observed which almost invariably attend the extreme unction of "the first fish" in Scotland, we left the pool, which had been thoroughly disturbed, and proceeded to the one above, which was the pool formed by the junction of the Garry and Tummel. It is curious here to mark the difference in the channels of the two rivers; the Garry is a much brighter and less boggy river than the Tummel, and the contrast in the waters and channels is curious. "Throw across to the gravel, sir, with a short line, so as to hang the fly in the eddy just where the rivers join," said the keeper. I did so, and immediately a good fish dashed at it. But the whole weight of the Tummel, which here was like "Iser rolling rapidly," was on the line between, and swept the fly away, before the fish could get it. "It's joost a chance, ye ken, if the fly hings there straight for a minute, and the fish has time to get a hold of it. Gie'm a rest and try'm again

presently." I did so, and lighted a weed with all the enjoyment of anticipation. Five minutes after the same thing was repeated, but I noticed with regret that the fish did not come so boldly as at first. I tried him once more without result, and then left him. It was in this pool Mr. A. Butler killed his best fish the day before.

The next cast was a curious one; the stream was very heavy and deep, and the fish rose from the other side, but only when they were fished for from the south side (I forgot to say that we crossed to the south side at the pool). As it was most difficult when low down to hang the fly properly on the stream, owing to the sharp eddies, a sort of pier had been run out by means of two big fir trees, weighted down on the inner end by huge stones and rocks piled on them, while the other end, which projected some yards over the water supported a sort of small witness-box, out of which you fished. From this I cast; and almost at the first effort, right under my nose, in the very neck of the stream, not six yards from me, a good fish of about 15lb. sprang clean out of the water in his rush at the fly. But he either came out with his mouth shut or missed his aim to my intense disgust. After a time I tried him again, and he made a great bulge in the water, but would not take hold, whereupon I retired discomfited, and went to the fall pool termed "the Pot." Here, formerly, a diabolical apparatus in the shape of a basket and hook was employed to grab a few fish as they fell back in their efforts to ascend the fall. I do not know if it is ever used now, but the attachments and the long poles

used still remain. The Pot is a very curious cast to fish, as the fish come and go. There is only a very small cast, about three or four yards long, where you can raise fish, and to do this you have to watch the current, which is constantly changing. When it sweeps over to the far side in a straight stream you may rise a fish; when it eddies over towards you it is useless, and worse than useless, as the fly is turned the wrong way, and serves rather to alarm than attract the fish. Then, again, the fish are not always at home, but are often up in the heavy water trying the fall. When they are satisfied that they cannot get up, they return to the throw, and may chance to see the fly.

To-day I fished it over carefully, but did not get a rise; and, as this was the top of the water, I retired to have lunch, and after that a pipe. To show the peculiarity of "the Pot," I thought I would take another skim over it before I went down, and at the very first cast a splendid fish made a big splash in the water, but wouldn't take hold. What was the meaning of all these fish rising and refusing? I thought a small fly was the proper medicine; but the keeper assured me that it was not of the slightest use. So I tried another of the same size, and one fish came again, but not so well as at first.

Returning to the witness-box I once more testified to, and rose, the eager fish that made himself so apparent before lunch, but he would not come any nearer, do what I could or use what fly I would; so I went down to have another try at the junction pool, called, I think, "the Green Bank" or "the Long Throw," I forget which. But he had seen enough of

it in the morning I got a bit of a scare almost on the very spot though, for, just as I was coming over it a sharp pull at the rod point sent the blood to my fingers' tips, but when I raised the point it was only a good trout of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., who, in that heavy sharp stream, did not come in without a kick. He was a capital fish for breakfast, as I found next morning. I could not, however, coax my friend salmon to share a fly with me, so I went back and once more tried the Pot, but it was useless, as were all the others. I hummed a gentle refrain, between each throw, to the following effect :

I woo thee, my salmo, with fur and with feather,
I woo thee with tinsel well blended together;
The "line" I adopt shall be tender and true,
And the "heart" shall be "green" that is offered to you.

I had scarcely finished this touching appeal, when from out of the mist, foam, and hum of the great roaring fall seemed to issue a sort of mocking music, which by a little stretch of attention, and perhaps a very little imagination, formed itself into the following reply

Your fur is a swindle, your feathers a bam,
And even your tinsel a glittering sham;
Your "green-heart" is vain, though your line you may wet it,
Yet a rise out of me, don't you wish you may get it?

And then there was a bubbling sound, that I could only compare to a big fish trying to laugh, or the eddying of broken waters among the rocks. I wasn't going to stay there to be chaffed, even in imagination, so I left my blessing with those recusant salmon, wishing them, like the Bishop of Toledo, "all manner of prosperity, and a little more taste;" and retired grace-

tully, having got ten rises out of six fish, and only one fasten. On my way down, I crossed over and saw Mr. Butler, with whom I had a chat on fishing topics, on which he has a strong opinion, and, after thanking him for the day's fishing, I went on to the pool in which I first rose a fish. But it proved a blank, and, as the keeper had other business to attend to, and I was pretty well tired of the day and my bad luck, I resolved to wind up and go home, though there was plenty of time for another hour and more, and two or three pools to try.

The next day I had a day on the lower Tummel water, belonging to Mr. Baird, of Croftinloan, whom I had met at the Earl of Breadalbane's, and who had then offered me fishing. When I came over, however, he warned me that I was late, and that the river was quite out of ply, and his keeper, as he said, had not seen a fish or a rise for a fortnight. This was not a bright prospect to go out with, but now and then, as our cousins say, I do "eventuate on an off chance,"—I put my pile on zero, and it turns up. I determined at any rate to see the water if I did nothing else, and I therefore drove to the tryst, and picked up Mr. Baird's keeper. We then went on some miles to the bottom of the water, resolving to fish up. The first pool, called the Rock pool, being wide, and the current running on the far side, we had to fish from a boat. The keeper was not very sanguine nor very talkative; he evidently looked upon it as a hopeless chance. I put up a Blue Doctor, lent me by my friend D., which was several sizes smaller than the ones we used up at Faskally. À propos of this,

when I related my sport there, &c., to Mr. D., he said at once, "Had you used a smaller fly and single gut, you would have hooked most of those fish." I confess that my idea was the same, and, as Mr. D. had rented the water for two or three years, I conclude that he knew what he was talking of, and expect I did lose a good day's sport by coarse fishing. Serve me right; I never will allow a keeper to overrule my judgment again. *Dixi.* To-day I was determined to act on my own hook, and take advice of no one. It was a desperate chance, for I could see that the streams were feeble and out of order; still I wouldn't despair.

"Now," said the keeper, as we had fished down more than half the stream, "if there's a fish in all the stream, it's under yon stone." "And there he is," I added, as a nice bright fish splashed up at the word, took the fly boldly, and then went scurrying all over the pool. I landed, and played him smartly. The keeper's eyes grew round with astonishment; he gaffed the fish, 9½lb., and then said, "Weel, weel! I joost fished this pool over late last evening" ("Kind of you," thought I, "knowing I was coming here in the morning.") "with the same fly you have on too, and never saw a fin," he continued. I thought to myself, "No, because, they're Sunday fish, and only got up here last night or this morning." However, we wetted the fish, shouldered scrip and staff, and walked up to the next pool, a fine stream, apparently in better order even than the last. I carefully began at the top, and had not fished down a third of it when another patient came to consult the doctor. My Doctor, I beg

leave to say, was a professed dentist. On this occasion, however, he evidently did not get a good grip of the forceps, or broke the tooth, as I rugged the fish awfully, and he went off. Of course I rose no more in that stream—one pull being quite as much as we could expect in the state the water was in. The keeper was even more astonished, for he had fished that stream over too—indeed, he had fished all of them ; and when we left the “D—l’s Hole,” and after fishing one cast blank, got an ineffectual pluck in the “Home stream,” and another in that above it, and hooked and lost yet another in “Duff’s stream,” his astonishment was considerable, and he thought with me that “just a sma’ head” of the Sunday fish had made up in the night. I won’t dwell on the streams ; they were much alike, and mostly pretty, though this part of the river is only resting ground. At the last-mentioned throw I rose a good fish in the very middle of the stream ; I rested him, and he came and missed again, but on the far side. I cast again instantly, and this time he took on the near side, and I let him have it hot, and shouldered my rod to walk up the stone dyke so as to get on level ground to play him, when the fish made his bow and was away. I think I said something naughty after these repeated and exasperating disappointments ; but I set it down to the straight-pointed—“hollow-pointed,” as they are termed—Limerick hooks, which my friend ties all his flies on. I can’t endure those hooks, and at one time nothing would have induced me to put one up, for in my experience of them, you hook, scratch, and lose two or three fish for every one you kill with them. After

this bad luck, I fished the last pool or two hastily, having to catch a train, and so made my way to the trap which was waiting for us, having seen some five or six fish more than I expected.

The Croftinloan is a nice water enough, but it is not one that the fish dwell in; they rest there perhaps for a day or two, but if there is any flood they make up through Fisher's water to the Faskally stretch, which, with its deep, heavy holes and bends, and fall at the top, is unquestionably the holding water of the Tummel. There is one pool along the brink of which the railway runs: "Here," said the keeper, "we always used to kill three or four fish in the season, before the railway was made; but since then we have never killed one. The heavy luggage trains shake the bed of the river, and the fish won't lie in it." I neither reject nor altogether adopt this suggestion; but should like to have the experience of others bearing on this point. It is mighty unpleasant and disturbing to live in a house on or close on a railway, that we do know, and fish are very susceptible to any shaking of the banks—that we also know; it is rather curious too, that precisely the same complaint is made with regard to a part of Garry.

The banks of the Tummel and Garry are charming, but are too well known to tourists to call for any close description on my part. The Pass of Killiecrankie, as one rolls through it, is one of the most delightful shifting panoramas of wood, rock, and water that one could desire; while the Falls of Tummel are quite a stock drop scene. The river, contracted, roars down in a sort of broken jump, a mass of foam that is

very fine. The falls are not high, perhaps thirty feet or less ; but when the water is low they are too high and too mighty for the salmon. When the Tummel is in spate the whole gorge is full of water, and the sight must be grand. At such times there are angles and projections which can hardly fail to make slack water here and there, which the salmon can and evidently do take advantage of, as a few contrive now and then to get over the falls. But what is really wanted, for the benefit of the entire fishery, is the power of passing over the falls when the weather is moderate, as the salmon would do if they could. This would afford entrance to the Lochs Tummel and Rannoch, and some fifty miles (Mr. Young says one hundred) of splendid spawning ground, not bettered by any on any part of the tributaries of the Tay.

In the large linns and lakes opened up thus the salmon would be perfectly safe from molestation ; as it is now, the falls stop the way, and a lot of fish are forced to turn aside up the Garry, which is a peculiarly easy river to poach, and on which, I believe, poaching and black-fishing are not altogether unknown. The opening up of the Falls of Tummel, if attended by a little liberality from the lower proprietors and netsmen, would not only produce satisfaction to the upper heritors, but would stop all poaching at once wherever it exists, and in a very few years double the takes, and consequently the rentals of the lower proprietors. It seems a hard task to drive into these gentlemen's heads the fact that, it is wise policy to allow an animal that can reproduce itself nine or ten thousand times to do so. They must gain

largely by it in the end ; but a policy of disintegration appears to have invaded our salmon fisheries. Every man seems to think that his proper *rôle* is to do as much harm as he possibly can to the river, under the notion that that is the most profitable way of fishing it.

There is, as I have said a score of times, only one plan by which rivers like the Tay can be brought to produce anything like the number and value of fish that they ought, and that is by means of combination. Practically there would be no difficulty whatever in passing the salmon over the Falls of Tummel, and that, too, without in the slightest degree damaging it from a picturesque point of view. It could be laddered on the south side, where a little side stream falls over, which seems adapted specially for the purpose ; or, if it were thought difficult to make a ladder strong enough to stand the heavy flood, a passage could very easily be cut through the rock on the north side. There is no difficulty at all in either case—200*l.* or 300*l.* would easily do the business. But then the fish now confined to the waters below would run out of them up to other people above, who would no doubt kill a share of them if they could—in fact the proprietor of the Falls and the river below would, practically, be unstocking their water for the benefit of people above, while the public really would benefit but little. The view of the proprietors of the fall is the natural and fair one: “Let us have more fish up to repay us for the loss we should thus sustain, and you may do what you like with the falls ; but we are not going to be Quixotic enough to transfer the few fish we now get to someone else for nothing.”

THE ANGLER'S WISH.



Far from all strife and world - ly care, Where dis - cord's



note might ne ver dwell, 'Neath humble roof, on low - ly



fare, In some se - clu - ded nook I'd dwell. Like pla - cid



dream Some gen - tle stream Should glide on its un - trou - bled



way; Be - side my cot Be mine the



lot E - ver up - on its banks to stray.

Far from all strife and worldly care
Where discord's note might never dwell,
'Neath lowly roof, with humble fare,
In some secluded nook I'd dwell,
Like placid dream,
Some gentle stream
Should glide on its untroubled way
Beside my cot;
Be mine the lot
Ever upon its banks to stray.

There from the busy world withdrawn,
Surrounded by the angler's toils,
Each grassy field and verdant lawn
Should greet me with its sunniest smiles;
And hedgerow sweet,
With floweret meet,
To me its choicest perfume give,
While Nature's face,
With many a grace,
Should loving teach me how to live.

With pliant rod, from morn till eve,
My favourite streamlet's banks I'd seek,
Whose dimples never can deceive,
Like those which glow on beauty's cheek.
No murderous wand
Would I command,
That slaughters but for slaughtering sake,
But win by skill
Enough to fill
The wants that Nature's self doth make.

Let others choose the giddy town,
For wealth and gilded title crave.
I seek not empty, vain renown,
That servest none beyond the grave.
A life well spent,
And with it blent
The duties that 'twixt men do lie,
And fervent love
That looks above,
And yearns for immortality.

GRAYLING FISHING.

THE flyfisher who lives within easy reach of a good grayling stream has a great advantage over his brother piscator, who can only command a day now and then amongst the trout, because the trout fisherman usually finishes his sport for the year at the beginning or end of September, while the grayling fisher's sport is only then commencing, or ought only then to commence. And whereas the trout fisher often has only trout and no grayling in his river, the grayling fisher who has grayling in his river, is rarely or never without trout also, and thus with judicious management, he can continue to get fly-fishing more or less all the year round. Many trout fishers object to grayling in their waters, under the idea that they injure the trout. But it may well be doubted whether any number of grayling injure the trout so much as the same number of trout do. It is true that the grayling may eat some of the trout spawn, so also do the trout; but the grayling is not a fish of prey, and does not, save on rare occasions, feed on the fry of fish, while the trout thinks nothing, like Saturn, of devouring his own progeny by the dozen. The fact is, no doubt, that you cannot keep as many trout in as good condition in your stream, if you have grayling in it also, as you can if you have not; but if you are willing, for

the sake of extending your sport through the winter to do with a few less trout, you can, with a little management, have both in any proportions you may elect. If the river is suitable for both, it is a question of management.

Many persons who look upon the fly-fisher as altogether a fair-weather being, a creature of the summer, a wanderer in flowery meads, whose aspirations extend no further than are expressed in the line,

“ I in these flowery meads would dwell,”

look upon fly-fishing in autumn and winter as the dreariest, bleakest, and most unendurable occupation. But though the wealth of Flora's bounties declines and her glories pale as winter comes onwards, there are beauties enough in the autumn, when the early frosts touch the foliage, to tempt the grayling fisher to gaze around him with delight. How rich is the foliage. How gorgeous are the masses of colour in those golden yellows and bright siennas, which painters love so well and so wisely. And even when the short gleam of sun breaks out later, upon a winter's day, and tips the marvellous tracery of branches far up in the bright blue air with silvery light, setting the insect life free for a few brief hours to sport upon the water, and causing many a circling dimple on the glassy stream from the watchful grayling, are there no beauties to attract the fisherman's eye? Ay, truly; for short as is the day of the grayling fisher, there is as much delight comprised in it as may be found in that of his brother on the trout stream even in flowery June.

Grayling fishing carries one back to the time of Cotton and Walton, for no one since those days has written more pleasantly, wisely, or skilfully on his favourite sport and streams than did Cotton. The whole description of that journey into Derbyshire is vivid and attractive even now. The gossip on the scenery from Ashbourne to the end of the journey is exceedingly well rendered, and brings picture after picture before us without an effort and with a clearness and simplicity that is marvellous. Some of our modern word-painters of landscapes and involved scenery, who seem to run riot in clouds and colours, might gather a useful lesson from it. Walton deals in marvels and portents, in mermaids and monsters, which may have interested many in their day, but clearly did not interest Cotton—for which, however, one has no special regret, since Cotton contrives to make his lucubrations interesting without straying into these by-paths of literature. Thus, the talk in the fishing-house by Doveside, dedicated by Cotton as *Piscatoribus sacrum*, the directions about grayling-fishing and fly-dressing, are all excellent, and hardly to be mended nowadays, whilst the description of catching the grayling is as life-like as need be. This fishing-house was yet standing in Hawkins's day, nearly a hundred years later, and we are probably indebted to the worthy knight of Twickenham for the drawings we possess of it. For he says, in a note in his first edition of Walton and Cotton, "Having been informed that the fishing-house here mentioned was yet standing, I employed a very ingenious gentleman, well-known for the many excellent views he has given

the public of The Peak and parts adjacent, to make a drawing of that, and also of Pike Pool," &c. &c. Over the doorway was carved the well-known monogram of Walton and Cotton. Unfortunately, the house was not preserved, and no longer stands; but judging from Hawkins's cut of it, it was not remarkable for architectural beauty or grace, though, no doubt, sufficiently comfortable inside for all purposes. The grayling streams of Cotton's day are still happily well tenanted with fish, neither mines, nor sewage, nor any other filth of civilisation having so far destroyed them, as in the case of so many other crystal waters throughout the land; and to this day the angler can make his journey from London into Derbyshire and find good store of graylings awaiting him—but not many of "sixteen inches," which was said to be the size of the one taken at the fishing above noted. Albeit, too, he may find the fish a trifle more wary and hard to come by than they were two centuries ago. Still, he will have no difficulty, if he has a fair turn of skill, in getting three or four brace of pretty fish at any time when water and weather may suit, from August to March.

Though much of the water is taken into private hands, or occupied by clubs, happily there are still portions—as the Wye and Derwent, at Bakewell and Rowsley, at the Isaac Walton, on the Dove at Ilam, and the Derwent, and elsewhere—where anglers can fish by merely staying at the hotels, and where a very fair basket of fish is to be had for the seeking. Let us wander, rod in hand, down the banks of a Derbyshire stream. How picturesque and striking is the scenery.

The narrow dale in places runs almost from the river bank as steep, and often much steeper than, the roof of a house—a cross section of the vale representing something like an old-fashioned capital V, flattened at the bottom just enough to contain the stream, and a couple of narrow scramblesome banks. In places the sides of the vale are smooth and grassy, or covered with beds of shale or slate-stones. In others they are covered with trees and dense foliage from the river to the summit. In others, rocks peep out in all manner of fantastic shapes; and in others again there is little else but rock. In these narrow ravines the river is often too rapid and broken for grayling, and the trout has the water to himself. For though a grayling can for a time hold his own in the sharpest and most rapid water, he likes something quieter to reside in, and is seldom far away from easy water, convenient eddy, or sheltering bank. Now the vale opens out somewhat, and a small meadow appears on either side of the stream. For half a mile or so the stream is quieter and not so broken. There are clay banks, with eddies beside them. Here of a certainty we shall find the grayling; and until they begin to rise we may busy ourselves by selecting a fly or two. So let us see. Here is an “Orange Bumble” for a tail fly, a “Blue and Silver” for a first dropper, and a neat little “Yellow Dun” for a second dropper. They should do. We fasten them on to the faintly stained casting-line, and begin to look out for a rise. “Ha! there is one—under yonder bank; and there another; and yet a third fish, making circles rapidly in mid-stream.” A fish under the bank is always the

most unsuspecting, and easily caught. That is a canon in fly-fishing. So we select the first one on the edge of the eddy under the clay bank opposite :

“There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly :
And, as we lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.”

And lo ! there is a dimple. “*Habet !*” and the rod bends under a good three-quarter pounder. He goes to the bottom and rolls head over tail ; for, as Cotton says, “a grayling is a dead-hearted fish,” though we by no means agree with him that, therefore, he is “the more easily taken.” His method of play is not so rapid and variable as that of the trout, but you lose far more of them after hooking, partly by reason of the tenderness of their mouths. But our grayling is ready for the net by this time, and comes out a pretty fish in fine condition, and after a few minutes we begin with the fish in mid-stream, which rises boldly at the first cast, but no bending rod answers the widening circle. Again we cover him, and again he comes, but vainly, and a third cast meets the same result. Now a trout which had done this, or even risen and refused twice, would be a hopeless case, and we should leave him for the time ; but a grayling is a different matter. So we cast again and again, and at the fourth rise he takes the first dropper, having previously risen at the tail fly, and just as we are bringing him to the net, the hold gives and the fish breaks away, the hook in “the Dun” being of the smallest. Pocketing our disappointment, we wander onwards, (the water hereabouts being disturbed), now picking out a fish from under the opposite bank, now from

under our own ; now stopping to light the pipe of consolation, after some more than usually aggravating escape, now resting under a bower of hawthorn and traveller's joy, to recruit exhausted nature with a hard-boiled egg and a sip of Glenlivet, tempered with the crystal water at our feet, as we slowly note the charming russet, green, and golden prospect, and drink in the sound of the rushing stream and rustling leaves in this most lovely solitude. Anon, as evening's shades approach, we once more seek the high road with four or five brace of pretty fish in our creel, satisfied with our sport, happy with our labour, and at peace with all mankind, knowing that two or three miles away there is a chicken roasting fealty for our delectation, and our arm-chair by the fire-side is waiting to receive us. In Derbyshire and Shropshire a grayling of one pound weight is a good one, one of two pounds is uncommon. In Hampshire, however, they not unfrequently reach to double that weight. The grayling is widely distributed, being found all over the north of Europe. In Norway it is abundant, and grows to a large-size. In North America it has been found over a wide tract of country, from Michigan to the West ; and a very remarkable species of this fish is found even in the Arctic regions. There are no grayling in any of the streams in the Thames valley, which is to be regretted, as there are many worse fish which it might displace, and most of the streams are well suited to it.

SPRING SALMON-FISHING.

THE "ethereal mildness" of spring spoken of by the poet seems in these later years to have become a considerable stretch of poetic licence, and whether our climate is gradually undergoing a change, or whether we have merely been affected with more than usual severity by those unseasonable changes to which our climate is always more or less liable, is hard to determine. Whatever may or may not be the cause, the fact of a long course of bad weather for years in succession has been a serious discouragement for spring salmon-fishers, though spring salmon fisheries, where they do exist, by no means seem to fall off in price. When we first took to salmon-fishing, 13*l.* a month for the very best spring fishing was considered a very high price to pay; that is about five or six and twenty years ago. Fifty, and even sixty pounds a month is now asked for the same privilege, while the cost of maintenance and everything else at the hotels is doubled. As for the prices which one pays for the exclusive right to fish in really good spring rivers, they are so high as to be almost absurd when we consider the actual results obtained, even at the best, for the money, while at the worst they are dreadful to contemplate. What must be the feelings of the angler who, having paid, perhaps,

three or four hundred pounds or more for a stretch of river, comes down to it and finds it quite out of order, and not likely to recover for a week or two.

Archy, your factotum on the Heatherdale, has written to you perhaps, to say that *if* there is no more rain the river may be fishable by the beginning of next week. You of course ignore the "*if*"—one always does in such cases. "Rain! of course it won't—why should it," and off you set, determined to be there as soon as ever "*she*" is fishable. She may be a little coloured; that will merely be a question of using a size or two larger flies than you have in stock; so you look in at Farlow's and give orders to tie up a couple of dozen of Butchers, Silver Doctors, and Jock Scotts, two sizes larger than the last, and with one or two more golden pheasant toppings in the wings. As if toppings of that sort were a penny or twopence apiece instead of from 6*d.* to 1*s.* How you scan the weather between then and Friday! Why do you choose Friday evening of all others, knowing that any watery business is unlucky to enter upon on a Friday? Simply because it will enable you to avoid being delayed by that terrible Sawbath, which stops all railway as well as other persons' whistles in the land o' cakes, the railway directors, mostly elders and bank directors also, being averse to travelling on a Sunday, except when escaping from justice. There has been little or no rain down south during the last few days, and you have not read anything of bad weather in the north, forgetting that what would be bad weather with us is "*naething mair than ordinair*" with them, and that unless

earth and water came together in all manner of convulsions the weather would not be worth noticing. You have passed the night pretty well. The grey of the morning has shown you the Cumberland hills and fells. The Carlisle breakfast, one of the best railway repasts one meets with on English ground, is over, and we are away again through the wild Moffat country. And here you scan the streams curiously. They look somewhat fuller than usual. There is a good rapid flow in them, and not so much gravel to be seen as usual; but these things may be better a hundred and fifty miles further north. Midday lands you at your destination. You couldn't help noticing that the moor looked gloomy and damp as you came across it. Archy, who is standing at the inn door as the car pulls up to receive you, does not look particularly delighted to see you, and at the first moment you can get to question him you ask—

“How's the river Archy?”

“She's big, sir; big and ower drumlie.” You know what that means, and your heart gradually goes down into your boots, avoiding your breeches' pocket in the descent, that being pretty sure to suffer anyhow.

“The rain o' Thursda brocht her doon again. She was settling doon nicely or that.”

“Well, bring in the luggage. Mind that rod-case. Has the laird been over?” &c., &c., &c. Then you walk to the bridge, which is never more than one hundred yards or so away. As you near it, the river sounds louder than you like to hear it; one glance over the parapet and you have seen enough. Even if

there is no more rain it will be four or five days before she is "fit." Meantime your friends a dozen miles higher up will by Monday or Tuesday be getting the fish you ought to have had. Confound it; what beastly luck! You might just as well have spent Sunday at home, or at Brighton with Bob Chaffers' party. You'd have been in plenty of time, and now—well, now—we won't say much about that Sunday. You could have borne it with the hopes of fishing to-morrow, because you could have smoked away that dreary afternoon, and arranged the patterns you were likely to need in your fly-book. Besides, you could have walked up your beat and noted how it would be best to take it to-morrow, and what streams and pools would give you the best chance. And now what are you to do? You may drink yourself to sleep if you like; there are no objections to that on the Sawbath, unless you have any yourself; but if you dress flies, you will be held to be on the high road to the pit of Tophet. So you read, and you write letters, and make many journeys down to the bridge. You have set up a water-gauge there, in the shape of a stick stuck in the bank just at the brink. Is she falling, or is she rising? That is the problem which it takes you a dozen visits to the bridge and all day to solve. You pass a good deal of the afternoon on the bridge, because—well, because your landlord and his whole family are singing hymns indoors, which are anything but "melogious," being nasal in delivery and very minor as to the key, and you can't even read and write comfortably. And so the dreary day goes by and the river has perceptibly fallen three-quarters of

an inch. And thus you pass the time till Wednesday, when Archy, sniffing the air and scanning the hills with a doubtful glance asserts that, *if* there's no more rain—"she'll fesh in places wi' a big flee on the morra." But he regards those hills with distrust; there's a "bit o' mist he disna joost approve o'." And, sure enough, in half-an-hour it begins to drizzle, and then to rain, and, finally, "it comes doon sair," and you may calculate on three or four more days of idleness, and at least another Highland "Sawbath" before you can put your rod together. Oh the joys of angling! At length, however, when nine or ten days of your precious holiday have been cut to waste, Archy comes in one morning with a brighter look, and, knocking at your door before you are well out of the land of dreams, announces that "she'll dee the day." Joyful news. Out you tumble. Your tub is not even cold *this* morning, such is the exhilaration you experience.

Breakfast—I believe you—scones, collops, haddies, marmalade, oat-cake, coffee. How sweet it all is. The window is open. The air feels quite balmy. There is a murmur outside. The landlord (Maclaggan) and Archy, with a gillie to carry the lunch, &c., are in high consultation. Their tones are cheerful, and a whiff of negrohead mingles faintly with the smell of the peats and the fragrance of the coffee; and a long straight spar erects itself before the window, as "his honour's rod" is being put to for the first time. That breakfast does not take so long as usual, and, ere long, Archy, who is as impatient to be at work as yourself, enters with Maclaggan and the waders. These are duly pulled on, a pair of thick

butcher's stockings being hauled on first, as the water is cold in springtime. Then the fly-book is produced, and, with gravity befitting the occasion, Maclaggan and Archy select half-a-dozen of the largest to commence with. They are duly looped on, Jock, the gillie, shoulders the basket, Archy carries the rod, and Maclaggan *pro tem.* the gaff, and off you stalk, with your tail like a veritable chief.

"We'll no try the Twa Stanes the day I'm thinkin'; she's ower big," says Archy; "we'll joost drop doon in the tail o' Craig's Ford and tak' the tap o' Turn agen, and that wi' the shallow between it and Meg's Clouts and Bluidy Breeks will gie us a' our wark or luncheon."

"Ay, it's a day's wark to fish it fitly," says Maclaggan, no small authority and no mean performer himself, having lived on the river man and boy for forty years or more. A straight cut of half a mile up the road brings you to a dyke which is your upper boundary above the bridge. Down you plunge to the river over a steep, rocky, fern-clad bank. A glorious pool at the bottom meets your view. A grand white rough stream comes roaring down a broken rock-torn torrent for some seventy yards, and falls into a big swirling pool, black beneath your feet, but browner lower down.

"The tap o'ts nae guid the day," says Archy; "we'll gang doon to the ford and begin there," and about the middle of the pool the first cast is made. You can pretty well cover the best of the mid-stream by wading nearly to the tops of your stockings and the fly goes swishing far over the waters, time after

time, and comes shooting and darting round in graceful curve; the "eye attentive marks," but no "springing game" rewards your industry—step by step you work down to the bottom of the pool, but nothing shows.

"They're awa up," says Maclaggan.

"Shall I try it once again with another fly?"

"She's still big," says Archy with emphasis; "we'll joost rest her a bit till after luncheon, and go on to Turn agen, though I'm thinking that if this is big yon's bigger."

Maclaggan nods. "Ay? then we'll joost try for a resting fish in the shallow. That or Meg's Clouts should fit us."

The shallow, ordinarily a mere wimpling trout reach, is now a fine strong rolling stream. It is not usually a salmon cast, but in heavy water the running fish sometimes take a rest and rise on it, and, as luck will have it, you have not fished down above one half of it when the fly is seized under water, scarcely any break being perceptible, and in a moment the reel is screeching and the rod bending double.

"That's a guid ane by the way he gruppit," says Maclaggan, and after a desperate run or two across and down, in which thirty or forty yards are torn off the reel like lightning, and slowly recovered yard by yard, a big fish, at least 20lb. in weight, comes to the surface in mid-stream, and makes a desperate flurry, splashing and plunging in all directions in a most dangerous and trying way.

"That's gran'," says Archy in an undertone, "but it's unco risky." You feel that, and the next moment

your heart rushes again into your boots as your rod straightens and the fly comes trailing home to you.

"Hey mon! mon! he's awa," cries Archy.

"Weel, weel, to be sure! Twanty-two puns if an unce," asserts Maclaggan. It is awful. It is a catastrophe. The catastrophe of the season. You walk ashore and sit down, and all three look at one another silently. It takes you a quarter of an hour to recover it, and then slowly and sadly you fish out the stream without another offer. Meg's Clouts are "dour" and will not give a fish, and now you have only the stream with the euphonious name of Bluidy Breeks to rely on. It is a pretty stream, but not usually of much account. As if to console you, however, you have not made a dozen casts when a lovely head and tail rise, and a rush down stream and another screech of the reel rewards you. This time you have better luck. The fish fights desperately and "flings" himself once or twice, rushing up and down with an amount of vigour and liveliness that keep you in a pretty quick action, not to say in a most tremendous state of panic for some time. Now he grubs about at the bottom of the rough stream, now makes a desperate rush for the rocks on the far side; but at last his rushes grow shorter, his lunges less fierce, and you retreat towards the shore, step by step, leading the fish after you to a convenient landing. One or two more rushes, as he vainly tries to avoid his fate, take all the "go" out of him, and Archy slips his steel into him, and lugs on shore a beautiful 16-pounder—the first fish of the season, and a great deal brighter than any silver. How you gloat over him! What a beauty he is! The

moment is one of delightful satisfaction and triumph, and having by this time earned your luncheon you enjoy it, and the pipe afterwards, with a zest you know not when down south. It needs not to follow out the day. You land a 12-pounder on the tail of Craig's Ford, and lose another fish on the shallow; and, well satisfied with your fortune, you return home like a conqueror rejoicing. To-morrow the laird will join you, and the river will be in better order, and more of it fishable. But, alack and alas! to-morrow never comes. For that night it rains again. And so it goes on, flood after flood for the next fortnight, and the river does not come into condition again during your stay. Oh the joys of angling!

BARBEL FISHING.

“THE barbyll is a swete fysshe, but it is a quasy meete and a peryllous for mannys body. For comynly he yeuyth (giveth) an introduxion to y^e Febres. And yf he be eten rawe : he maye be cause of mannys dethe : whyche hath oft be seen,” says the authoress of the *Boke of St. Albans*. Fancy anyone eating a barbel raw ! Cooked he is bad enough, and though we doubt his giving an “introduxion to y^e Febres,” it is such an “introduxion” to prickly bones and watery-indifferent fibre, that after eating it once many years ago, we have never had the inclination to try it again. The fish we partook of certainly was a large one, and weighed nine pounds. Moreover he was boiled, which is scarcely the best way of cooking a watery indifferent fish. The Thames fishermen cook them and eat them with some relish. Their plan is to split them open, take out the backbone, dust with pepper and salt, and hang them up to dry and drain for a few hours, and then to fry them. In this way we have no doubt that up to four or five pounds’ weight they may be passable, if you care to disentangle the fibre from the small bones, or to risk choking ; but nothing can ever make the barbel a good table or a “swete” fish. The barbel is well distributed over Europe, and is found in most of the large rivers of the Continent—as the Rhine,

the Elbe, the Weser, and their tributaries. It is abundant in the Crimea and in most of the Black Sea rivers. It is plentiful in all the French rivers—indeed the French are great hands at barbel fishing, and one of their best writers upon angling, M. N. Guillemard, says of *le barbeau*, “*C’est un noble et beau poisson.*” We have seen a Frenchman, even on the Thames (the home of barbel fishing), with nothing but a bit of twine for a line, and half of an old whalebone umbrella-rib for a rod, beat the best local anglers. The ground bait, wherewith he attracted the fish to his swim, however, was of a nature seldom employed by English anglers, and, consisted chiefly of stable refuse. If, however, the barbel is a poor fish for the table, it is a capital fish for the rod, when it does, as it is called, “come on the feed;” which it is not always inclined to do, and some seasons (more particularly on the Thames) it feeds much better than others. A moderate amount of rain and coloured water is usually held to be favourable to barbel fishing, and most certainly *now* the best takes are made in wet weather; still we can remember, thirty years ago, coloured water, though it certainly improved the fishing, was by no means indispensable, and many a good take, many a a punt’s-well full, have we taken in fine weather by using fine tackle.

With the barbel, however, as with other fish, it would seem as if the school board had been in force; and there is no doubt, from whatever cause it may spring, that he is more shy and difficult to capture than he was thirty years ago. We must add, too,

that, in so far as the Thames is concerned, he is infinitely less plentiful. For there is not one barbel now where formerly there were twenty, or even fifty, or more. One great desideratum in barbel-fishing is "bait;" that is, what is called "ground bait," which is thrown in at intervals a few days before fishing to draw the fish together, and attract them to a certain spot where they may be conveniently fished for. The most favourable bait for this purpose is worms — the big lob or dew-worm, which is found in gardens, on lawns, or beside gravel paths in the evening, after rain. These are collected in large quantities for the purpose by the poor folk, who realise a harvest of sixpences and shillings at such times. About a thousand of them are needed for a successful day's fishing, and more if a new swim, which has never been baited before, is to be selected. The worms are thrown in either loose, or inclosed in huge balls of clay, some two or three nights previous; and the fish, following up the stray worms which come trundling down the stream, draw to the baited swim from a considerable distance below; and when they are supposed to be collected together, the angler goes to the spot and fishes it, either from a boat, a punt, or from the bank. There are two ways of fishing — either with a dead or stationary line, called the ledger, or with a biggish cork float and a long line, called the traveller. The first consists of a line running through a perforated bullet, but checked by a little bit of cross stick tied on the line from running down to the hook, which is baited with a clean, lively lob-worm, and is

swung out into the swim, and allowed to sink to the bottom. The angler, keeping a tight line on the bullet, can feel the slightest touch or nibble at the hook, and when he feels two or three quick plucks at the line in succession, he strikes sharply, and if he hooks his fish, plays and lands him *sec. artem*. This method of fishing is apt to become very monotonous and sleepy work when the fish are not biting well, and the picture of a plethoric gentleman, with his nose in his shirt frill, fast asleep in a punt, with a group of bottles and pots and an empty pie-dish around him, while ledgering for barbel, was formerly one of the favourite caricatures of Johnsonianly-minded artists, who looked on the old joke of "the fool and the worm" as a stock one, suitable to anglers of every degree. The float-fishing is more lively, as a larger variety of fish are caught by it, and much more ground is covered; for whilst the ledger lies in one spot and waits for bites, the float travels down stream often a distance of thirty, forty, and fifty yards, and, so to speak, looks after the bites by coming to the fishes' noses.

From fifty to one hundred pounds weight and more are often taken now in a day's fishing. Formerly the takes were heavier, and up to one hundred and fifty pounds, or even two hundred pounds, would sometimes be caught. A ten-pound barbel is a large fish, and not *constantly* taken on the Thames, but they have been captured up to fourteen or fifteen pounds in all the tributaries of the Thames. The Kennet is the best for barbel, and they are often found there of large size. The Trent is a great barbel river, and the Nottingham anglers have obtained a great and

deserved reputation as successful barbellers. They have made improvements, too, in reels and floats for barbel fishing, which Thames fishers have not been slow to adopt. Besides worms, tallow-melters' greaves, and gentles are favourite baits with the barbel. We hold the opinion, too, that when worms cannot be got, as is often the case, shrimps might well be substituted, for few fish will refuse them. In going up the Thames, one of the commonest things noticeable in the little roadside inns and hotels is the portrait of some monster specimen of the barbel kind, caught in the neighbouring deeps. It usually is painted on the wall, and represents a thing like a brown pig, with a fish's tail, instead of a curly one, to it—the local artist not being great at outline—with the inscription, "Caught by Mr. B. Bungey, of Barbican, on the 24th August, 1849, with fine roach tackle. Weight, 12lb. 2oz.," and as we examine it we are tempted to exclaim, "Bravo, Bungey!" for to tackle such a monster as is here represented with roach tackle requires no small amount of skill and patience. John Leech must have seen many a sketch of this sort. Who does not remember that excellent little bit of his of the two wandering piscators who have inquired of the landlord of the fishing inn if there are any barbel about there? "Hany barbel about 'ere! I should jest think there wos. Here's a picter of one my little boy catched jest hopposite," and the host points to a tremendous animal quite as large as either of the astounded piscators.

COVER SHOOTING.

WOOD or cover shooting in olden times was almost exclusively a high privilege. In those days the forest laws were severe and repressive to a degree hardly to be believed in these milder times. Under the old Norman system, everyone who lived within the limits or precincts of a royal forest or chase had, at the early age of twelve, to take an oath, which ran as follows :

“ You shall true liegeman be
Unto the King’s Majesty :
Unto the beasts of the Forest you shall no hurt do,
Nor anything that doth belong thereunto.
The offences of others you shall not conceal,
But to the utmost of your power you shall them reveal
Unto the officers of the Forest,
Or to them who may see them redrest.
All these things you shall see done,
So help you God at His Holy Doom.”

Hanging and mutilation were common punishments for forest offences, and bands of outlaws were the necessary results. Even so late as Charles II.’s time no one without the qualification of possessing 100*l.* per annum freehold, or being of the rank of an esquire, or privileged, could keep or use any bows, guns, greyhounds, setting-dogs, ferrets, gins, snares, or other

engines for taking game. In George III.'s reign this was abolished, and a license substituted. Shooting game as a sport came in during the Georgian era, and ousted falconry and netting. Cover shooting as at present practised, probably has not existed for more than about forty years. Pheasant shooting is essentially the sport of the wealthy and well-to-do, a large head of pheasants being a costly luxury. Formerly, when the shooter was satisfied with what the woods produced in their natural state, his bag was of necessity small, and there were none of the large shooting parties now assembled to destroy the game by hecatombs, most of it (at any rate, as regards the birds) being hand-reared. The cost of rearing pheasants may be set at about 1s. 6d. per head when conducted by experienced persons. This, of course, does not include the purchase of eggs, or rent of cover, nor a variety of outside costs on the shooting, which greatly increase the outlay. With management, if expenditure be no object, it is possible to have almost any number of pheasants. There is, however, one point in this shooting which has often been urged, namely, that, though it is no doubt a delightful way of spending a day, and though it calls for skill as a marksman, the shooter is required to exercise no faculty whatever of hunter's craft or sportsmanship. He has no dog to hunt, no game to circumvent. He simply stands where he is placed, and has his game driven to him. Still, a vast amount of game is thus killed, and it affords amusement to some, and benefit to others, more or less. Indeed, without cover shooting, one of the greatest attractions to Englishmen to seek

the country and stay for weeks in it would be lost. It forms a special charm of English social life. Now it is a tolerably well admitted fact that, there is no place in the world where comfort is so well understood as in a well-appointed, well-managed English country house; and with a liberal, agreeable host and hostess, a well-selected party, plenty of horses to ride, a decent pack of hounds handy, with well-stocked coverts to shoot, and pike and perch, or grayling fishing for a change, if the weather be open, with skating and sledging parties, if frosty, and with every distraction, from whist and billiards to private theatricals indoors, a man need be difficult to please indeed who cannot get through a fortnight with comfort to himself and satisfaction to his companions.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Leathers would wish to speak to you," says John Thomas.

"Tell him to go into the gun-room, then, and I'll come to him," replies the host, who is sponging down after a satisfactory day with the hounds, ending in a kill.

The gun-room is a very cosy apartment, with a glass case and a rack for various guns, all along one side of the apartment, while opposite to this on rows of hooks repose sundry fishing-rods and other angling requisites. On one side of the fireplace is a wide cupboard in which mackintoshes, fishing and shooting boots, gaiters, &c., &c., are suspended or deposited, and on the other side a cupboard well stored with boxes of cigars, pipes, and different tobaccos. The chairs are of various kinds, to suit various tastes, the fireplace open, spacious, and fitted with dog-irons,

and the room generally has a well-used, sociable look.

"Well, Leathers," says the squire, "what are you going to do for us to-morrow?"

"How many guns have we, squire?" asks Mr. Leathers, a tall, wiry, keen-looking, fresh-coloured keeper of fifty or thereabouts."

"Six, I expect, for I doubt if Mr. Hartell will come."

"Sure he won't," says Leathers; "it's the first day at 'The Mount,' and that's a standing engagement with him. Six! If we had seven we could do Beechwood, the coppice, and Slater's gorse."

"Slater's gorse—ah! yes. The hounds come to draw it next week."

"Yes, and that'll give it time to settle down again but we must give it a *doing* first."

"You've got some foxes there."

"Oh, yes. I know of a brace for sartin, and I'd like to keep it quiet for a week before the hounds come, as I'd like 'em to find on our place . . . and if they *can* manage it, to kill too, for it's time as that old dog wur accounted for;" and Leathers goes as near to a forbidden subject as he can without offence. For the squire likes foxes first and pheasants next, and always manages to have both.

"Seven, eh!—yes, to be sure, we should have seven. It can't well be done without. Who is there?" muses the squire. "Let's see. A. I know, can't come; B. goes to ———; C. has a shoot at his own place; D. . . ."

"There's the doctor," says Leathers, thoughtfully as if the suggestion had dropped out accidentally.

“The very man,” says the squire. “He can shoot, aye, and play a good rubber after.”

“There ain’t no one in the parish shoots straighter nor fairer,” adds Leathers, who always has a good word for the *medico*, who is now attending Mrs. Leathers for an addition to the population.

“Very good, then, call at Doctor French’s as you go home, and ask him to meet us at ‘Cook’s Corner’ at half-past ten; and if he can’t get there quite so soon, to pick us up at the stile an hour later. We can do the top bit with six well enough, and he may have visits to make.”

“Where will you please to lunch, squire?”

“Oh, in the usual place, at the old priory. The ladies are going to drive round there, and will meet us at one; and Leathers”—this in a subdued voice—“there’s a young gentleman, a Mr. Timmins, a friend of Master Percy’s—I don’t know what sort of a shot he is—you had better put him where he can’t do any harm till you see if he’s to be trusted.”

“Very good, squire. I’ll take care he shall walk with the beaters, so as I can have an eye on him. For it’s an up-and-down bit, that top bit, and it’s very easy to have an accident there if you’re not careful.”

“And Leathers, see here! There’s a very crack hand—Sir Arthur Hoister—they tell me. He shoots at Hurlingham and ‘The Gun’—a very dead shot. They boast that he never misses . . . you might give him a turn at the Dene?” and the squire smiled gently, while Leathers grinned approval. They enjoy putting a very crack shot with a reputation to work at the Dene. It is a little practical joke

known to all the regular frequenters of the squire's shootings. Every eye is sure to be on the stranger who is detailed to the Dene. There is lots of shooting there, but it is peculiarly difficult shooting, on the side of a very steep hill with very bad footing. The birds all rocket tremendously, and get out of range like lightning. It is a very good shot who kills half his birds at the Dene, and many a good shot has failed in that. When Sir Arthur is sent to the Dene to-morrow he will be looked at; and he will possibly say "a big, big D" at some time while there; and old Sam'l, a noted village wit and a very dry old chip, will attend him, and recount the history of every shot with rustic embellishments to Leathers and a select circle thereafter.

This little conspiracy being arranged, the squire fills a glass.

"Take a drink, Leathers." Leathers does so, and bows himself out.

There are few things that require more careful arranging and better judgment than a day's cover shooting, if it is to be done to the best advantage. The keeper must be a bit of a strategist to know how to take his covers with the least walking, the fewest beats, and the most satisfactory results. He must know where best to place his stops, and how to place his guns, so that they may get the best sport, with the most risk to the game and the least risk to one another, and also so as to drive as few head as possible into an enemy's country. His beaters must be numerous enough, but not too numerous, and thoroughly drilled, so that every man may know his

place and his duty when once he has his orders as to direction; and beaters want a great deal of drilling. Unless all this is carefully attended to, thoroughly understood, and clearly expressed, a scene of confusion, noise, muddle, and danger even, often happens, which disgusts any experienced sportsman beyond measure. We were once in a scene of this kind. The host was new to it, and the head keeper a poor stick at arrangement. Everybody was master, and the thing was a sort of free shoot, like an American free fight. Why nobody was shot it was hard to say. After several narrow escapes, we made tracks for a place in the centre of the wood where we had noticed, in the middle of a clear space where feeding had been carried on, a covered cart, or rather a little hut of corrugated iron, on wheels, with a half-door in front. To this we hastened, and, ensconced within, took whatever goods came our way out of the door, doing quite as well as any one else by the time they finished that part of the wood, when a better state of things was inaugurated by a vigorous visitor. Once or twice, however, the plates rang with the sting of number fives, and we congratulated ourselves on being the right side of them. Nothing is so easy as an accident in cover shooting, and though the accidents that thus happen are seldom so serious as those which happen in the field, still half-a-dozen pellets of number five under the skin in any part of the body, leaving the head out of the question, is a present to be declined even at Christmas time, when presents are fashionable. The worst accidents always occur in getting over fences and gates.

There is far less excuse for accidents in these days of breechloaders than there was in the old muzzle-loading days, because a gun is unloaded in a second, and no loss is sustained ; and it is now a common rule at many shooting parties to fine a man anything from 2s. 6d. to a sovereign if he lays a gun down or aside loaded. It is a pity the rule is not carried even further.

But the first cover is reached, and Leathers, and a dozen or more of rustics, each armed with a stick, are waiting. An under keeper or watcher attaches himself more or less to each guest, and carries his *impedimenta*, and Leathers, of course, looks after the squire. The morning is lovely, dry, crisp, and sunny, and everything bids fair for a fine day. Very little leaf is left. The bracken is dead and withered, the brambles are spectral, and the cleverest little bunny will find nothing but holes to hide him to-day.

“Now, Mr. A. and Mr. B., please to go with Abel. Abel, take these two gentlemen down to the cross-ride at the hollow ; put one near the saw-pit, and the other at the old stump. Colonel A. and Sir Arthur, please go along the other side with James. James, let Sir Arthur go on about a hundred and fifty yards, and the Colonel about half that. Mr. Timmins, sir, please keep along the thin there, level with the beaters, next to me. And, squire, will you go on about forty yards ahead, on the left. Now, no noise, mind, my lads ; use your sticks as much as you like, but no shouting, and mind you keep in line.”

Meantime a line of beaters has been silently formed

right across the section of covers we are to beat, the men being some fifteen or twenty yards or so apart. All is ready, and, at a shrill whistle from Leathers, they advance slowly, tapping each bush and tree. You have been sent on ahead to a cross-ride—a lane cut in the cover—your companion being some seventy or eighty yards from you and hidden by a bend. The bushes rise thickly about in places, but they are bare, and you can see some way in among the tree-stumps, for the place is open enough just there. You wait breathless with expectation for some minutes. Then you hear the whistle, and a far-off tap-tap-tapping commences. Scarcely has it begun when you hear a faint rustle, and, loppeting over the dead leaves seventy yards away, comes a great hare straight for you. As she comes within thirty yards, you raise your gun, she stops, sits up, her long ears erect themselves as she listens; suddenly down they go, and she is off at full speed, but it is too late, for you touch the trigger, and poor puss rolls over on her back kicking. A bang on your left at the same moment notifies that your companion is engaged, and just as you are stuffing in another cartridge, two or three guns back with the beaters show that the wild denizens as well as, haply, the tame ones, are afoot. “Mark over a-head,” and a pheasant comes skimming towards you. Pull as he comes over that branch of the oak tree, and you have him to a certainty. Bang! and his blue neck droops and his wings close as he comes crashing through the brushwood. Next a couple of rabbits come scurrying across the ride. It is quick work for the eyes. One shakes his tail at you, and goes off rejoicing as you

cut a big hazel stump as thick as your wrist in two, a dozen yards off; but the other, which you shoot well ahead of into the bush, is found dead there, and as you are cramming in two fresh cartridges, two pheasants come slanting by. You have just time to nick the last one, as he disappears behind a holly bush, and taking him through the top of the bush on spec, you rejoice to hear him come down crash. Another and another follows, and another hare falls, and you feel that you are in good form; you are shooting well, and conscious pride and satisfaction make you over-confident and careless, so that you miss a severe rocketeer just as Sir Arthur comes up and opens the ride. As if you couldn't miss a rocketeer but what he of all men should be looking on! Meantime, the fun has been very rapid in parts, and the shooting incessant, and as the beaters come into sight a few runners, who have tried back and failed, make quite a little bouquet, and you have a good two minutes. Several rabbits endanger the legs of shooters and beaters in their final efforts to escape, and the beat is at an end. A new beat is formed, and so the day goes on. Sometimes you straggle through the thin cover with the beaters, and you get a lot of quick shooting, and a little of missing too; and sometimes you walk along the ride slowly just ahead of the beaters; sometimes the glad sound "mark cock" resounds, a time when everyone is privileged, not only to shout but to shoot, and at any distance, for nothing is too far for a cock, and happy you, if, just as the brown phantom is glancing through the tree tops, your number fives "prevail on him," like the bishop's

coachman in Mr. Weller's song, "to stop." With what tenderness and pride you lift the beauty out of the frosted bracken. How tall you feel as you hand it to Leathers, with envious eyes looking on, and Leathers touches his hat as he takes it from you, strokes the plumage, pulls out the pointers and hands them to you, and carefully puts it in his own bag. And now the ladies are waiting lunch in the old ruin, and the squire announces to the "Lady of the Lea"—as the belle of the county used to be called some fifteen or twenty years ago—that the score is one hundred and twenty-five pheasants, sixty-four hares, ninety rabbits, and a woodcock.

"And who shot the woodcock?" of course is the question. "Mr. ——." And how do you feel then, with all those bright eyes turned on you? After that is it necessary to say that it is a glorious, a sublimated sort of lunch; but the shooting is not *quite* so good after it as it was before. It seldom is.

FLY-FISHING FOR LADIES. .

Now is the month of Maying, and merry lads are playing, and merry birds are singing, and merry fish are springing; bees are humming, and May-buds bursting. The fields are as green and golden as emerald grass and gorgeous buttercups can make them; and—

Daises pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!

I quote the lines because they ring with natural melody, and none that I know of so express the exuberant gladness of the month of May. The cuckoo is hardly yet to be heard, though the nightingale has been singing in every grove for three weeks past; and every day I expect, when I go out, to hear the distant “cuckoo! cuckoo!” down the green meadow; or to see the rogue flitting up the long hedgerows, hunting for the nest of some unfortunate thrush or hedge-sparrow. For the cuckoo makes no nest of its own, but annexes the nest of some weaker bird, lays its eggs, and eschewing the duties of maternity, leaves its

offspring to the foster care of a stranger, and, as is often seen in humanity, the stranger ends by turning the family it has intruded upon out of doors. So, ladies, have no favour for the vagrant rogue of a cuckoo, who is but a summer friend that comes and basks in our sunshine, abuses our hospitality, and, when winter comes, sings no longer at our bidding, but flits to some more genial abiding-place. Still who can say but that he is a jolly good fellow, and a pleasant companion, and sings a capital song — literally a capital song, for he has but one. And so we give him a welcome, as we do to the swallows, swifts, and martins that flit to and fro over the meadows heavy with silky grass sickly for the mowers. Watch that grass—it is worth while; see how each slight ripple or breeze of wind sways it to and fro, and lends a constant change of light and shade, like clouds passing over the water or across some mountain-crest.

“Give me little bit of bread and no-o-o cheese,” cries the yellow-hammer, evidently looking upon our hospitality as dispensed by some relieving officer, and disgusted at the scantiness of the parochial fare, and “Hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,” and every bird joins in singing the praises of spring, and so do we. What so lovely and loveable as spring?

The spring-time, the only pretty ranktime.
When birds do sing “Hey ding-a-ding;”
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And who loved the spring half as much as Shakespeare himself, who is never tired of singing its praises?

But come away down by the river, pretty lady, where the yellow flag waves and the bullrush nods, and

the "meadow-sweet" and wild water-celery perfumes the banks, where the gorgeous dragon-fly flits from leaf to spray, now flashing like a jewel through the sunlight, and now peering into the still cool depths beneath that broad and fanlike lily leaf. Who would not be a dragon-fly? Nay, not I, not to be clad in glacé silks of brightest hues; not to sport the most gorgeous petticoats or attractive stockings would I be that pretty creature, for, beautiful as it looks, it is an awful savage, according to all accounts, and crunches the bones of innocents to feed its rapacious maw. Ha! the "plop" of a trout hard by has disturbed it, and it is off, leaving a brilliant course behind it. And see, there is the May-fly, the real genuine Green Drake, that gladdeneth the heart of anglers; for when the word "the fly is coming on" is heard, for a good fortnight to come, half the Houses of Commons and Peers will be out of town, and the nation would need to be in a very sad state indeed to coax those errant legislators back again. Now, that highly important insect spreads his wings and takes his first flight, uncertain, wavering at the commencement, but as the sun warms and emboldens him, he soars higher, and flutters aloft in all the pride and gladness of newly acquired power. Ha! gone! Yes, as I live, that rapid darting swallow that skimmed past us has picked him up, without an effort or a change of course in his flight, and all that remains of the unhappy fly, captured in its first flight, are the two little gauzy filmy wings that come spinning and fluttering round and round to the water, like sycamore seed in the autumn, shorn clear from the body,

which now fills the swallow's maw, by his trenchant bill. Unhappy Ephemera! Well named Ephemera.

"Poor insect, what a little day of sunny bliss is thine!" Little, in good sooth; but one flight, and then eternal rest.

But the fly warns us that it is high time to put our rod together and commence sport. See, now, we have a rod fit for a lady, about ten or eleven feet long, slender, tapering, light, and well balanced as a tandem whip, and so dear Anglica—Upper-Ten-Thousandina as "R. B." hath it—look upon me as cousin Gus, and take your instructions from me, miss. This, as you see, is the rod; very light and neat, isn't it? Farlow's best. So we put on the pretty reel—nice and light for a lady. Now run the line through the rings, and pull out about the length of the rod through the top ring. To this line we fasten two or three yards of fine silkworm gut, tapered almost to nothing—as fine, delicate, and invisible almost as a single hair.

To this we affix the fatal and tempting fly—beautiful to look at—tempting and seductive as the tongue of the syren, for all that though with "a tang." And now we are complete, so take the rod (not the hook) in your right hand, and well and truly throw the fly towards yonder willow that hangs lovingly over the stream. Mark you not occasionally a little dimpling circlet just where the eddy takes round every straw and leaf that comes within its influence?—a sort of little break as it were. That is the nose of Master Trouty, and a good one he is, too. Two pounds, by this hand; and he has the choicest feeding-ground in all the brook, as befits his weight

and dignity. Stay, you will inevitably frighten him if you flop the fly and line into the water in that fashion. Lend me the rod. Now, observe. Lightly twitching the line off the water by raising the rod swiftly over my right shoulder, I pause for a second until the line has had time to extend itself behind me. Then I urge the hand swiftly forward towards the place where Trouty abides, moving only the arm below the elbow. The elbow should not leave the side. Thus I cast up stream, a little out and beyond the trout, raising the point of the rod gradually as the fly and line come home. Now the eddy takes the fly round under that branch. See what a dash he makes!—very different from the way he has been taking the real flies. With a gentle twist of the wrist I bring the “tang” into play, that is, I strike the barbed steel into him, and away he darts like an arrow into mid-stream. See, I keep the point of the rod up, and let it play him, and he darts down and tries to hide himself under the heavy sheltered weed, but I get below him, and turn him out of it safely into the clear water beyond; another struggle or two, and now reach me that landing-net. So, I have him—as I said, two pounds, if he’s an ounce. Isn’t he a beauty, gold and silver bedropped with crimson. The trout of the day certainly. “Why, Ten Thousandina, how flushed you look! I declare you are quite excited by the sport. Oh! “Never so interested and delighted in your life, eh?” Well, if any sport is the sport for a lady, it is fly-fishing, and many ladies, now-a-days, do follow it right heartily, and can kill either trout or salmon as well as their husbands and brothers. So take the rod and do as

you saw me do, and luck attend your fishing. Mem. —No scarlet petticoats, nor flashing colours, mind. None of your black hats and white and scarlet feathers that a trout would see fifty yards away; and since you don't want to flirt with every thorn in the brake, let your crinoline be of the most modest dimensions possible, or avoid it altogether like a brave and independent girl as you can be when you like, you know. Mem. — Wear boots with leggings, or leglets, or whatever those coverings are called that defend the ankles from thorns, nettles, &c., and let the hem of your dress, for some six inches deep, be bound with thin morocco leather. It is wonderful how useful this will be found in brambly places. Always have a veil at hand, for though a midge-bite or two is not of much consequence to gentlemen, yet red spots on the forehead, eyelids, or nose, do not become ladies; and midges will bite, more particularly when such dainty fare is offered to their consideration. My! if I were a midge wouldn't I bite. Indeed, how could I resist that cheek like a peach, and that——. Come; I say, that rod-spear is rather sharp, you know. Serves me right, does it? Well, good-bye, I will tell you how to make a fly some day.

SAINT MAYFLY.

IN these highly Ritualistic days, all manner of saints come to the fore, and various sections of the population pay more or less respect to one or the other. To some, the advent of partridge, pheasant, grouse, or salmon is matter for rejoicing and more or less sacrifice of time and money. To others, and by no means a small clique either, the announcement that "the Mayfly is up" is one of uncontrollable interest. Chantry, when occupied on one of his masterpieces, could leave it unfinished and go a fishing because the Mayfly was up, nor return to his engrossing and attractive labour till it was over; and thousands of men in London and the largest centres, to say nothing of the country, throw business to the winds, and attend to nothing else as soon as the magical message from Thomas-a-Keeper reaches them. Bankers, M.P.'s, great lawyers, grand city men disappear suddenly from their usual haunts, and for a week or ten days their places are vacant, nor would wild horses hardly drag them back again until that period is over. Where are they? — squashing through the deep swampy water meadows of Muckton-in-the-Marsh, booted to the thigh like stage brigands, with large felt flop hats, stuck all over with entomological imitations, with a 14-foot rod over their shoulders, and

Thomas-a-Keeper behind them with a capacious basket on his back, and a huge landing-net over his shoulder. For days, and perhaps weeks previously, frequent cabs have wended between the counting-house or office, and Bell-yard, Crooked-lane, or 191, Strand. Mysterious consultations have been held upon patterns and colours; and straw bodies, wood-duck, or Egyptian goose wings, with various hackles have been compared and criticised with avidity, and no brief, no embryo bill, no doubtful security, has been scanned with half the interest that these comparatively worthless matters have received. Shall we or shall we not make a better bag than Scroggins? that is the question. Scroggins is a junior member of the bar, but, as the old joke has it, he is a "senior angler" notwithstanding, and though he doesn't count one brief when we count twenty, he counts two brace of trout for our one, and on worse water too. If he fails in verdicts before the Masters of the Rolls, or special juries at the Pleas, finny juries unanimously combine to give him the best of it; and when he catches a fish he is sure that he is always of the regulation sort. There is no need to say, "Brother Scroggins, you may take a rule," for his fish is always palpably over the 12 inches.

There is an immense amount of emulation in fishing, — particularly during the continuance of the Mayfly, when every man's bag is weighed and commented upon pretty widely; and the day when we come in with that bag of ten brace of 20-ouncers, when no one else, not even Scroggins, has more than half that total, is remembered for years and years. There must

be something marvellously interesting in this little insect to affect men of otherwise grave and staid habit as it does. What can it be? Wherein lies the conjuration? Look at De Wilkins for example. He is a man on the shady side of fifty, portly, quiet, suave, very well to do, member of two or three fashionable clubs. In town no one ever saw De Wilkins out of breath, or in the least disarray, always cool, deliberate, collected—never in a hurry, never put out, never displaying eagerness or interest in anything—plays his cards as coolly and calmly when he has five ponies to two on the “rub” with a bad hand as if it were five shillings. The sight of him on a warm day, on the shady side of Pall Mall, is like a sherry cobbler well compounded. Now look at this dishevelled person in a weather-stained hat, with his shirt front open, his tie in his pocket, standing above his knees in water, with rushes and reeds up to his shoulders, under a fierce June sun, and labouring, in a head wind, to pitch a bunch of feathers up to those circles and bulges under that willow tree. Regard his energy as time after time the wind foils him. Hear his language; it is dreadful; even Thomas-a-Keeper admits that “he never did see master in such a wax.” See how the perspiration rolls in streams down his blazing red face. “Is that De Wilkins, or is it not?” “That *is* De Wilkins.” “Nonsense, I can’t believe it.” “It *is* though. That’s a three-pound trout under the willow, and he can’t get at him for the wind. If he could he’d catch him, and if he did, he would beat the whole club.” Wonders will never cease, and De

Wilkins will not want a Turkish bath, at any rate, for a week or two. But if De Wilkins works like a nigger—or rather like a nigger doesn't, by the way—he has by no means a bad time of it when he meets his three friends at “the cottage” in the evening. The dinner is simple but perfect of its kind, and the wines are superb; and as for those Partegas afterwards, it is not given to every man to smoke such tobacco. He has a very good time, a very capital time of it at the cottage, and, Sybarite that he is, he knows that the harder he works under that sun, the more complete is his enjoyment afterwards. What an appetite! and, as little Bob Shorter, one of his companions, says, “What a drinkeytite too! You can't get them in Pall Mall, nor yet by cantering on a blessed rocking-horse round the park,” and Bob is right—right to the letter. A wonderful deal of enjoyment is got out of these Mayfly excursions. If there were not, men wouldn't pay the prices they do for a good Mayfly water—and the uninitiated would be very much surprised if they were told what each brace of trout De Wilkins catches costs him. Men lose a great deal of healthy enjoyment when they do not know how to catch trout. On that fishermen at least are all agreed, and they should be competent judges.

MY FIRST SALMON RUN.

OVER the brown moor under a sullen sky, which had a damp, misty look, as of rain clouds not long departed—squish, squash, through the peaty mire we trudged, a piscatorial Pylades and Orestes, so far as a love of the art which we practised in common went, though I was a gentleman born, and my companion was Jock Coulter, the village cobbler, one of the best and keenest brothers of the angle I have ever met. Poor Jock! he has long since gone to his long rest beneath the old yew-tree in “the old kirkyard,” beside the Whammle-burn, which in life he loved to wander by so well. From the first thread and pin of the infant angler Jock had trained my early efforts up to the capture of the noble burn trout of two ounces; and many a dozen, many a score of dozens, of much larger burn trout had Jock and I deluded by various means in company; and when the sea trout came up the Whammle, many a fine and lively two and three pounder had I succeeded in bagging under Jock’s able guidance. But to-day there was more important game afoot. To-day I came of age in an angling point of view, for I bore upon my shoulder a brand new salmon rod, presented to me by a wealthy uncle, lately returned from shaking the pagoda tree in Eastern climes. It was a lovely little Forest rod

—sixteen feet of tough hickory glittering in its new varnish and brazen fittings, and I was burning to exercise it for the first time. My father was a retired navy captain who had come back to finish his life in his native village. Trout fishing was free everywhere in those days, but salmon fishing was almost as jealously guarded as it is at present, and though, perhaps, less scrupulous methods of killing the fish were adopted, the rivers were not blocked up with nets then as they are now, and there were enough and to spare for all. So when I boldly walked up to the Laird of Tillyvrackie as he was riding through the main street of our village, and preferred my request for a day's salmon fishing on his water (having entirely failed in inducing my father, who would not have asked a favour of mortal man on any consideration, to make the application for me), my delight knew no bounds when the kindly old gentleman said "Aye," smiling at the thanks I could hardly get out in my eagerness, but adding, with a touch of characteristic caution, "If ye catch ane, Geordie, it's to be a' yere ain, my man, but gin ye catch mair joost bring them up to the hoose, ye ken, and I'll be glad to see ye, for ye're a braw angler, I'm tauld," and tapping my cheek with his cane in kindness he rode on, and I made off hot foot to my friend Jock Coulter, big with the tremendous news I bore him. Then what a mustering of lines and hooks and feathers ensued! "She'll be joost the richt height in the morn," said Jock—"she" in the vernacular always meaning "the river"—the Doughty River, of which the Whammle-burn was a tributary, "and we'll try Whammle-foot first.

There's aye a fusshe hides there a' wee after rain, and a brown turkey or a gledwing is the verra thing for it. Clar't pig's woo' wi a ginger tail and a black streaket heckle should tackle him," and he rummaged the materials out of an old bag of odds and ends, and proceeded to construct that *lusus naturæ*, a salmon-fly, according to the rules of art then in vogue.

What the salmon take such a monstrosity for is a question which no man has yet satisfactorily answered ; and what the Pophams, Silver Doctors, Durham Rangers, and Jock Scotts of more modern days may be supposed to represent, with their golden toppings, gorgeous ruffs, and gold and silver tinsels, is still more marvellous and uncertified. It is, as Hamlet says, a "bait of falsehood that takes the carp of truth;" if it takes the salmon of truth, what the salmon takes it for does not perhaps so much signify. However, half-a-dozen flies of varying size and suitable to the occasion were put together by Jock before I allowed him to quench a thirst which was one of his characteristics, and which he always averred was distinctly traceable to the leather which he wrought with, I am bound to say, as seldom as he conveniently could. A lapstone, he argued, was in itself a dry detail, and tapping one all day and drawing a wax-end through leather a thirsty occupation. Albeit, I have seen him reduced to quite as painful straits by the action of drawing trout out of the water. But Jock, though he "took a glass," never got "fou," save on very rare occasions ; a brilliant twinkle of the ee and a strong tendency to tell astonishing yarns was the outside of his offence in this respect. "Tee-

tottleism," as Jock called it, he held in mortal antipathy. "A mon that couldna always be a mon an tak' tent o' himsell was na mon at a."

"To sleep, perchance to dream," again says Hamlet, is "the rub." Hamlet was not a fisherman that I am aware of, though he knew Polonius for a fish-monger. But to sleep without dreaming that night was "the rub" with me. What terrific single combats I fought with monster salmon, perfect krakens, and how I woke, so to speak, with my line broken and salmon gone, again and again, till about six o'clock, when a handful of gravel at my window-pane awoke me to the sense that Jock awaited me below. How I dressed that morning I never remember, but everything went on the wrong way, and had to be reversed, and, like Ebenezer Scrooge, I made "a Laocöon of myself with my stockings." Never mind; they were properly applied at last, and down I went, and snatching a hasty cup of milk in one hand and a pile of buttered oat-cake in the other, I made the briefest breakfast which I ever did. Then seizing the rod and reel from the corner where I had placed them, I sallied out to join Jock. How well I remember everything that morning! I with the rod, Jock wielding the deadly gaff as his insignia of office, as we left the gate.

The morning was misty from showers over night. The sun had made no way in the heavens as yet, and the laverock, which usually sprang aloft from the meadows at this hour to meet him, was silent. The rowans and the birches were weeping for his absence as we broke away from the cultivated land out on to

the broad brown moor, for the glory of the heather was not yet. I can see now the glistening pools of black peat water and the grey boulders scattered erratically about, with snags of silver-barked birch, thousands of years old, and superior to age apparently, which made startling contrast where the labours of the peat cutter had thrown them aside. Ben Vrackie, enveloped in mist, was only visible as to its lower slopes.

There was nothing moving on the moor save a far-off shepherd and his colley looking for a stray sheep, and they marched with heads bent down, as though the morning had damped even their seasoned natures. As yet the pipe of curlew and the whistle of plover was silent.

“It’ll be a braw morning for the fashing!” said Jock. “She’ll be in graun ply, and I’d no wunner but ye got a fusshe, or even twa.” Another hundred yards or so, and a dull, rushing noise met our ear. “Mon, ye’re in luck, she’s ower the stepping-stones I’m thinking, and if sae ye’re sure of sport.” In a few more minutes we came upon the river, a moderate-sized salmon stream, spread out and shallow just here, with a range of big stepping-stones, which ran across the ford, but of which little could be seen now, as the water was rushing over them tumultuously. Nasty, dangerous stones they were, too, at times, and more than one person had been drowned in trying to pass them in flood; but we couldn’t afford a bridge then, and had to put up with the stones, or go five miles round. While I put the rod together, Jock rigged up the cast and looped it on, and then we proceeded a

few hundred yards beyond the flat to Whammle-foot, a fine swirly salmon cast, where Whammle fell into the Doughty. Taking my stand on a convenient strand, I reeled off a dozen yards of line and commenced casting. For some throws nothing came of it. At length, I cast towards a point where a big stone could just be seen under water.

"Canny, Geordie, canny!" said my companion, "if there's a fusshe in a' the river it is there;" and just as my fly swept over the stone a great boil and swirl rose immediately under it, and a "There he is" from Jock, as I struck upwards sharply and instantaneously.

"Hey, mon, mon! ye just pu'd the flee clean awa trae him. Had ye let it bide in the watter he'd have had a taste o' it, for certain. Mind, now, it's a gowden rule when ye see a saumon rise, count three before ye strike, an' if ye dinna fell a rug o' him by then ye needna strike at a'."

Very good advice possibly, but utterly futile to a keen youngster on his first salmon. We rested the fish a few minutes, and tried him again, but he was sulky at having his breakfast offered to him, and then pulled away again, and would have nothing more to say to us. I fished on down to the end of the cast and got a dashing rise, but I found it was only a big yellow trout, of three pounds, which I very soon disposed of, with a certain amount of contempt. And yet, when trout fishing, I had tried that trout most carefully with a variety of lures over and over again, for I knew him well, and many a time my heart had been in my mouth as he came up cautiously and critically

inspected my fly or minnow, and then, with a wave of his tail, expressive of his contempt for it, retreated to his watery fastness. But to-day, because I chanced to be after salmon, I looked on him as inferior ware, while he, who had so cautiously examined into moderate offers and reasonable four or five per cent. investments where he had a fair chance of getting off with bait and all for a scrape, like a rash speculator, thinking he could realise ten or fifteen per cent. with limited liability, risked his all in one mad rush and lost it. Verily the world of fishes may be likened unto that of humanity in many respects.

After this we went on up the river till we came to a very fine stream, called the Spinning-wheel, from a big deep eddy, which in high water was always visible beside it. The fish, if they took at all, usually took on the outside edge of this, where the water was thinner than in the middle of it, and you had apparently to cast up stream instead of down, in consequence of the eddy. All this had been explained to me by my Mentor as we came up to it, and I made my casts as well as I could, though perhaps not with all the skill of a master, for once or twice the line got into the eddy, which partly drowned the fly. But this, as it happened, did me no dis-service, for, as I pulled the fly out of it once, I felt a pluck, and I gave an answering stroke, thinking it was possibly a small trout, and the next moment my reel was whirling and screaming like a circular saw, for a salmon had taken the fly deep under water, and made no break on the surface.

“Mon, ye’re on him, and ye’ll see a ploy the noo,” shouted Jock, in great excitement.

Down into the deep eddy plunged the heavy fish, taking out line rapidly, while my rod was bent into that delightful arch which is the most beautiful of all curves to the angler's eye.

"Move up, move up, or he'll droon the line in the eddy," said Jock, taking me by the arm like a policeman, and urging me up the stream, and I should have been in a difficulty, but just then the fish came up to the surface above the eddy and made a tremendous leap in the air, thus helping me to get the line straight again. What a glorious sight it was to see that noble fish, a good twelve-pounder, springing out of his native element to seek refuge in another, and coming down with a splash that made my blood tingle and my heart beat! Then he took a violent rush down stream on the further side of the eddy, and once more the reel discoursed delicious music. "Ye'll hae him full surely," said Jock, "for it's a fine deep watter, and there's nae obstructions." For several minutes the fine fellow made frantic rushes up and down, but as I wound him in after each they grew shorter and shorter, and I felt I was becoming rapidly his master. My excitement was æsthetic, intense. To all languid, placid natures, if you want to feel too, too utterly utter, I say, hook your first salmon, and if you want to penetrate the depths of despair, lose him.

"Lead him in to that strand, Master Geordie," said Jock, as the fish rolled over on his side and gave a heavy but futile plunge. I did so, and Jock, standing knee-deep with extended gaff, waited till I drew the salmon within reach. Slowly and with extreme

caution, supine on his side, I drew him nearer and nearer. There was a short, quick stroke, and *Salmo salar*, in all his silver armour, was dragged, flapping violently, up over the yellow sands, dyeing them with his life blood as we made the rocks echo with a lusty cheer, whereat suddenly Ben Vrachie came out of the mist, as if to see what was the matter. For at that moment the sun, which had long been battling with the clouds for supremacy, broke through and dispersed them, and bathed us in a golden light, as if to celebrate the auspicious occasion.

“A’m gey and glad,” said Jock, “that didna happen a quarter o’ an hour since, or we’d no hae gruppet this fine fellow;” and he knocked him on the head with a stone promptly, after taking out the fly, which was firmly fixed in his upper lip. Then we retreated to a ferny bank to contemplate my prize, and I produced a flask, one of my father’s—filled, I am constrained to admit, surreptitiously, with the old gentleman’s own Glenlivat, at sight whereof Jock’s eyes glistened, and he drank the death of my first “fusshe” with much appreciation and all the honours. Then for an hour we sat down and gazed at the beauty in varied postures and settings, and he was lovely and unrivalled in all. One may in after years retain but a hazy recollection of his first sweetheart. There is a doubt possibly whether the hair was golden or dark, whether the eyes were blue or black, but one never forgets one’s “first salmon.” You can remember him to the colour of a fin and the complexion of a scale. And so we sat and gazed, for the sun remained unquenched, and it was useless, as Jock said, at this time of year,

to "vex the watter" in such weather. If we got a cloud or two bye-and-bye we might get a pull on "Tangle-Breeks" (the queer name given to a rough stream about half a mile up), and that was our best chance of another fish, and as we returned in the evening we could give the fish at Whammle-foot, if he were there still, another invitation. But the water was falling, and with this sun, even if a cloud came up, we'd do well to change the fly for a smaller one, as the water was thinner on Tangle-Breeks. Luxuriously reclining among heather and boulders—a species of upholstery not to be despised—we chatted and looked about us. It is a lovely scene! Above the wheel-stream the river is shallower, and is dotted with opposing rocks of all sorts of fantastic shapes. The sun has awakened nature to active life once more. The birch-trees soon cease to weep, and dry up their tears, shake out their tresses in rippling masses, and wave them gracefully in the soft, light air. The restless water-ousel dips and flits from stone to stone with incessant motion, now picking up some unfortunate beetle after a smart chase under water, now rapidly shooting away up stream, "peep, peeping" as he flies. A couple of pretty dottrels are busy in the higher ground behind, no doubt in anxious domestic cares for the young family in the shallow nest beneath those stones. A solitary greenshank leaves the sandy pit and wails its melancholy note as it flies rapidly away to its more congenial home near the tideway. From the sides of Ben Vrackie come the musical and plaintive pipe of the curlew, the whistle of the plover sounds

shrilly over the adjacent moor, and above the rush and roar of the river, which is ceaseless, and like the drone of a huge bagpipe, the angry peewits scream and scold us noisily for invading their domains. Up the river two black-head gulls come sweeping and tacking to and fro, quartering the shallow water from side to side, like setters on a moor, in search of provant, and unlucky is the miserable parr or wee troutie who cannot ensconce himself under some sheltering stone. For with a dash fate descends upon him in the form of the blackhead's bill, and he is borne to that bourne whence no wee troutie is ever known to return. See, yonder, on a stone, too, that sly old water-rat! He has just been carrying straw to furnish his nest hard by—an industrious housekeeper and much maligned member of society—and is preening his whiskers now, like the buck he is, to make his appearance pleasant at home; and having completed his toilet, possibly by the aid of the glassy mirror at his feet, or more possibly without it, he drops off the stone with a “plop,” and is away to join his mate in that forty-shilling freehold of his under the bank. Inanimate nature is gorgeous under the sunlight. The rocks around are vivid with lichens and mosses, which might almost defy the artist's craft, and the wealth of vegetation that crops up between the loose stones is a sight to see. Even the very midges are wide awake and on the look out for prey, though sorely incommoded by that midge-disperser, Jock's pipe, a short black clay, a shiny relic of extreme antiquity, which Jock smokes with placid and 'Grand-Turk-like contentment, though it is terribly strong

tobacco, of the sort called twist, black and deadly in its nature, at any rate to all midges and other objectionable insects. And thus we pass a pleasant hour, chatting over the recent struggle and waiting for clouds.

At length, taking a stout piece of cord from his pocket, Jock fastens the fish, head and tail, in a bow, and we rise to make our way to Tangle-breeks, for a cloud is in the sky which promises to serve our purpose when we reach the cast. It is a fine rough stream, and the sun is by this properly obscured. At the very third cast a big head and a large dorsal fin rolled up in the foam, and I was fast in a large fish, but I did not get the point of the rod up quick enough, and the fish with one rush got on the far side of a big rock and cut me. Not an unknown thing on this stream by any means. My lamentations were loud, but Jock's were deep. I was a novice, he a philosopher. I thought the glory of the day was departed, but Jock knew better, for there was corn in Egypt yet, and another cast and fly being rigged up, about two-thirds down the stream, I stuck in another fish, and after a desperate give-and-take combat, which need not be described, Jock gaffed a nice 10-pounder. Then we had lunch: for the careful housekeeper, knowing the carelessness of youngsters as to creature comforts, had taken the precaution to put a packet of ham and oat-cake into my jacket-pockets over-night, and it proved remarkably serviceable. After lunch the weather got bright again, and we sauntered slowly back, stopping now and then to admire a view or notice some natural curiosity. Jock was something

of a naturalist, and had a rough knowledge of plants, in his way, and a walk with him was not quite unprofitable, for though not by any means a faultless specimen of humanity, he was of a type common in Scotland formerly. He had great natural intelligence, and had contrived to pick up scraps of knowledge which were surprising in a man of his station. As a disputant upon political or denominational topics he was a tough antagonist, as stiff as a stone dyke and immoveable as a hill-top. He had plenty of mother wit and a dry, caustic humour, was fond of a crack with an old crony, though taciturn with strangers, and, as I have said, he was a "drouthie" subject, and much preferred doing anyone else's work to his own. He lived, as he said, like the minister, by mending soles, but I am afraid his earnings on this account were scanty. Give him a fishing-rod or a reel to mend, a dozen flies to tie, or an old gun-lock to rectify, and he wrought at it *con amore*. Anyhow, there Jock was, and he was good company, and had taught me all that I knew about sporting.

Towards the end of the afternoon we reached our starting-point at Whammle-foot once more. "She's doon some inches since the morn," said Jock, "and a smaller flee yet will fit her. Sit doon and rest till the sun gaes behind yon peak, and then we'll try and fox the cunning rascal that was too many for us in the morning." I followed his advice, and with most successful results, for the good fish rose at the first cast without hesitation, and fastened nobly, and after a most prolonged and stubborn resistance we got him out, the best fish of the day, full sixteen pounds, and

marched home with flying colours, I with one fish and Jock with two, and I don't know which was the prouder. The laird was so delighted with his share of the spoils, that he then and there gave me a general permission to fish upon the same conditions; and he had no cause to regret it, for if (as often happened) I only got one fish I always sent it to "the house," and the old gentleman was fond of salmon and asked no questions, being a wise man in his generation. I have killed all sorts of fish since then in all countries, for there is always a hook about me somewhere. But, if I live to be a hundred, I will never forget Whammle-foot nor the Spinning-wheel where I got my first rise and my first "salmon run."

NOTE.—The foregoing article appeared some time ago in "Good Words."

THE MAYFLY MESS.*

I HAVE mentioned elsewhere the Mayfly mess which we hold yearly at that right jovial and comfortable hostelry, the Royal, at Winchester. This year the fun had an extra edge put upon it, and the august president had all his work to keep order. Talk of schoolboys!—the Mayfly mess were “regular rollicking Romaneyes” for the time being. I don’t know when I have rollicked so much. I thought that I had worn out the N.E. wind. I was wrong, for after two peaceable days he woke up, and came down with a will; but as by this time it was Sunday, I exclaimed like Lear :

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks.

“I am not going fishing to-day, only don’t last over to-morrow.”

The first day I went out I got a nice brace of fish on the small fly. They didn’t take the Mayfly because there wasn’t any. The second day it came up well about 4.30, previous to which I got a brace of nice fish with a pretty little light yellow dun called Flight’s Fancy. It is a capital fly. By four o’clock I got up to the Wood Shallow, and there I took a brace more of

* Written in 1883. This was almost the last paper written by Mr. Francis.

good ones, 2lb. and 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. The 2lb. fish I got in the wood under the trees, and he made a decent fight of it. The other I had below, on the wide shallow under the opposite bank. It was a long cast, and he came once or twice and had a look at the fly, and at last fastened and fought finely. Most indignant at my behaviour, he flounced aloft and tried "the sheltering weed, his old secure abode;" but he had to come out and travel all the way to a friend at the British Museum, who said he ate well. The next day there was a good rise of fly, but no small fly in the morning, so I did nothing till the Mayfly came up, when I got a brace of good fish in the shallow, but I rose many which did not take well. The fact is, we have some opposite neighbours this year who fish this shallow very hard, and who stand up to it on the bank, which will soon make the most well-disposed fish shy. If you keep out of sight and "lie low" you may pitch any number of Mayflies at a fish without seriously alarming him thereby, and you will probably catch him sometime when he is "well on;" but if you stand up, and, so to speak, throw yourself at him, and once let him distinctly connect you with that curly-tailed fly he has just refused, you may say good-bye to him for that season. Unfortunately, we are subject to this all the way down our river, having only one bank of the big stream. The banks on the lower part are raised, and if you get behind them and keep low, you may cast at fish opposite to you without doing any harm; but if your opposite neighbours stand up on a bank five or six feet high, and so, ten or eleven feet above the water, hurl flies at a fish thirteen and

fourteen yards off, he can see their every action and motion; and if not exceptionally silly will take his own hook, as it is termed, instead of yours.

It is difficult to make people understand that, though you may stand up to a small stream trout, or where they are not fished much for, you must not deal in that fashion with a Test or Itchen fish on well-fished waters. They won't realise it until they have found by bitter experience that it is "a tree which produces no fruit;" but that takes time, and until then they go on not only spoiling their own sport (no one would quarrel with them for that), but they spoil their neighbours' still more. You cannot make yourself too small and too unobtrusive when fishing over a rising fish on an Itchen shallow. Fine gut, and great care in making your first cast over him are nine-tenths of the battle in going for a Hampshire trout; of course even there there are places where the fish swarm and are little fished for, and where you may pull them out anyhow.

There was only a middling evening rise on any of the days, and the fish did not take madly then; there was a deal of fiddling at the fly, and very little taking. The last day of the week, Saturday, was a most disappointing day. The wind got round to the north-east, and you could not fish the Wood Shallow at all. I tried it once or twice, but found that, between having my line blown back into the trees and hung up or doubled back down stream, it was impossible, and below, the water was threshed to extinction. I hooked one good fish, but he got off just as he was coming in to the net; after this I rose no end of fish,

but not one would fasten. Fish of two and three pounds and larger came at the fly like bulldogs. The "roosh" they made was at times astonishing, but on no occasion did they take the steel. Over and over again did they pull the fly under water, and yet avoid the hook. How they do that I cannot understand, and I should hardly credit it, if I had not seen it. Once I saw a fine fish come at the fly with his upper jaw above the water, and still he did not take the fly in his mouth. I got quite sick of it at last. Put the fly neatly and fairly over the fish, and you might bet two to one you would rise him, and ten to one he wouldn't take. I must have risen fifty fish from first to last, not one of which took the fly or meant it. What did they come for? There was no evening rise at all, so I went home blank and disgusted.

Sunday is usually *the* fishing day of the week. I remember once going with a friend for a three months' tour all round the west and north of Ireland, and we both used to remark that Sunday hardly ever failed to be the best day of the whole week. This, however, did not bear out that rule; when I got up the north-east wind was roaring away at my window as if a north-east wind was quite a new discovery, and was making up for lost time. I "chortled," what did it matter to me? "Let the galled jade wince, I'll go for a drive;" so we lunched early, and after lunch took carriage and allowed ourselves to be driven into a far country. I wanted to hear or see how the Mayfly progressed down at High Bridge, and take a glance at Twyford, as I meditated fishing those waters, so we drove round there, and a most enjoyable drive it was.

Three days of a gale from the N.E. in the very middle of the Mayfly season, with a residuum of half a gale, is nearly as much as human endurance (with which all my friends say I am largely gifted) is capable of, and I begin to wish for something new; perhaps, however, this is unwise, for we may have some new kind of fancy wind worse than anything we have endured yet. There has been a big rise of fly during the last two days, and a heavy fall of spent gnat in the evening. On Monday I went with a friend to his water near Twyford. There was a good rise of fly about four o'clock; but the fish did not seem to care for it, and did not take one in twenty. The wind was awful, as straight down stream as ever it could blow for most of the river; but there was a little bit, about one meadow, where it blew across, and here we both managed to get out three brace of handsome fish. Two of $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and one of 2 lb. were my best, and my friend had one a shade bigger, and lost several, which I did not know of, but fished hard for (as I saw them moving again when I came up)—futilely of course, for, though fish will come twice at the dun, it is rare that they will at the Mayfly. Your only chance, then, is when they change over to the spent gnat; and you get better fish on that, as a rule, than you do on the green drake. We had one interesting fight. I struck a two-pounder, who ran the other side of a weed bed, on the far side of which a tall water parsley weed fouled the line. I couldn't get over it, and ran the fish down, as the weed prevented me pulling him up. My friend was fishing on an island fifty yards above; he came down, and I handed the rod across

to him, as he was in a position to clear the weed, which he did, and landed the fish. I thought the wind would go down as evening came on; but it did not—I think it was even worse; so we tackled up and drove home. On Tuesday I went up with M. to our water. The wind was worse. There are one or two cross streams which hold some capital fish, and I foolishly foodled my day away on one of these. There were some good fish moving; but they had been fished hard every day, and the streams being small and shallow, every fish could have passed the high standard before the Education Board; I believe they knew perfectly who bred the Mayflies, whether it was Chalkley, Cox, or Currel. M. stuck to the big river, and took out two and a half brace, one three-pounder and two twos or thereabouts, with a brace of smaller ones, while I only got one of 2½lb. The fall of spent gnat was very heavy. There will be a tremendous rise the year after next, I expect. Strangely enough, there are very few swallows and swifts at the fly this year, and the fish do not take it heartily at all. Anglers, up to the Mayfly season, were doing pretty well on most of the waters here—on Chalkley's and Cox's waters, on the "old barge," and St. Cross, a very nice lot of fish have been taken; but the Mayfly has not done well as yet anywhere—the fish don't seem to care about it; and the wind—oh! the wind!

On Tuesday M. and I went up our water. The N.E. gale still pursued us. I walked and yarned with M. till about two o'clock, and then left him, with a brace of fish in his basket, to try the cross streams. As nothing was moving, I sat down and

waited for the Mayfly, which was sure not to be up before half-past three or four o'clock. Two or three people came and looked at me with anxious eyes, as in this wind it was the only bit which they could fish, unless they could cut up into the wind on the big river, which a good many can *not*. However, as I was in possession, they had to move on, and I was a sort of Alexander Selkirk. There I sat and waited hours for the fly, and this has been one of the most disagreeable things this season. In most former years there has always been a good rise of small fly before the Mayfly, which kept the fish employed, and gave you a brace or two, or even more, before the Mayfly came up. This year there has either been very little or none at all. Added to this, the Mayfly has come on so late in the day, that it has been wearisome work waiting for it, and one would often have saved time and labour by stopping at home till four o'clock. If we were to have many more seasons like this, I should abandon the Winchester Mayfly as a hopeless swindle.

So I waited and mused, and noted the picturesque loveliness of an English meadow by the river at this time of year—and who sees it like the angler? Is there anything like it, anywhere, in any country under the sun? No, fifty times, no. Gorgeous with a wealth of golden buttercups, like newly-coined guineas, looking up to the sky, and great moidore marsh marigolds in close contiguity. "What makes the butter so yellow?" asks the inquisitive urchin of his mother. "The buttercups, of course, which the cows eat," answers the good lady, quite oblivious or ignorant of the fact that, the cows do not eat them, not liking their

acid flavour. Here are great patches of the real ragged-robin in wonderful luxuriance—not the crane’s-bill which we used to call ragged-robin in our youthful days. Wonderfully graceful they are, and ragged withal. There is a sweet melancholy group of marguerites nodding to the butterfly which moves above them, as though about to kiss their leaves. “He loves me; he loves me not!” they wail, as the capricious insect changes its mind (or what passes for one), and soars away to other and more favoured sweets. Here, upon the dryer soil where I sit, are brilliant spots covered with tiny red and blue-flowers, the name of which I do not know, but which hang in little clusters like small peals of Solomon’s bells, among the waving quiver grass which in form resembles them; by yonder rillet the heavenly eyes of the forget-me-not shame all other eyes in colour—so meek, so true and steadfast—a blue to swear by and to worship; and, towering above all, King Thistle lifts his armed head—a very Czar of thistles, haughtily displaying his motto, “Noli me tangere.” A brilliant Burnet moth sweeps by like a streak of fire. The swallows and swifts are busy over the meadows and the stream, snapping up the stray ephemeræ, whose gem-like wings flash and glitter in the sunshine. And the——But what was that? My reverie is broken by the flop of a good trout, which has just risen at the Mayfly; and the contemplative man must contemplate no longer, for business must be attended to; so here goes.

Several good fish had been killed in this cross stream, and there were a good many left, but they had been

uncommonly well fished, and, the stream being low and clear, the weather bright, and the wind very awkward, when they did move at last I got only a rise or two, and in many instances the fish would not stand a fly near them, but bolted up and down the instant a fly fell on the water within two or three yards of them. So I got tired of it at last, after wasting the best of the day, and then went over to the big river. Here I found the spent gnat, or black drake, was out, and M. had killed three good fish, one $3\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and two $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb. I was a little late, but I got a nice fish of $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb. which made a good fight; I rose a lot of fish which would not take, but most provokingly came at the fly in the most barefaced manner and constantly sucked it under, but never took it. A wheelbarrow would not have carried half the fish that came at me, had I landed them; as it was, I left a fly in another "big un" and did no more.

The next day we went up again. It was rather worse this day. I followed the middle stream, but that was a foot too low, as it was all the Mayfly season, and consequently, though full of good fish, it gave no sport at all, and it ought to have yielded the best of it. That is the worst of these Hampshire water meadows. The owners are always humbugging the water about, either turning it off or on the meadows, and you never know how it will be. As it was, the banks being high, the sun bright, and water dead low, one could not get near the fish, so casting was useless. When I reached the shallow I should think I rose every fish upon it. They came at a very artistic spent gnat I had—tied by friend M.—in a most astonishing

way ; but I only contrived to hook two of them, and both of these foul—one in the cheek, the other in the back of the head at the poll ; and, if you want to make a pound fish play as hard or harder than a 3-pounder, hook him in the poll. I hooked two thus during the week (I never hooked one there before). I thought I should never get them out. It was plain from this what the fish were at. Mr. C. told me that on his water, on the same day, he caught four out of some score of rises, and they were all hooked foul—not a fish in either case took the fly. The school-master in the Mayfly class is certainly very much abroad. M. got three fish, one a beast as long as an eel, which he slyly dropped into my basket. It pleased some poor body, however.

The next day I was due with our party at Mr. C.'s. He has what used to be John Hammond's Worthy water, and all Captain F.'s water, and has been busily engaged in killing pike to the number of six or eight hundred, and re-stocking. He has one of the nicest and most complete little hatcheries that can be made with various mechanical contrivances, and turns out hundreds of thousands of fry every year. The day was disastrous. It had rained heavily in the night, and there was a cold, misty fog. I did not expect there would be any rise of fly, and there was not, and none of our party got a fish. I hooked three on the shallow below the bridge in about ten minutes, and lost them all. Mr. C. and his friend, who were fishing down in the Worthy meadow, where there is always some fly on one or other of the streams which form a triangle, put together three brace of fish, one or two

nice ones. He asked me to come again on Saturday, which I did.

The day, for a wonder, was well enough, a moderate south wind, and enough sun to bring out fly. But the green drake was wavering, though the meadows were swarming with black. On any other season I should have filled my creel to the very lid, but this year is a great exception; there was any quantity of fly on for hours; but the fish never looked at it. It was most disheartening. I believe, from what I saw just as I was starting, that there were plenty of fish. I got out only four, and lost two others—one a real big one, and it was my own fault. The ground was boggy, and the fish was rising below me. I couldn't very well pass him, so I drifted to him; but he would not have it. I then rose and turned over a fish above, and then, as my friend still moved, I got away round below him, but, the distance being short, I had to shorten line. This I foolishly did by pulling in a yard and letting it hang down instead of winding it on the reel—a most lazy and stupid practice. I covered the fish, and he made a boil, which sent me into small palpitations. So I waited a bit till he had recovered and began to move again, which he did after a time. The next time I shot at him he took, and I found he was a real big one. He came down stream slowly fighting, and I ran back as far as I could go, as I couldn't wind line for the slack hanging down. Unable to get further, I let go of this, and tried to grab the line; but I wanted three hands to do it, and that being above the natural average, I left the fish a moment slack, while I wound up. I wound up one yard, two, three, and then

the horrid idea flashed on me that he was gone; and so he was, and all by my own fault. So I wended on, and just above lost another in nearly the same way; the line got round the reel, and slackening that lost me the fish. A little way up below the hatch was a good fish feeding; he came at my spent gnat (one of M.'s particulars, which have done better by far than any other this season), and I had him, a nice fish of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I am in the way of retrieving lost flies this year, for the third time I did it, for I found a green drake, straw body, gold wire (my own pattern), on an eyed hook, looped on with a longish loop. The owner can have it back if he will apply. I only got four fish instead of about fourteen, as I expected; they were goodish fish, however, the smallest $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; but just as I got into my trap to drive home (after eight o'clock) the fish began to rise like mad, and I have no doubt that I could, if I had stopped, have killed another two brace or more.

The next day was my last. I went up to Mr. C.'s, turning in at his lower meadow, which used to be John Hammond's Worthy water. There were a few flies about, and I got a nice $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. fish as soon as I got on. Some distance up I had a fine struggle with a pound fish; he fought like a young tiger and weeded me twice; but he could not hold on, and had to come out. He was nearly bursting with fly and fatness. Later on I got another $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. fish on the same spot precisely as the first. They were a lovely pair. After this a thunder-storm gathered black and ominous, and we had heavy thunder and much rain; and, though it passed off for a time, and there was a quantity of both green and

black drake on the water, the fish would not look at it, and I never got another, and hardly another offer. Then the storm gathered up again, the rain came down in bucketsful ; and I crossed the river, made my way up to the road, stopped my fly, and went home.

The Mayfly season at Winchester has been an utter failure. That N.E. gale broke the back of it and choked the fish off, and they never recovered. They turned sulky at the fly, and either refused to notice it altogether, or took it in the laziest and most careless fashion. A fish would come up, perhaps, with a great dash, and take one fly ; then he would let fifty pass over him, and then just come up and suck one in like a minnow. There was no heartiness in the rise, and they never took the natural fly at all freely ; and as for the way they shammed at the artificial, it was awful ; you would get thirty or forty good rises for one or two fish.

A MONTH IN THE WEST.*

IN the end of May last, an old chum and myself found ourselves at Euston-square, *en route* for the west of Ireland; and, having stowed ourselves and our possibles in the night train, rushed away through the darkness, until, towards morning, we found ourselves at Holyhead, and were soon on board one of the splendid boats which now ply to Kingstown. A smooth and quick passage, brought us to Dublin, nothing occurring worthy of note, if I except the abominable confusion at the Kingstown railway station. Really it is too bad that, whenever there is anything at all like a full boat, there should be so much inconvenience to the public. So narrow and crooked is the passage that cabs and cars invariably choke it, and much of the luggage has to be carried piecemeal (if you can manage to catch a porter) from the station perhaps half-way down the incline, threading the vehicles, to your conveyance. We were unusually favoured. The train was late, for our engine was broken-winded; we had to get far down into the road before we could even engage a car, and the best part of half an hour was lost in the transit of luggage. The travellers by this boat have mostly to

* Written in 1876.

catch trains to all parts of Ireland, and it is intolerable that the little time allowed to them to do so should be cut to waste by the existence of a miserable approach which would be discreditable to a country station on a second-class line. It will be "a great day for ould Ireland" when these narrow walls are pulled down, and the way doubled in width. However, we survived it, and as time went on we sped across Ireland, down the shores of Loch Erne, and into Ballyshannon, where, in disembarking, a battle royal took place over our bodies.

"Sure, sir, this is the hotel."

"Not at all, sir, ye'll come to the —, where all the anglers do be stayin'."

"An' what are ye callin' it an hotel for? Sure it's nothin' but a public-house, and his honour 'll see that. Don't be desavin' him."

At this dreadful insinuation there was *almost* a row. However, we made a selection at last, and once more I was in dear old Ballyshannon. Many anglers now go to Belleek, which is at the top of the river near Loch Erne; but it has its inconveniences, and in the early part of the season, when the fish are moving in, Ballyshannon certainly is the spot for the first chance of them. Perhaps, later on, the upper throws become better, and then the pre-eminence of Belleek is more manifest. But I like the old bridge of Ballyshannon. I like to smoke the meditative weed, and gaze down the pool towards the sea.

"Thunder and turf, thin, that's a lumper!" said a voice at my side, as a 25-pounder, at least, threw half his body aloft, and fell back with a tremendous splash.

"Ah, if I only had a Parson stuck in your jaw, Mr. Salar, I'd make you jump to some purpose," I muttered, looking longingly at the spot where the glittering prize had disappeared.

"Sure yer hanner would; sure I know yer would! Oh, thin, faix, I'm certain on't," &c. But I have no space for dilation, and must get on.

I had sent a note up to my excellent friend Doctor Sheil, and received from him a reply saying that he was just starting to try a cast up the river, and asking me to join him. I did so, overjoyed to see his genial, kindly face once more. A quarter of an hour or so brought us to Laputa. This is an extremely nice country house and grounds, situate on an eminence on the bank of the river, the grounds running down to the stream. It belongs to the Doctor, who lets it for the season, with the cast in the river below, known also as Laputa, attached to it, and which from the entry of the tenant is kept sacred to him. Laputa is a famous and very holding cast, and is seldom without a good fish or two.

The river is wide and runs round a rocky point here, the throw ending in a large, deep hole, in which the monsters repose. It is a wide throw, but much of it may be commanded by a skilful caster from the shore, as the deep water runs very closely in; but the outer portion of it and the hole require a boat to fish them properly. It often affords capital sport, yielding on great occasions four or five fish in a day, and it is a bad look-out if you pass Laputa without a rise. Here the Doctor, with his usual kindness, insisted upon my commencing, and, as I had not handled a salmon rod

for two years, and the rod did not at all suit me, I did not make pretty fishing of it. Before two such high-art critics as the Doctor and Johnny Lightly, I confess to having felt an inward something that all was not quite as it should be. But I managed to change Johnny's opinion before I left him, and now I believe he looks on me as a "great medicine"—an absolute "cure." Laputa was blank; whether she would have been so to a more skilful performance I don't pretend to say.

The Grass Yard is the next throw below—so called because in '98 the troopers picketed their horses in the adjoining field, and all the hay and fodder were brought there. It is one of the most charming casts on the Erne. The river, after running down from Laputa in a long, deep, dead reach, comes to a rapid here, in a sort of small gorge with high rocks or banks on either side; but the rapid is commenced by a swift, unbroken, undulating, gliding stream all across the middle of the river, where it passes over sunken ledges of rock. On either side it is broken by rocks; a little further on it rushes off into tremendous broken water. The cast is good all across, and a great deal of it can be fished from either shore. Indeed, a good caster can fish the best of it from either shore, though to put the fly to the fish to the best advantage a boat is needed; and there is one in attendance.

I declined to exhibit; so the Doctor made Johnny Lightly take the rod, and almost at the first cast a big wave and big fish came sweeping round out of the glassy stream after the fly; but he never broke the water, and would not come again. We tried over the smooth current in the middle, where many a salmon

lurks, on the watch for whatever fate may send him ; but it wants a wind to make it *sure*, and there was little to-day, so we did nothing. We then went on to the "Lane End," the tail of a long stream coming from the rapid down which the river rushes from the Grass Yard. At the Lane End Johnny got a short quick rise from a big fish, but he never touched, and would not come again. After this we tried the Angler's Throw and the Fall Hole, of which more anon, but we did not move a fish.

The next day was Sunday, and I fear that I at least was unmindful of my duties, and that some toppings were seen about the apartment ; I have a dim recollection of a Cock of the Rock's Crest holding a conference, by the aid of silk and wax, with Mr. Olive Hackle, old Twist of the bullion market, and Limerick Hook, Esq. I know that several Parsons favoured us with their company in the course of the day. Doubtless they felt it their duty on the occasion, and they appeared in full ritualistic robes of orange and purple and gold, &c. In the afternoon a walk to the sea and a look at the falls diversified the proceedings. There were not many salmon jumping at the falls. The boxes being open by law, no doubt they found an easier way up.

On Monday morning the Doctor kindly placed the boat in the pool below the bridge at my disposal. As many fish must have got up during Saturday and Sunday—for the weekly fence time in Ireland lasts for forty-eight hours—the pool was supposed to be full of them ; and there were, indeed, a good many fish showing themselves. But the day was occasionally

very calm, there being only a light wind which now and then ruffled into a fair breeze, and then died away. Below the pool, and between it and the great fall, is a short cast some sixty yards or so long, called "The Doctor's throw," because it is chiefly fished by him. This is a turbulent, heavy stream, with a good rough broken fall into it, and a tremendous pitch into the short torrent which leads to the great fall out of it. It is a very dangerous throw to get hold of a fish in, for, being so short, he may and very likely will go either up or down, in which case the angler is in no little danger. If he goes down, he goes to sea again over the great fall, which varies with the tide from some eight or ten to twelve or towards twenty feet high. At the upper end the fall is much easier, but is still respectable. Fish do not lie long in it, but take well when met—better, indeed, than in the pool above, as it is a good heavy thundering stream. I commenced my operations on it, and just as I got about two-thirds down it a good fish came up and showed himself, but did not touch the fly. I tried him once or twice again, but he had retired, and we got into the boat and rowed up. The lower part of the pool is partially obstructed by a sort of low weir of stones, which makes a good stream round the head of it, and this is called the Rope Walk. It is a great place for heavy fish, and where the water breaks off into the torrent below is a very good spot for hooking and losing them, as they often take down, and the angler is frequently broken there. I tried this over carefully, and, beyond getting a solitary heavy boil, did nothing; so we rowed slowly up, now getting

a boil and now a dashing rise ; but they were all false, and not a fish fastened. I got about half-a-dozen offers as we rowed up and down, some from heavy fish ; but the day began to look bad for us, when a heavy shower of rain came on, and we landed at a shed by the river side for shelter.

While there, Rogan, the tackle-maker, came down to me with three masterpieces of his own fabrication, which he begged me to try. They were very tasty flies, beautifully tied, and two of them (one in particular) did us good service eventually. By his advice we put one of these *chefs-d'œuvre* up, a fly with a green peacock herl body, to which he gave a high character. The rain having moderated and wind risen a little, we again pushed off to essay the streams, and after working slowly up to the bridge without a touch, in the very centre stream a short quick rise and a severe check on the rod told me that at length I was fast. I found myself hard in a very game fish, which made some desperate runs, and grand tumbles on the surface, showing himself bravely. It was a busy day at Ballyshannon, and I had no small part of the population out on the bridge criticising my performance. However, I believe I played the fish to their entire satisfaction, as, after about twenty minutes' hard work—for he was a very strong fish—he came up on his side. Johnny popped the net under him, and we feasted our eyes (at least I did) on a beautiful 15-pounder, fresh from the sea. How lovely he was ! what silver, green, and azure ! There is no fish in the whole season so lovely as the first.

Well, we gazed our fill, praised the fly, wished

Rogan, who scanned the performance critically from the bridge, "more power," and went to work again without loss of time. Several more fish were risen, but came up with their mouths shut—a most aggravating way they have when new from the sea; and the day wore on to evening without another death, until I landed again to have a farewell cast at "the Doctor." I remembered that when I was there some years before a red-bodied fly had drawn blood, and, having one of the pattern by me newly tied, I put it up. As I worked down to the far end of the stream, on the very crest of one of the three big waves which the stream makes before plunging into the torrent below, up came a spanking fish, but he missed the fly. Again he missed it, but the third time he was well fast. And now began a desperate game of pully-hauly, for he rolled and plunged desperately. My object was to get him up to the head of the pool, away from the sea, and keep him out of the heavy surge of the main stream, which might have drowned the line, and carried fish and all down to destruction, and it tried both tackle and timber to do it. Twice he rushed into it bodily, and twice I coaxed him out of it, and led him into safer water. Up to the head of the pool he came, fighting every yard with great determination, when he once more made into the torrent, and down we went nearly to the end. "By George, he's over!"—no; and again, just in time, I got his head across and slid him out of it, and he made for a small side stream, which went down pretty smartly, and dangerously enough. Down this he certainly would have made his way, had not Johnny bolted into it, and,

with the net, stalled him back. It was his last shot; a minute or two after he hauled down his flag, and came heavily into the net, and we sang pæans of rejoicing over a handsome 16-pounder. And so ended my first day at Ballyshannon.

Belleek is a queer little place, situated on the point where the river begins to merge from fine sporting stream into the dead lake outfall above the village. For two or three miles the river spreads out wider and wider, until it becomes Lough Erne, one of the finest and most charming lakes in Ireland. There are hundreds of islands in it, and vast quantities of fish. The salmon, of course, run into it, but their haunts are not known, or salmon fishing on the lake would be useful. Trout are large and abundant, showing most sport when the Mayfly is up; then, eight or ten from 2lb. to 5lb. each may be sometimes got in a day, 25lb. to 35lb. being not at all an unusual take. As for coarse fish—perch, roach, bream, pike, &c., their numbers are legion. Belleek has lately started a pottery, which is doing well. Three-fourths of the population of the place fish, and are high connoisseurs upon all fishery matters. The angler who hooks a fish at the Bridge of Belleek has undertaken a cheerful task; a species of fiery cross, symbolised in the words “He’s in ‘m,” goes round, and he will have to kill his fish in the presence of the assembled population. If he loses him, oh dear! “Sure an he let him do this, that, or the other; and trath, whin he let the rod go so, I knew, &c., &c. Sure an’ he’s no fisher at all—none in the laste,” &c., &c. The “Angler in Ireland”

describes a 30lb. fish taking him down the Belleek Fall—a by no means unlikely thing to occur, as the chief cast there, which is called “Between the islands,” is good down to the very brink of the fall, and nearly always holds the largest fish, being a roomy, deep pool, the first good resting place after a long stretch of broken water and little pools. The cast is fished from a boat, and so we tried it; but we did nothing, seeing only one fish, for the season was as yet too early for Belleek, and the fish were not up that far.

From Belleek we drove back to one of the finest and most holding casts on the river, called “The Mullens.” The river expands into a small bay just above, at the head of which is a large eel weir, famous for the abundance of the trout it yields; and it looks wonderfully trouty, for there are scores of little and some big rapids running from it. Immediately below this is a wide cast, called the Ford—very good later on, particularly for grilse; but not good early. We looked at it and tried a cast, but saw nothing. At the Mullens the river is wide and powerful, probably about a hundred yards across, and from “the point of the Mullens,” which is the upper cast, down for half a mile or so, is one succession of fine casts known by various names—as “The Bank of Ireland,” a splendid and generally sure cast of considerable length; “The Head of the Stream,” a great place for “whales;” and “The Tail of the Island.”

The stretch from the Mullens to the Tail of the Island is perhaps the finest and most certain water on

the Erne. There was a heavy wind straight up stream, and it was left-handed casting, though that does not matter to me, as I can cast equally well from either hand.

Whilst I was putting up a fresh fly, a big fish rose close to "the point of the Mullens." I put the fly over him, and, after one or two invitations, just as I thought he had seen enough of it, he came at it like a bulldog, making a splendid rise, but without touching. I tried him again and again, but in vain. After trying the cast all over from the shore, we rowed to the opposite side, and walked to the "Bank of Ireland," a very favourite cast of mine, as it is a large, long, and roughish stream, every inch a salmon stream. About half-way down a good fish made a fine rise, but did not open his mouth. I tried him again and again; no go. Some yards below, however, a spanking rise and a pull at the rod top told me I was fast, and two or three rattling jumps and lunges, followed by a "run on the bank," soon brought me on good terms with a fine 15-pounder, who fought very stubbornly for his life. But when once Johnny's fatal gaff was extended over him, it was all up with him — it is a rare thing indeed for that keen, experienced hand to miss his clip—and we soon had our fish on the grass, our first cheque on the bank having been duly cashed. After this we went back to the Mullens, and about half-way across from the boat a noble fish came at me, making a huge bulge in the water, and I held him. I have seldom seen a gamer fish, and never one that travelled so fast. He was here, there, everywhere, but never showed himself.

From his pace and weight he was a large fish, but, unhappily, I had no means of telling his exact weight. He had run into the far shore near the rocks, when, as if a sudden idea occurred to him, he started straight for the opposite side, which was hard upon a hundred yards off. I never had line taken out so rapidly; the reel spun like a top, and the fish did not pull up until he reached the opposite bank, where he stopped and sulked. "Holloa, Johnny, that looks nasty; row to him, row to him, man, quick!" "'Trath, an' there's nothin' there at all but just small stones; he's in no danger." But I wanted to get on terms with my fish as soon as possible; besides, with such a great length of line out straight across the stream, I could not help its bagging; and, if he took it into his head to come back as quickly as he went, I could not get the line in, and a foul on some sunken stone would be more than likely. So we crossed pretty quickly, and I reeled in the slack. We came to the spot, but the fish was still motionless. I gave a little strain to the rod, and he moved up a yard; then the point flew up, and he was free.

Well, it was vexatious enough, but still, as I had had ten minutes or more of capital sport out of him, and it was no use greeting, to work we went again. Presently from the back of the stone a big wave came, and a large fish broke the water at the fly; but that was all, and he would not inspect it again. Five minutes after, between the rock and the opposite shore, just as I was pulling the line out of the water, a good fish made a sudden rise. The impetus was on the rod, and as I could not stop it, he got an

awful rug; but the hook did not stop in him, and no doubt he went to the bottom as horribly disgusted at my want of manners, as I was that he did not come ten seconds sooner. However, bad luck can't be prevented; so, after a gentle grumble, since we could knock no more out of the Mullens, we turned down, and tried the other side of the Bank. This proved a blank; as did also Tail of the Island and Moss Row. On to the Captain, which was very dead, the wind not striking it. The Captain's Throw is a large deep stream, rather still, owing to the falling in of a large rock at the tail of the stream, and the partial dam of an abortive factory (built but never used), which backs the water. The ground is very high on one side, the rocks off which you fish from that side of the stream, being 40ft. or 50ft. high and surmounted by trees. On the other side high banks prevent most winds from striking, and since the Captain will only fish well when it has wind, it is rarely in ply. I once hooked and lost four fish one after the other on the Captain, the last one a 25-pounder. I suppose the fact is that, in such water, they generally take rather cautiously. We tried it down, and at the far end got a pull deep under water, but the fish never showed, and of course did not come again.

From this to Laputa. Here, I was making very long casting, when, at the extreme end of the very longest cast, just as the line and fly were fairly extended over the water, a fine salmon made a good head-and-tail rise, but did not take the fly. He would not look up again, so we went on to the Grass Yard, and there saw lots of splendid fish rolling about—in

fact, the cast was alive with them—none, however, would look at the fly. After a hasty whip over the Anglers, I went back to put my friend C. in the way of catching a trout. All day had he been hammering away futilely in a most eccentric fashion, making desperate efforts to throw midge flies on a big river, in a heavy wind, and they generally landed on the rocks or in the bushes. Fearing he would break me in flies, I returned to help him, leaving Johnny to take a second cast of the pool. This he did, changing the fly to a bright macaw hackled fly of Rogan's, and before I had been away two minutes I heard him holloa, and saw the rod double. I left the trout-fishing professor in haste, and went off at score, pounding away over the rocks to Johnny, who was fast in a good one, in about the very spot where I had missed one two days before. He gave some fair sport, but came in in due time (as all well-behaved salmon should do), and allowed himself to be decently clipped. He weighed 14lbs. After this I rose another fish twice, when he declined my further acquaintance. I then tried Pass na Wonnie and the Fall Hole, and they were blank; and so went home.

The next day we were soon afoot; there was a nice breeze, but somehow the lower streams were not in force. We tried the Anglers, the Grass Yard, and Laputa, without stirring a fin. The breeze did not strike the Captain; so after a brief whip we walked on to the Mullens and got into the boat, and were not long at work when, fishing from the other side of the stream, I rose and hooked the fish that had come at me on the point of the Mullens on the first day—at

least I grappled a good fish in the same spot. He was a rare fish to run. The fish always seem to run well on the Mullens; the room they have there seems to make them play better; I have always found that fish in wide open waters do run better and stronger than those in confined places. This fish played magnificently, dashing from shore to shore and back like a racer; suddenly, when in mid-stream, he took down, and carried the line off the reel at a desperate rate, making away as hard as he could go for the Bank of Ireland. Johnny was taking it rather easy at the time, and had no conception of the quantity of line the fish had borrowed, when, turning his head over his shoulder, and seeing how I was situated, he called to the lad to "row, row like thunder," and away we went after him. It was nearly time, for he had a good deal more than 100 yards off the reel; and, though I had over 130, if we had not made a speedy move, at the rate the fish was travelling he would soon have bid us good bye. As it was, we did not come up with him till he was close to "the Bank." Here he paused, and I recovered the line, then he happened to come within reach, and Johnny had the gaff in him in a twinkling before he was half beaten; and in he came into the boat, a beautifully-made fish of $17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. We went back to the Mullens, and fished the whole throw over; but we had disturbed it a good deal with the boat, so left for the Bank of Ireland. This I fished down twice blank, and while I lighted a pipe, I handed the rod to Johnny for a cast or two, to get out the line on a short bit called "the Head of the Stream." This is a great

spot for big fish; it does not hold many, but what there are are grandfathers, as a rule. As I was lighting my pipe preparatory to resuming the rod, a huge wave and a big bulge in the water, followed by a tremendous lunge on the rod, told me that Johnny had hold of a big one. I snatched the rod from him, and sure enough found that it was a big one. The monster rolled and plunged about on the top of the water for half a minute or more, lashing the surface into foam, and showing all his huge form distinctly, within a dozen yards of us. "He's a whale, Johnny." "Trath, an' he's an awful baste. Divil a bigger sammant I ever seen on a rod." "It's a horrible place to go down after him, and he must take down." "Och! no fear your hanner knows how to tickle 'm. Ah, sowl! what's that now?" And what was that? It was the death-knell of our high-blown hopes. After tumbling and thrashing on the top for half a minute—a sight I never can abide to see, as it always indicates a fish very lightly hooked—he had gone to the bottom, and lay there shaking his head, pausing for a minute to collect himself and consider what was to be done next. I was looking over him, calculating what I was to do when he went down, for just beyond the fish the bank ended abruptly, and for some distance below all was deepish water and broken rocks. I did not know the ground well, and it looked to me as if I should have to make a swim for it amongst sunken stones to get round to "the Island Stream." My calculations were needless, however; for on a sudden, as the rod was hanging in a graceful, persuasive curve over the brute, it

straightened, and the fly came dancing towards me, while the leviathan no doubt swam off sulky to his stone. Johnny looked the picture of misery and despair. I collapsed altogether. It was some moments before either spoke, and then, as my dismay subsided, my indignation vented itself in one strong expression, and I smoked in melancholy silence for some minutes.

"Divel a bigger fish I ever seen on a rod!" (This sententiously, and as of deliberate conviction.) "Ah, ye — ! (something curiously inexpressible)," continued Johnny, shaking his fist at him as we moved on to the Mullens very downcast. Another fish rose on the stone, but he stayed there. Went up to the eel-weir to try the minnow for trout in some of the streams; and just as we got to work the car came up, kindly sent by the Doctor to fetch us down to the boat in order to try the pool. I drew one fish after the fly for some ten yards or so on the Rope-walk. I know nothing more provoking than to see a huge wave come sailing after the fly for ever so many yards, and then to die away without further sign. It is a great trial on the nerves too, the temptation to pull it away is so strong. In this instance I drew the fly steadily up, and the fish followed it, never breaking water for a long way. I drew it out at the end of the cast, and he disappeared.

"Faix, sir, ye've wonderful patience to do that. I never seen a fish folly a fly much further," said the boatman. I tried him again, of course, but he had seen all he wanted to see. Rose and touched another fish, and that was all we could do. The pool was quite out of humour this season somehow.

Next day, Saturday, there was a very heavy western gale; the river was blown back, or rather the lake was, so that the river was 18in. under its usual level. However, the boxes had been open since six in the morning, owing to its being Saturday, and the heavy western gale had driven lots of fish in, and they were running fast. Even while putting up my fly I saw two or three come up over the fall most gallantly. Tried the Doctor's Throw, which was rather low, but was sure to hold fish. About two-thirds down a good fish came at me, with a fine head-and-tail rise, but he missed his tip. Three minutes after, however, he came again, and I was hard and fast in a plucky one. Into the tremendous stream he dashed head-long four or five times, and I could not get him out of it until we got nearly down to the extreme end of it; then, with a couple of springs into the air like a wounded stag, he set off with a most determined rush for the throat of the pool. "B' the powers, he's goin' up!" "Not he?" "He is, and no mistake!" were exclamations that broke from us, and the next minute the fish was battling the fierce torrent in the very weight of it. Up, up, up he goes, and with a splendid and graceful curve the noble fish breasted the fall (a sloping one some five or six feet high, where the whole weight of the Erne poured, in a narrow channel but a few yards wide, over huge broken boulders heaped tumultuously together), and landed himself on the flat above, amongst as nice a sprinkling of scattered stones, &c., as the heart of angler could desire. It was a splendid sight to see, and something to feel likewise, for I never had a fish go up a fall with me before.

“Ye’ll have to get wet and go up to him, yer hanner,” said Johnny. “Not a pin will I stir,” said I, “I’ll fetch him down out of that lumber room into the pool again on my own terms. He went up to please himself; he shall come down to please me;” and I did not move, but played the fish, now about on a level with my chin, from where I stood. He was floundering about under a broken stone cauld, and, if he could have found the exit, would no doubt have gone up there too; but the place was dangerous, and I coaxed him out of it until I got him near the fall again, when with a steady, long, and strong pull, I got him to the edge again, and, easing him over, he came shooting down, and after another cruise of inspection round the pool, drew near my feet, and Johnny whipped him out. He was a beautiful fish of $15\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I need not say that, during the going up and down the fall, on the part of Mr. Salmo the excitement was immense, and he was a very satisfactory fish to kill, as he was a horribly dangerous one. On landing him, Pat, the boatman, averred that he had seen many fish go up the fall and killed on the flat above, but never one before that came down it without fouling and breaking away. This might be from the fact of the angler following the fish up; for when he went down, being so high above him and up stream, the line could not avoid being in the water, and the down-draught would be sure to bag it, whereas I, being below the fall and on a level with the fish, could of course command him far better.

While playing this fish I saw another one rise, and tried him, but the pool had been too much

disturbed. I then went up to the Angler's and Lane End, neither of which were any good. Got a pull from an unseen fish on the Grass Yard, and at Laputa hooked from the boat my friend of two days before—a wonderfully strong, hard-fighting fish. He did not show himself, but ran all over the pool, frequently, to Johnny's delight, taking seventy and eighty yards off the reel. "Ah, the darlin! That's Laputa! Sowl, he's aff agin! That's Laputa! That's the way they do mostly play on Laputa. Gran' fish an' trath he is!" and Johnny crawled to the bow, gaff in hand, as stealthily as a cat creeping up to a bird, and the next moment the salmon came struggling in over the gunwale—"the morial and touch" of the fish we had killed on the Doctor, according to Johnny, and the scales showed no difference in the weight. Meeting no further luck on Laputa, we tried the Captain's Throw on the far side, where one fishes it off a high bank some thirty feet above the water, and can see every fish as he comes at the fly; but we did nothing. The car came up then and took us back to the boat again, but we did nothing either in the Doctor or the pool, merely rising one fish.

Monday, tried the pool again. Being Monday, it was the best day in the week; but we only moved one fish twice. Our luck was curiously bad on the pool, where it is common to kill four or five fish in a day; but the wind still blew a desperate gale, which clearly did not suit it, and made constant casting awfully hard work. Went up and fished every cast twice over, without, however, seeing another fish until just at dusk, when we struck a good one at the Sod Ditch, in

the very spot where I had hooked the fish that left me some days before. He was a racer, and went up towards the Garden Wall at a furious pace all amongst large and sunken rocks with edges like razors, the slightest touch of which would have severed our connection ; but it was not to be. He made two or three fine leaps and heavy lunges along the top of the water, but finally yielded up his 17lb of flesh (or rather fish) to the persuasive powers of Johnny's gaff. Triod Pas na Wonnie, which was rather low for good fishing, but did not see a fish. It was now getting towards dark, and we could hardly see. Still, I never would pass the Fall Hole without a flick over, and I gave it a trial, casting over the heavy water into the eddy at the other side. It is a dangerous side to hook a fish from, as you must pull him into the stream, and if you do it is ten to one he goes down ; and going down in the dark is something too dreadful to contemplate. I had nearly fished the cast out, when at the extreme end, just at the ledge of the fall, a large fish, of fully 20lb. or more, threw half his body out of the water at the fly ; but the swift current instantly swept it from his reach in the failing light, and he would not come again. I marked him down with dire and deadly intent. He was the first fish seen by anyone in the Fall Hole this season.

On glancing over my notes, I find that I have overlooked some ebullitions of my companion's which will give the reader an insight into his character. C. is one of those odd, uncomfortable creatures, a manufacturer of conundrums at short notice, and he has a habit of sitting on one with them which at times

becomes painful. On nearing the Bay of Dublin one of the most prominent points is Lumbey Island, and as I was looking at the land I remarked, "There's Lumbey just coming in sight."

"What's the difference between you and me?" he asked. "Oh, bother!" I replied. "Well, what is it?" I added, for I knew I should have to hear it sooner or later, and I bowed to C. as to Fate. "Why, you are seeing Lumbey come and I am feeling Lumbey go. Not bad, eh?" He had been suffering from lumbago. "There are some gulls!" and he pointed to some birds. "Nonsense! a nice ornithologist you'd make," quoth I; "why, they're puffins; can't you see that, or don't you know the difference?" He was down on me in a moment with "When's a puffin an unnatural parent? D'ye give it up?" Of course I gave it up; who wouldn't? "Why, when 'puffing' produces 'gulls,' to be sure." It nearly finished me; but when I, on looking out the route to Ballyshannon in the guide book, commented upon a view of the town of Enniskillen, and he wound up by saying that, he couldn't see "*any skill in the engraving*"—I shut the book, and retired to the deck saloon to seek solace in a pipe.

Next day I went to the Anglers' Cast, which was in fine order. It is a beautiful rough open stream, with three large rocks visible towards the lower end in the mid-channel, and several smaller ones less prominent, dotted about. It is always a good find, and a good rising pool, as the stream is sharp and rough, and the resting places spacious. I fished it with an orange fly, and two-thirds down

rose a fish. Changing for a very brilliant Parson of my own fabrication, I rose him again; but still he was uncertain. Again I changed, and again he came up and touched the fly, but did not retain it; after which of course he declined our invitations utterly. But "there are as good fish in the sea or the river as ever came out of it," and with a long throw I hove my fly across the big ripple behind the far rock, and was soon fast in a rattling good fish, who bolted away in the most frantic fashion. C. looked on philosophically, fly rod in hand, with which he had been doing things calculated to astonish the trout, and offered facetious advice. I never met a much more tricky fish; for, though he ran well and boldly at intervals, there wasn't a stone or rock in the lower end of the pool that he didn't thread in and out of, and round about, once or twice. Three times he was literally, as Johnny termed it, "dancing on top of the big stone" behind which he was hooked, and how he did not hang up the line I cannot make out. Of course I did my best to prevent it, and to keep his head well up, and the line taut without any bag to it; and three times I slid him off the rock neatly, without scratching a strand. He then took a little cruise round the upper ground by way of a change; but his travels began to tell on his constitution, and by degrees he got more and more heavy in his pace, until at length, after a faint rush or two, he came slowly on to our feet. There was the gleam of steel in the water, and Johnny had struggling on the gaff a 17½-pounder, as short and thick as a little pig, and as beautiful as a picture.

He was a very handsome fish, and we did proper sacrifice at his obsequies at C.'s suggestion. He never neglects these ceremonials, for it is his profound conviction that no fish should ever depart this life, even if you killed a score a day, without a proper libation being poured to appease his manes, or, as it is more often called, "for luck." We then tried the Lane End, but without effect, and so up to the Grass Yard, which we fished from the boat. A good many fish were moving, and I rose three, but they all came up dumb, so I changed the fly to one of Rogan's, which had a couple of yellow macaw feathers in the wing; these being too striking for the day, I cut them out, and the fly was then a capital one. No sooner was it afloat, than a good fish came at it like a tiger, and held on bravely; once or twice he displayed a disposition to go down the broken water; but, as I was in the boat and should rather have liked the fun than otherwise, I did nothing to prevent him; he therefore changed his mind. I think a fish is more often than not sent over a fall by injudicious "butting," when he gets near one. Anglers should remember that, if a fish is fully determined to go down, nothing they can do will stop him; but if he is not (and fish don't like going down falls needlessly, that I am sure of), they are only likely to rouse his obstinacy and make him go by pulling hard at him when he gets near the fall. Directly you pull one way, he pulls the other. You pull against the fall; he pulls for it. He pulls hardest, and down he goes. I have noticed many times that a fish will of his own accord run to the very edge of a fall, but turn as

soon as he gets there, and if the stream is not too heavy, and the line does not get drowned and pull him over, he comes back again out of danger of his own accord. So was it with my fish, who showed some good play at first, but was rather a stubborn than sporting one, and took a long time before Johnny got a fair stroke at him, and pulled him on board; weight 14lb.

We then lunched, smoked a weed, and left the fish at the boatman's cottage while we went down the opposite side of the river. The Garden Wall Cast, which is opposite to Lane End, is a fine stream, but showed us no sport. The next cast is a very nice and holding one. It is called the Sod Ditch, and is on the opposite side to the Anglers'. Most of these casts, though in the same pool or reach, are quite different, the width of the river rendering it impossible to cast even half-way across it; and the streams, being as it were double, are equally good on both sides. I had not fished the Sod Ditch two-thirds down when a spanking rise, followed instantly by a whirling reel and three or four desperate leaps in the air, told me that the Rogan was again cultivating a fishy friendship (a *barbarous* attachment C. called it) hard to shake off. The fish was a regular traveller; up to the head of the pool he raced almost to the Garden Wall Cast; down again, and then, with a desperate lunge on the top of the water, he went straight as an arrow across the stream. Out spun the line further and further yet, until I thought the only thing left for him to do would be to jump on shore; but upon reaching the opposite bank he stopped there and

sulked comfortably. This was not in the bargain at all; what was I to do? I know no more hopeless-looking being than the angler with eighty yards of line out, and a sulky salmon, at the end of it, rubbing his nose against a stone on the far side of a swift, unfordable stream. What can you do? There was not a soul in sight, or we would soon have stirred him up out of it. I couldn't get below him and put a worrying strain on, for I should have drowned the line, which would have taken hold of several large rocks directly, and the beast was eighty yards off, or close on it. There he rested, and I shook my fist at him in futile rage. "Oh, villain salmon, won't you stir?—rug!—you abandoned miscreant, you!—won't you, eh?—rug!" Ah! there is a tremulous motion in the line—he's going to bolt again; no, it is only the agreeable sensation caused by the rubbing of the fly and line against a stone. Death and desperation! we won't be rubbed out of existence in that way. "There, catch hold of the rod, Johnny, and give me the line; we won't strain the rod, but we'll have a fair pull for it. See all ready for a bolt." So, going down stream, I took hold of the line and put a good heavy strain on, to try and turn his head broadside to the stream; but all was dead and dull; he had rubbed the hook out, and rubbed it into something else simultaneously. At length away it came, with a big bunch of moss on it, the tinsel and hackel cut, and the fly generally "catawampously chawed up." Well, it was the fortune of war, and I couldn't help it. He was a 16-pounder, and I had been fairly licked for the time,

but vowed vengeance on him, which I am happy to think I carried out completely some days later. After this I fished the next cast, Pass na Wonnie and the Fall Hole, again blank; and returned to the Grass Yard; but it had been thoroughly disturbed. On up to Laputa. Here I practised long casting, and, as I was throwing some thirty odd yards across the stream, a good fish dashed at the fly, and I thought was fast. I got but two heavy rolls out of him, however, when we parted—with mutual compliments, no doubt. Two minutes after, a fish gave me a pluck under water in the slacker water at the end of the cast, but he did not show himself at all, nor did he get fast, though he meant it, and was I think a heavy, cautious fish. As I could stir no more, I went up to the Captain's Throw. There was no wind on it, and it wants wind badly. After a short trial, we went back to Laputa again, but all was still; once more the Grass Yard, not a move—when the car came for us, and we went back to the boat below the bridge, where we finished the evening. I had thus plenty of sport on my third day, but was rather unlucky, getting but two out of five.

Two fish of 15lb. and 16lb. is not a bad day's sport upon any river, and cannot be expected every day; accordingly the next day showed a different total. Again the Doctor placed the boat at my disposal, and as the unaccustomed labour of working a heavy salmon rod from the boat had made me somewhat tired and lazy, I was glad to accept it. Johnny wanted to make a composite day of it, and take the boat in the morning, the streams above in middle

day, and the boat again in the evening; but I stuck to the boat, feeling indisposed for a long walk. It blew great guns and small arms, a heavy westerly gale, all day, and I only moved one fish, which made a boil on the Rope Walk, but declined all further connection. I have always noticed that, when those black ruffling squalls that we sometimes see are sweeping over the water at intervals, no fish will feed well. Salmon and trout both appear to be cowed by them in some way, and to be nailed to the bottom as it were. That the day was most unfavourable to the movement of fish was, I think, exemplified by the bad fishing in the nets, for the Doctor told me that they had only taken four fish all day, though the nets had been doing well up to this day, and did well the day after.

As it was rather an idle day, I walked down to the hutches to see the eel-fare, which 'this year was so prodigious as to fill one with amazement. The streams to the boxes, which are some of them of considerable length, were swarming with them, and at every turning or elbow, and every hole and slight fall, there were solid masses of living eels (each some three inches long) which were often about a foot thick and five or six feet square; every stone and hollow, every little puddle, swarmed with them as they wriggled up the wet stones. There must have been millions of them; the quantity was absolutely astounding; and yet men and boys had been engaged for days, and were so still, in dipping them out at the falls by the painful, and carrying them up to the river above. All sorts of animals prey upon them. The trout throng the mouth of the river and gorge

themselves with them. The ducks gobble them down. "Look at those two lily-white ducks pegging away at the little eels for bare life, in close to the weeds at the sides. How they are demolishing them! Hallo!"—bang! bang!—"what's that?" A double-barrelled gun went off by the fish house, and pretty near us, and the two lily-white ducks, after a faint quack and a flap or two, plunged their heads under water, but forgot to take them out again, and so paid the penalty for poaching. The eel fisheries of the Erne are very large and valuable, and well they may be, to judge from the eel-fare there that we saw.

The next day (Wednesday) we started off in good time after breakfast to fish the lower streams steadily up, and commenced at the lowest recognised cast, called the Fall Hole. This is a small round basin, with a very heavy stream rushing round one side of it, the near side being an eddy of perhaps thirty yards or so long—little enough to play a salmon in. The stream comes into the hole, contracted to a bit of a fall of a few yards in width, and is consequently heavy enough for anything; but it leaves the hole in a narrow, rocky shoot on a considerable incline for perhaps three or four hundred yards, with white water nearly the whole way, and only one resting place about midway. The shoot is broken by rocks, and everything that is dangerous throngs it, but down this confounded gangway a fish has once or twice betaken himself. Of course it is the rarest case to find a salmon resting in the hole at all, and much rarer to hook one there. If he does come to hook, it is a hundred to one that he breaks; for if he

gets into the stream nothing can stop him, and down he will go. Fish have once or twice been down it with anglers behind them, but have seldom been landed. The Doctor once went down with a very heavy fish, and managed the perilous navigation well, though the stumbling and tumbling over the rocky broken ground was no doubt dreadful, as he described it. When he and Johnny got to the end of it, they were so utterly baked that neither of them could have blown out a candle to save their lives; but the fish got away when in safe water in the big pool below, so that the victory, almost accomplished, was snatched from their grasp. Harder lines than this no angler could experience: to carry a 30lb. fish out of the perils of the hole, to take him down such a concatenation of dangers safely, to have done all the hard work, and then to have the wreath of victory snatched from one's brow when little remained to do, is cruel hard lines. But such is salmon fishing, and this is what makes it so exciting and uncertain beyond all other sports. The Fall Hole was a sort of Fetish with the Doctor; clearly it was a mystery. He tried my best gut with a meditative eye, straightening it scientifically—"Ah, you'll want stronger than that in the Fall Hole. Come to me with it unbroken out of the Fall Hole and I'll talk to you," &c.; while I mentally resolved to dare the perils of the Fall Hole to the utmost, if it would only kindly afford me an opportunity. This, as I have said, it hardly ever did to anybody; no fish had even been seen in it this year yet; and I made secret determination to see what good gut, greenheart, and science could do. Alas! alas! though, "vaulting

ambition doth o'erleap itself." I never thought of doing it with rotten gut. But hold, no more of this. Time will show how I carried out my little private brag to myself. I fished it to-day, however, blank; but, as I did not expect anything else, I was not much surprised.

One of the pleasantest resources on the Erne is the trouting when the Mayfly is up. The fish run big—2lb., 3lb., 4lb., and 5lb. apiece, and sometimes larger—and the lake also abounds with all kinds of coarse fish, as bream, roach, perch, and pike. The latter are said to be of huge size, but nothing above 17lb. has been taken this year, and, from the high tone of respect in which it was mentioned, I doubt if very large fish often come to hand. However, a day with plenty of small trout and worms, &c., for baits, is very good fun. We tried to combine trouting with it, but it would not do. Trailing will not combine with the fly, and the angler should select the one or the other. We determined to try the lake for a bye day, and got about a dozen or fourteen little trout for spinning baits; rigged up a couple of rods, one of which Johnny was captain of, the other C., while I cast an artificial drake. This they did not seem to care much about (though rising freely at the natural fly), and I only hooked two trout, landing one of 2lb., losing the other, and rising about half-a-dozen more; but we went too quick for the fly, so it had not a fair chance. The great feature of the day was C. Shall I ever forget the dignified gravity with which he hooked and played, as though he were some formidable monster, a wee, wee pikeling of half-

a pound ; how he insisted upon all the honours of the landing net being paid to him, and how my huge salmon landing net, big enough to have landed his great-great-great-great-grandfather, was demeaned to this wretched skipjack ? Or how, when he caught a huge fish of nigh upon two pounds weight, he was quite ready to aver, like Mr. Briggs and his little boy, that “he flew at them and barked like a dog ?” Or how he declared every weed he hooked to be a fish, and couldn’t be convinced that it wasn’t, insisting on backing the boat, being “ready with the net there,” and “ay, ay, sir,” in a nautical manner ? Or how the conviction stole on him that it wasn’t a lively fish, his play being very dull ; and how, when the boat came over it, it was at last “only a weed ! Dear me ! Singular, very. Felt like a fish as he ran the reel out. Ahem !” Or what a splendid appetite and magnificent power of suction he evinced when we landed on the island to refresh, and after this how he insisted upon singing, for the amusement and instruction of the boatmen, a classical ditty, a memory of school-days, under the hallucination that it was one of Moore’s melodies, and appropriate to the occasion—the said boatmen expressing their belief that “Faix, maybe ’twas the Lathin or somethin’ that made it very like prachin’, by gor ?” Is it not all chronicled in the Shastras of my memory ? It was a great day for Belleek, and C. was unapproachable. We killed about a score of small pike, nothing over 2lb., and one trout of 2lb., which made nice provant at breakfast.

Wednesday came at last. It was my last day on the

Erne, and therefore, as a German would say, a never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted, but invariably-to-be-sorrowfully-lamented-day of itself, if no other unpleasant fact cropped up to make it remembered. But, oh! what a *dies iræ* it turned out! what vials of ill luck were poured upon my devoted head for a wind-up! If you have any peculiar type, Mr. Printer, any special capitals applicable to misfortune, please employ them on this particular occasion. I started early and drove up to the Mullens, thinking to take the river down; but when I got there I found one gentleman glued to the point of the Mullens, and another on "the Tail of the Island." They had clearly taken lodgings there for the day, so I fished fruitlessly over "the Bank of Ireland" and "the Head of the Stream" in search of my fat friend. I went up to the Ford; but that was blank too. Back we trudged to the Captain; blank again. Laputa three times over—an awful dose of casting, since it wanted the longest possible line, as we did not use the boat. Down to the Grass Yard; still blank—again not a sign of a fish. Crossed over, fished the Garden Wall; blank. The Sod Ditch; blank again. Pass na Wonnies; blank. Sod Ditch over again, still blank. Ditto, ditto, Garden Wall again. Up once more to Grass Yard; hurled it all over; blank, blank, blank as our faces. I wonder how many hundreds or thousands of yards of line I extended over the water that day without curl or sign of salmon. Never say die! there might be luck for us yet, though evening was coming on. So we went down to the slabs above Lane End; and, being pretty nearly done up by the tremendous day's casting I had

gone through, I handed the rod to Johnny, as it was only a short bit, and I wanted to save what there was left of my back for the Anglers and the Fall Hole. At the third cast up came a thumper. Johnny got well into him, and away he went, spinning out line in all directions. Again and again he ran off forty or fifty yards, now up, now down, now across; but as often I got it back again. He was a desperately strong, hard-headed fish, of about 19lb. or 20lb. After a very hard fight, however, I brought him in to the shore; but he did not give a fair chance, and Johnny could not gaff him. Away he went again a clipper, right out into the stream; but round he came once more; and, butting him hard and turning him at every attempt, I again brought him in. Johnny stood ready with an excited grin on his good-tempered phiz; when, just as the gaff was extended, the fish saw Johnny glaring at him, and off he went again, as if Sathanas had kicked him. I could not have supposed, after the awful mauling I had given him, that he had another start left in him; but he had. It was his last, however; the gallant fish at the end of it turned slowly on his side, and I led him gently in to doom. But, like a thoroughly plucky and game fish, he *would* resist to the death, even if it was only to give a last faint shake of the head, which he did as he came in. That shake won him the victory, for the sorely-tried hold came away, and one of the most plucky fish I ever handled won his freedom, fairly and nobly. I don't grudge it him now, for determination should win, and a more determined fish I never hooked; but at the time my equanimity was woefully

tried, while Johnny looked unutterable things. Our luck was out indeed; it was the only fish we had risen all day. The fish was so beaten after getting off, that he lay on the top of the water, unable to do more than wag his tail feebly, and thus he drifted down stream, and I saw him no more.

Engrossed by my misfortune, I quite forgot to look over the casting line, as I usually do, and my carelessness cost me dearly enough. It is useless to say to the salmon fisher, always look over your line after playing a fish; those who know their work are sure to do so, and those who don't had better learn it from experience, for nothing else teaches a man anything in this way. We went on to the Anglers' Throw, always a good late find, and half-way down it I rose a fish. I covered him again and again; he rolled up at the fly, but it did not quite suit him, and he wouldn't take. Change about and on went the infallible Parson. Now it comes to the spot, another yard. Ah, there he is! A beautiful head and tail rise! and, woe is me, he touched the fly. It was only the slightest thing in the world. Will he come again? Not he; he was not pricked, but he had discovered that salmon flies were neither shrimps nor edibles of any kind, and though I tried him with another fly, and Johnny put one over him, it was useless. On, on to the Fall Hole! Now for a deed of derring-do! now to retrieve our ill-luck, and to achieve fame! My fish of Monday night would surely not have gone up yet; he *must* be there. I should get a rise out of him, no doubt; I should hook him; he would go down the cañon safely. I should have a desperate race, break

my shins, and perhaps my rod ; but I should kill him down about the eel weir ; and the doctor would say, "Bismillah ! It is well. Take some sherry." Now for it. Out flies the far line again and again ; another yard and another, on to the end of the throw ! Now we near his lair. Ha ! a quick, determined rise. Smack ! it's into him. *Habet ?* yes *habet* truly. But the line is slack, and no fly graces the end of it ; a knot, overstrained in the last fight, has slipped. I collapsed. Yes, I did ; there is no other word for it. Brandy-and-water wouldn't restore me ; tobacco soothed not my anguish in the least. Here was the object which I had so longed for, so hoped and panted for, come to me—thrown into my grasp—and I had lost it by my own abominable carelessness. How the Doctor would laugh ! "Didn't I tell you to come unbroken out of the Fall Hole, and I'd talk to you—didn't I now ?" It was too true ; he had said so. No fish had broken me as yet. This was the test of skill, and I had no skill. "Sure, ye done all ye could, and ye couldn't help it; ye'd 'av killed 'm if ye'd held 'm," said honest Johnny, endeavouring to soothe my sorrows ; but I refused to be comforted. "You're a good casuist, Johnny, and a soft-hearted sinner ; but the fly is in the fish, and the fish is in the Fall Hole, and we're here, and we'd better go home, for it's dark and wet and windy, and I'm a-weary, a-weary. Confound it !"

Ballyshannon, though an uninteresting little town in itself, perhaps, would form a good centre whence to excursionise for a week or two. Lough Erne, and all its varied attractions, are within reach on one side,

and Lough Melvin, another large lake some seven miles in length, is within reach on another. Lough Melvin is one of the best lakes in Ireland for general sport. It lies about five or six miles to the south of Ballyshannon, and contains a considerable variety of trout, amongst which the beautiful gillaroo trout and the monstrous black loch, or *Salmo ferox*, which often reaches twenty pounds in weight, figure conspicuously. The lake also gives capital sport in the season with salmon and grilse; and common brown trout, of half to three-quarters of a pound abound in it. Charr are also abundant. While the little inn at Garrison, kept by Mr. Scott, affords very snug angling quarters. In the mountains at the back of Garrison, with some very fine scenery, there are some curious objects worthy of inspection. But perhaps no county in Ireland is less known to Englishmen than Fermanagh, and this part of it especially. There are natural rock bridges and waterfalls, with many objects to attract the artist in the neighbourhood of Garrison itself. Close to the mouth of the lake, where the little river Drowse discharges the waters of the lake into the sea, is an odd little watering place, hight Bundoran. Here sea-bathing and other attractions present themselves. Northward of Ballyshannon the tourist has all Donegal before him, which is quite a *terra incognita* to the ordinary British tourist, but which contains points of beauty and interest that should be second to none in Ireland. It is a wild country after the traveller leaves the town of Donegal, but the coast scenery at Glen is not to be surpassed for picturesque beauty in Ireland, or prob-

ably even in the world, and the harbour of Killybegs, whence Glen is approached, is pretty. North of this again, the land is splendidly barren, and the district of the Rosses is wild and dreary beyond description. In this strange weird corner of the world one hardly knows which predominates—bog, stone, or water. To add to the strangeness, a wonderful granite shower, as it is called, seems as if it had fallen here, for, commencing and ceasing very suddenly, detached stones of granite are strewn thickly over the district which the road passes through for miles. The lakes are exceedingly numerous, so much so as to be quite beyond naming or counting. They are of all shapes and sizes, from twenty yards to two miles long. Many of them have never had a line cast on them. Some are unapproachable; some impracticable save from a boat or a balloon, and to get a boat to them would be no easy task. A few are known to contain good fish, and in them the trout perhaps run up to three or four pounds weight occasionally; but the great majority of them are worthless, and contain nothing but very little black trout, liker to tadpoles than to anything else in creation. It is a pleasant excursion, however, to start from Ballyshannon, through Donegal and Killybegs to Glen, and on through the Rosses, by Ardara and Glenties, to Dungloe (where fair trouting can be had, and capital seal shooting amongst the numerous islands which throng the bay), and so to Gweedore, with its striking mountain—Arigal, a bare seamed rocky cone, visible for many miles round, and somewhat resembling Vesuvius in shape, with pretty lakes and a winding river, both abounding in small

trout, white trout, and salmon, at its feet. Here, too, the traveller will experience a *lulus*—an oasis in the desert—in the shape of one of the most comfortable hotels in the country, due to the kindness and considerations of Lord George Hill, whose efforts to reclaim this wild district have been beyond all praise. Away to the north-west of this, at some distance, are the Bloody Foreland, which witnessed the destruction of a considerable part of the Spanish Armada, and Tory Island, a curious and almost unapproachable portion of Her Majesty's dominions, about as well known, perhaps, as Lake Nyanza or the sources of the Nile. From Gweedore, the tourist will perhaps go on to Rathmelton, looking at one of the most lovely and unknown lakes in Ireland, on the road, Lough Veagh. At Rathmelton the Lennan and Lough Fern may be tried, and then the traveller will speed back, *viâ* Letterkenny, to Donegal, through Barnes Gap, which is scarcely inferior in wild and savage beauty to the Gap of Dunloe. The town Donegal is worth a visit; the old castle is a fine and interesting ruin, and the river is famous for its beautiful pearls, while Lough Eask is very pretty indeed, and contains fine trout, and many charr. Midway between Donegal and Ballyshannon a very singular phenomenon may be seen. Running through the grounds of Major Hamilton, of Brownhall, is a small river, which bores its way underground, from cavern to cavern, for nearly two miles. The caverns are formed in the limestone, and the power of petrification possessed by the water is very astonishing. Sticks, straws, leaves, &c., are soon coated and crusted

over, and by degrees harden into stone, and so rapid is this process that we may see one half of the same leaf of moss green and growing, and the other half crusted over in the process of petrification. The caves are, some of them, very beautiful, and when lighted up by the aid of a fragment of magnesium wire, the effect is most brilliant and striking, the walls sparkling as though studded by countless diamonds. In one of them the river makes a fine waterfall. The roof of the cavern is broken, and as the spectator stands in the subdued green light, looking up through a mass of ferns, and stems of trees, with the hoarse roar of the waterfall plunging into an unseen depth through a cloud of mist at his feet, the dim cave partially lighted up around, but dark and mysterious in its recesses, the effect is inexpressibly charming; it is a perfect chamber of romance, where one can fancy superstition formerly holding high court. Almost equally striking in another way is the manner in which the river once more makes its appearance into the light. Welling up from a dark unfathomable-looking hole under a wide rift of rock, stealthily emerging from the ground, it oozes forth in a still black stream—a veritable kelpie's hole.

The course of the river through these caves is for long distances untraceable, as the water, which is intensely cold, is frequently too deep to wade, and it plunges under the rock, which descends upon it like a portcullis jealously guarding its secrets beyond, and is seen no more perhaps for a hundred or two hundred yards, until it comes out into another cave. Whether there be caves between these or no, one can only surmise.

The wall of rock under which the river hides itself keeps its own counsel ; it may be only a wall, or it may be solid, the river running through a mere tunnel ; but, various small circumstances in Major Hamilton's opinion indicate that there are other caverns, which are not practicable, and the mind is duly excited by the mystery, for the situation is full of interest. There is a characteristic story told in connection with these caverns.

Many years ago a Hamilton did a man to death in the summary manner then in fashion, and justice or rather law, being in search of him, he kept in hiding in these caverns for nearly three months ; being tired of hiding, at length he gave himself up. On the day before the trial, three hundred Hamiltons having set sail from Scotland landed at Donegal, and entered the town armed with claymores, bagpipes, and other offensive weapons, and remaining there as visitors and excursionists until their hereditary chief was acquitted, when they quietly embarked and sailed home again, doubtless much pleased with their visit.

Not far from the river, in a field as we pass along, there stands a huge erratic granite boulder. This curious mass, which is rounded and stands about the height of a man, has, of course, a story attached to it. "In days of old," I believe, that is the usual formula, "there were two giants ;" one lived at Barnsmore (seven miles off), and the other here. Tobacco, it appears, was a familiar sedative even in the days of the giants, and as these two had only one pipe between them, when the one had had his smoke, he

was expected to make a long arm and hand it over to the other. Sometimes, however, one or the other would fall asleep over the pipe, and then if it were required they would just pitch this little pebble across the intervening seven miles to wake one another up." That the story is perfectly reliable is evident, not only from the existence of the pebble and its isolation, but from the marks of the giants' fingers and thumbs, which is quite conclusive, for there are the actual indentations, this one accurately representing the ball of the thumb, and those three opposite to it the tips of the fingers. There is no disputing such evidence as this ; indeed, when we find the uses these indentations are put to, no one would think of disputing it, for, our guide tells us, there are mysterious and interesting functions and properties possessed by this stone. Ladies ! attend. " Now, Miss," emphatically " Miss," for " Mrs." won't do at all, " take twelve paces away from the stone opposite to those finger holes. Take also very good heed what you are doing, for rest assured the ceremony is one of the highest importance to you. Now turn about, face to the stone ; regard it well ; extend your arm straight before you, and then shut your eyes tightly,—let nothing induce you to open them, or—but stay. Now walk straight towards the stone, and if you only have the luck to thrust your hand into one of these holes you will inevitably be married within the twelvemonth—there ! " Our guide positively assured us that he had never known it to fail. In three successive genuine instances the ladies had really been married within the year. But how if you open your eyes,

do you ask? Well, in two instances in which this was actually done, and the desired result obtained unfairly, the young ladies it is true were engaged to be married. But, listen! they were jilted within the twelvemonth—t-r-r-remble! Absurd as the tale may sound, there is more in it upon close consideration than at first meets the ear. Think it over, fair misses, for it has a moral.

But let us bid Ballyshannon good-bye, and, mounted on the mail car, betake us onward to Sligo. There is little on the road worth special notice, except the remains of a round tower, opposite to which stands a very handsome and curious old stone cross. Little is known of either, save that one is the symbol of Christianity, while the other is supposed to be a relic of Paganism. They are conspicuously placed, being opposite a strong pass in the Leitrim mountains.

Sligo is exceedingly pleasantly situated, between Lough Gill and the sea; and Lough Gill is one of the most lovely lakes in Ireland, scarcely second to Killarney — mountains, rock, water, and foliage blend delightfully, and the islands, which are numerous, are exceedingly picturesque. The walks and drives along the shores of the lake are especially agreeable, and there are several country seats with well-kept grounds, whilst numerous smart little yachts lend an additional charm to the scene. Lough Gill is well worth a visit. The fishing is no great matter, but a few salmon are caught in the lake when the lessee of the weirs chooses to let them up, which of course is as seldom as possible, and there are pike and

coarse fish in it, but few trout to speak of. However, as Lough Arrow and other lakes noted for their splendid trout fishing, with a small river or two which give good sport, are within a drive, this matters less to the resident. There is good grouching on the Leitrim mountains. Sligo is a thriving port, with a tolerable trade. Few persons, particularly anglers, would stop there without making an excursion to Ballisodare to see the wonderful stone fish ladders, erected by the late Mr. Cooper, of Markree Castle, on the Collooney river.

Ballisodare is about four miles from Sligo, and the neighbourhood, particularly towards the coast, is rich in Druidical remains — one of the most perfect cromlechs in existence, standing just off the road to the creek into which the river falls. This cromlech strongly resembles that known in the north as Kit's Cotty House, and it is in wonderful preservation. The peasantry are exceedingly superstitious as regards these remains, and nothing will induce them to lay violent hands on them; indeed the fairies, or "good folk," who still hold extraordinary power over the imagination of the peasant, are credited with all sorts of malignant designs upon those who may disturb these stones. It would seem, that, the fairies hold sway over other minds than those of the peasantry in Ireland, for a gentleman, whose reputation in the fishery world stands rather high, was some time since down in Galway, and with one of the keepers was walking along the banks of the river one evening late in the autumn. Darkness came on rather rapidly, when some little distance off they

suddenly saw lights gleaming along the bank, and reflected on the river. "Hallo, keeper, what is that?" asked the gentleman in astonishment. "Faix, sir," said the keeper in some perturbation, "it's just the—just the—it's just the fairies, sir, and that's what it is. And trath if we don't get out av the way we'll be gettin' a blast, for sure, and be cripples for life, no less, yer hanner, we will intirely. For the good folk don't like to be looked at when they're playin' their games. Come behint this stone, sir," and drawing the *savant* after him the pair crouched behind a big rock and remained there until the lights disappeared, and the spawning bed was stripped by the spearers, who would have turned out anything but "good-folk" if the keeper had ventured to interrupt their proceedings, as he was perfectly well aware. Thus the "good folk" get credited with anything which the Irish peasant either cannot or will not explain.

Not far from the Druidical remains noted above, there is an exceedingly curious gully or ravine. This strange place is about one-third of a mile in length and about fifty feet deep, by thirty or forty yards wide. It looks as if ages ago, in some convulsion, the earth had split open. It is beautifully wooded and is a most picturesque and remarkable place.

The Ballisodare river is formed by the junction of the Arrow, which runs out of Lough Arrow already mentioned, and the Collooney river. Before it reaches the sea, in the space of about a mile or so, it goes over three falls, the middle one of the three is rather a heavy rapid over a succession of falls, the other two fall over high ledges of rock, and the

upper, or Collooney fall, is perpendicular, and between thirty or forty feet in height, so that no salmon ever could pass it. The ladders, which are wide stone troughs, sometimes built up on massive stonework and sometimes cut for yards through the solid rock, are wonderful undertakings, when it is considered that the whole thing was a complete speculation, and it was exceedingly uncertain whether after all the salmon would ever use them. Nevertheless, Mr. Cooper worked on in the teeth of disasters and failures until he completed them, spending some 7000*l.* over the whole undertaking. They vary from 120 to 200 feet in length, and are crossed at intervals by stout planks, which extend almost from side to side to break the force of the stream, only a small space of some inches in width being left on alternate sides to enable the salmon to force their way through. The pools or chambers between the steps are so large that there is always a quiet eddy in them, wherein the fish can find a resting-place; and it is clear from these ladders, which are steep in gradient (even to one in seven) that the reason of their success, and of the failure of the Government ladders all over the kingdom, lies solely in their width and capacity, and the reverse qualities in the others. They are ten feet wide in the clear, the actual stream that comes down through the ladders is confined to the open spaces at the end of the steps or baulks, and these are in width somewhere about six inches. The water in the chambers is about a foot deep, so that the steep gradient is of little consequence, for there is sufficient quiet water for a resting-space, and depth enough to

start from, and that is all a salmon requires. In a shallow narrow ladder, which is perhaps not more than two or three feet wide, it is obvious that with an opening of the same width in each baulk as those at Ballisodare (and it cannot well be much narrower) the whole space in the chambers must be filled with turmoil and boil, for there is no room for the water to subside nor for a resting-place, and the water is generally too shallow to afford the fish a good start. Their failure should have been evident from a glance at the places.

Yet what a torrent of argal bargol! and what a waste of good printers' ink, money, and time has attended them. And, after all, the principle, which is as clear and as sound as it can be, is condemned because incompetent persons have totally misunderstood the simplest principles of the construction of fish ladders; and all sorts of new-fangled inventions are being tested at considerable expense on the fisheries, which may or may not succeed, while the success of properly-constructed ladders have been proved beyond doubt. It seems exceedingly strange that while our Government officials and conservators were blundering over these unhappy fish ladders, and sowing the seeds of loss and discouragement, they could not contrive to take a lesson from Ballisodare. Surely they should have bethought them of inspecting the successful ladders, and trying to discover why they were successful, and why their own were failures, and wherein they differed.

One feature in the Ballisodare ladders is peculiar. Their great length (needed owing to the height

of the falls) would have carried them so far down stream that the fish which had come up to the falls in their endeavour to pass up would never discover the mouth of the ladder, and therefore about mid-way the ladders are turned round, and brought back again to the very foot of the fall, after the fashion of two flights of stairs which run side-wise to each other, with a landing between them; and thus the salmon find ready access to the ladder, and slipping through opening after opening at each successive step, they soon emerge on the upper water above the falls. Having made these ladders, and put several pairs of spawning fish into the river above the falls, Mr. Cooper bided his time. In three years the river was fairly stocked with fish; now it is worth 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year, exclusive of the angling; and the fish at some seasons may be seen surmounting the stairs like a field of steeplechasers. It is a marvellous triumph of skill over natural disabilities.

As the traveller drives on southward, from Ballisdare toward Ballina, haply will be pointed out to him Killala Bay, where the French landed, and the ridge of mountains where they marched to, &c., which are matters of history. Ballina was occupied by them in '98. There is a fine old abbey at Killala, or rather the remains of one, which are well worthy a visit. Anon, as he nears Ballina, he comes upon the noble estuary of the Moy, one of the most productive salmon rivers in Ireland. In former years, say ten or twelve since, the Moy between the bridges at Ballina, in about the end of

June, when the grilse were running up, was a sight to see and wonder at. Literally hundreds, indeed, almost thousands, of grilse might be seen playing and breaking the water. Not a second passed without "Splash, splash," roll and tumble, of any number of fish "throwing" themselves on the surface at once. Indeed, the angler was almost perplexed where to cast his fly, and from fifteen to twenty grilse in a day was not a very uncommon take. But all this is altered now. The general capture of the fish was then affected by means of a large stone weir, which runs across the river just above Ballina. Here there were a number of cruives or traps, which the fish could not pass; but the late law, by compelling every weir to have a large gap cut out of the middle to let a portion of the fish through, has acted rather severely on the Moy fishery. The Queen's gap makes a very large hole in the weir, and whether the fish find it more practicable than the cruives, or whether instinct teaches them to avoid the dangers of the cruives or not, it is hard to say; but the bulk of the fish certainly do seek the gap, and so pass up the river, and would escape to procreate their species as the law intended they should, either into Loch Conn or the upper Moy, were it not for a number of nets lately set up at Foxford, some ten miles above Ballina. All this has caused the lessee of the weir to net the lower water some distance below the town, where the channel is narrow. This, of course, injures the fly-fishing at Ballina, as not only are there only the leavings of the nets to fish over, instead of the fresh unbroken shoals of former years, but those fish that

come up do not rise well, having been so lately disturbed by the net. If the fishing is not so good at Ballina, however, it is far better at Lough Conn.

Here the angler has no leave to ask or obtain, nor anything to pay but the charges for his boat, and here he may easily take his two or three salmon a day (at times many more), besides a few fine trout, running from three-quarters of a pound up to three or four pounds weight each, sometimes larger, pike which reach—to thirty and forty pounds and over, and abundance of fine perch. His fish also belong to him; he has not to give them up. At Ballina he will obtain leave of Mr. Little, whose liberality, kindness, and courtesy in this respect are extraordinary. The only condition made is that the angler takes out a Ballina salmon-rod licence, and returns his fish as soon as he possibly can to the fish-house at the weir. Perhaps he will then put himself into the hands of Pat Hearn or one of his sons, when he will step into a small punt, called there a “cot,” and be poled out into the stream; and if the river be in order he can cast it does not greatly matter in what direction, as the fish probably are all around him. Some forty yards below him will perhaps be another “cot,” containing another angler hard at work, and at a like distance below them there will quite possibly be another. In the old time, before the gap, they would all—with two or three others, perhaps—be taking fish. Sometimes two or three would be “fast” at the same moment; and if the day were favourable, the angler might look to land his seven or eight fish or more; even now he will not unfrequently

bring to net half that quantity. But it is not the liveliest species of salmon fishing extant, and, unless the river is in right good order, the lake fishing through the summer and autumn is preferable. The best of the Moy ground at Ballina hath a dead wall before the eyes, and a rancorous smell before the nostrils; and even less sport is preferable on the broad bosom of Lough Conn, with glorious old Nephin towering above one, and the sweet fresh breezes sweeping along from heath and mountain.

Then how pleasant is the chat with a friend, the merry laugh and yarn of the boatmen—hearty good-tempered fellows, who will put their very souls into their arms for a kind word or two and a glass of whisky. And what wonderful appetites they have too! it is enough to make a sick man well and as hungry as a hunter in that glorious air, to see these fellows do trencher duty. There are scores of islands all over the lake, many of which have the ruins of old castles on them, and the men tell all sorts of stories, more or less true and amusing, about them. On this one was a cateran's tower;—there are the remains of a tower to show it, and it is called the Cateran's Isle to this day. That old ruin yonder was the castle of the O'Something, a “turrible” chieftain, whose exploits had paled those of Brian Boru. That one is haunted. Of course it is; they all are, more or less. I have seen many haunted castles on many Irish lakes, but the only spirit that ever made itself manifest to my naked eye was potheen. This island, however, is specially haunted by a particular ghost or devil, who is somehow a

legacy of the riotous conduct of a former proprietor, and a very troublesome legacy he is, taking after his progenitor in a most striking way, and if all be true, making an awful racket by throwing big stones at intruders upon his domain. The worst of it is that the stones are not ghostly ones, but real and palpable, like Mr. Home's trumpets, &c. Thus runs the account, as delivered with many solemn nods and serious asseverations: "Trath, yer hanner, me'n Tim there went, an't last winther but wan it wor, wor't not, Tim?" A nod from Tim, whose awe is too great for utterance. "We wint, yer hanner, to shoot the ducks, for the lough's alive wid fowl thin. We hadn't been an't the haf an hour when the divil begin his rumblin' and rattlin' wid chains and things. Och, sowl! an' 'twas dreadful to hear, and throwin' the cassel right down upon us, he was—grate shtones—och! a shower iv'm—no less. Divil a word o' lie in't yer hanner. Nor me nor Tim wouldn't go an't agin at evenin' fall for all the gould and shilver in Ballinay, yer hanner. Och! it's just a turrible place altogether!" "But why doesn't the priest exorcise him?" "Ah, trath, yer hanner, an' he won't be exorcised—leastwise, not by the priest. It's just no good at all." "Well, but don't you think the gauger, perhaps, might manage to exorcise him?" At this suggestion, there is a sly twinkle of the eye, as if the practical was trenching too closely on the supernatural, and attention is distracted by one of the men conveniently seeing a large "samant" rise somewhere where no one else was looking.

And thus, with two artificial minnows trailing

over the stern, and a fly rod ready for the best trout and salmon casts, the boat rows steadily on, now one rod getting a pluck from a nice perch of a pound weight, now the other getting a sharp pull from a trout—and lovely trout these Lough Conn trout are — not so very handsome to look at, but when cut open at breakfast, redder than salmon, and very fine in flavour. The sandy shores of the lake are thickly strewn with a variety of small shells, which no doubt accounts for their condition. It is only a pity that trout are not more plentiful in the lough, as half-a-dozen in the day is a good take. Perhaps, a gentle pull at the minnow, or a deep sullen “boil” at the fly, may precede a desperate rush from a salmon—for salmon, though they take shyly, often fight tremendously better in a lake than in a river, and certainly do struggle longer. Towards the lower end of the lake, near the pontoon bridge which separates Lough Conn from Lough Cullen, the angler may happen on a big pike or two, for this is a favourite place for them, and they run to an unusual size there.

Thus floating along, chatting and smoking between the intervals of sport, the day wends swiftly on, until sundry inward admonitions warn us that lunch time should be imminent. “Turn her head towards yonder island, Patsey,—make for that gravel spit, under those bushes there. That’s it — so—steady—steady ;” and urged by the stout arms of the rowers the boat’s keel glides up the beach; in a twinkling the basket and all the etceteras are landed, and while critical eyes are looking out for a dry, luxu-

rious seat, and a convenient spot for a fire, other critical eyes are searching for dead wood and drift, of which there is always abundance. You have brought a dozen or so of turfs in the boat—that is, if you are provident, and in a few minutes a fire, built and kindled amongst the stones, ignites the turf, and in good time a fine heap of embers is formed.

Now shall you see some real sportman's cookery : “Give me half-a-dozen of those perch, Patsey, and that copy of the *Times* newspaper.” Now observe me. Take each perch separately, merely wiping him dry — not cutting or scraping him in the least, as that would break the skin and let out his juices;—then take a piece of the paper, and wet it in the lake, and roll the perch in it, in three or four folds; screw up the ends, and thrust perch, paper and all, into the embers. In from five to ten minutes your fish is cooked. Rake him out; take off the charred paper, and carefully remove his scales, which will come off *en masse*; rub the white succulent side with butter, pepper, and salt, to taste; make an incision along the backbone, and flake off all the beautiful firm white flesh; turn the carcase over and serve the other side of the fish in the same way; throw away the bones and interior; and eat the remainder. It is a dish for a king, or an angler. A salmon or a big trout may be filleted and served in the same way, or roasted upon skewers. Angler, did you ever taste roasted salmon fresh from the lake? After such dainty reflections, the time arrives, in artistic language, to “throw in a dash of——,” but let us be

wary for you must "open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what luck may send you." Is that good? Is it a worthy finish to a sumptuous repast? Whisper low: "It's rael small still, yer hanner, devil a headache in a hogshead of it." And if you are never haunted by any worse spirits than these you will probably live long and die happy, and ever after be a firm believer and no sceptic in the matter of ghosts. Betake yourself now to the peaceful meditative pipe while the men clear off the remnants utterly, and so to your fishing again and home at last, with a consciousness of virtue and the fact that Lough Conn is "the place to spend a happy day." But for us our journey must cease with Ballina, as we have urgent private affairs at home.

TROUT FISHING.*

THE question of flies is one on which a great deal may be said. If a man is master of the south-country practice in respect to flies, he has very little to learn when he goes north; but a north-country angler will find it not at all so easy when he comes south. At times fish will take anything, or rather they will take something which is very unlikely; at other times nothing will do but a good imitation of the fly on the water, though you empty your book over them. I have seen them rising at the Red spinner, at the Jenny spinner, at the Black gnat (commonly called the fisherman's curse, because when it is on the water the fish will look at nothing else, and because you cannot imitate it), and at the small Sky blue, which Mr. Aldam in his "Quaint Treatise" calls the Eden fly. When these flies are well "on," and the fish are well on them, unless you have a good imitation you are not in it. You may hunt your book over, and try twenty flies one after the other, but it is of no use. Pick out the right one though, and see what happens. That big fellow that has refused you a dozen times sucks it in like bullseyes, and every fish you come over either rises or

* Written in May, 1880.

takes. Many a time have I found this the case, particularly with the Red spinner. I remember years ago, at Bishopstoke, when the river was in a perfect boil, I could not touch a fish, till I found that it was the Red spinner they were at; I put one on, and got several brace of good fish immediately. The same thing happened two years ago at Andover. Fortunately, I remembered my former experience. I had tried half a dozen flies, and suddenly remembered the Red spinner incident. I popped one on, and the effect was magical. I have done the same with the Sky blue since Mr. Aldam taught me in his "Quaint Treatise" how to dress it. A mighty useful book that has been to me by the way! Few people have studied the dressing of trout flies and the comparison of colour so closely as my friend Aldam. His search for the right feather and the exact shade of silk has been unintermitting, and he has found out more in the dressing of flies than anyone who has preceded him. I remember twice on the Tweed seeing the big trout bulging up at the little Sky blue; but I had no stock of them in those days, for "ye Quaint Treatise" was not written, and I couldn't dress the fly, and looked on at it in impotence. But what a basket of trout I should have bagged if I only had had half a dozen of those little beauties from "ye treatise" aforesaid. I remember many times looking helplessly and hopelessly at a big rise at the Jenny spinner—one instance at Lord Portsmouth's when the river where I was fishing was literally alive with them. I tried everything, and got one at last—and only one—with a big Alder. If I could have put a good Jenny

spinner over them, I could have had them as fast as I chose; but then I hadn't one, and, what is more, I never have had one, and fear I never shall. It is to my mind almost as hopeless a fly to imitate as the Black gnat, and that we do know to be quite hopeless.

By the way, Mr. Aldam in that same treatise mentions the female black gnat, which he calls the Tail-y-tail, and says that is the thing to use, and that, when they are so madly on at the gnat, that is what the fish really are taking, not the common little black fly. The dressing is quite different in the female. I had some made, however, but never did a great deal with them, though I have seen the fish taking the black gnat. Oddly enough, since I have had them in my book, I have never seen a regular rabid feed on it, so perhaps they have not had a fair trial. I have so many times killed large bags of fish with a careful imitation of the fly on the water, that when any fly is on, and the fish are rising at it, I am satisfied with a close imitation. If you have not a really good imitation, particularly in size and colour (the two most important points, and far before mere neatness of dressing), you had better use something quite different, for though you may not do nearly as well as you will with a good imitation, you may get some fish, particularly if you put the fly neatly and well to them, and it floats well. As a friend of mine says, "It isn't the fly; it's the driver." This I don't quite agree in. The driver has a good deal to do with it, but so also has the fly. Of course, I would back a wholly different fly in the hands of a good driver against even an accurate imitation in the hands of a duffer. It is

quite wonderful, however, at times how the fish will utterly falsify all your theories by taking without rhyme or reason some confounded monstrosity which they never could have seen before. To be sure you cannot calculate on this, for they won't do it always; but they do, sometimes, get a sort of fit of aberration. As Sandy says, when you catch a salmon with some fly he has never seen before (and which you put up contrary to his advice and assertion that "That'll no dee for this watter. They dinna ken it at a')," "Ah, weel! at times they'll joost tak onything."

I remember fishing on the Anton last year. A friend had given me as a pattern for an evening—fly one he called the Mackerel Governor. It was simply the Governor body and hackle with a grey drake wing. I had killed a good many fish with it in the evening, and what induced me to put one on in the morning I can't imagine (I suppose for once, like the fish, I aberrated). I was on the pool below the lower hitch near the lower hut, and saw a fish lying out in the stream, a good one of close on 2lb. I flicked the fly towards him, not in the least expecting him to rise, when he dashed at it, and I had him. I went on with that fly all day, and bagged seven and a half brace of splendid fish—the best bag I saw that season. I had made a discovery. Here was something caviare—scrumptious! I would order many dozens of them as soon as I got to town, and for a week or two, at any rate, I would keep it to myself and have a regular good turn. I swore Penton to inviolable secrecy; I invoked tremendous penalties on his head if he divulged my discovery until I gave him leave. I

slept the sleep of the righteous, and felt good all over next morning. My ! wouldn't we give those trout a lesson ! It was a capital fishing day. I got to my favourite cast early, mounted a brand-new line and a brand-new Mackerel, and went to work with a will. I never rose a fish at it, and after an hour of flailing I saw one good fish absolutely turn tail and bolt when I put it over him. There are not many things left, I think, to surprise me in the way of fishing, but this did—I felt so very small and so profoundly humiliated. I took off that Mackerel, and did not cast him to catch sprats in future ; indeed, I was so disgusted that I never ordered any more, and I have never even used it since.

I remember another day a very good fisherman, on the same water, putting a big black and teal sea-trout fly on, just by way of curiosity, and to his immense surprise he got a brace of capital fish with it. " Well," he said, " I thought I knew something of trout fishing, but this beats me. I give it up." And so it is ; the peculiarities in fishing are endless, and the longer one lives, and the more one sees of trout fishing, the more one finds that there really is nothing like experience ; and that in gathering it you must not be too prejudiced, but give everything you see and hear a fair, reasonable consideration. Beyond all, when you go to a new river, if you can see the best fisher on it at work, and watch him for an hour or so, the chances are that you pick up something worth recollecting. On most rivers early in the season you need hardly (unless the water be low and fine) practice the dry fly. This is the case in many of the Hampshire rivers, though I

fear that the schoolmaster is abroad so much there that it will not be so many years longer. Certainly, in a good deal of April, one could in past seasons always fish with the wet fly, and down stream ; but somehow the fish seem every year to get more wary, and the time for that indulgence grows briefer and brighter, and even on a rough dark day, with up-stream wind and a biggish wet fly, I find the fish get more and more cautious. I tried it on a water this season where I could always do well formerly, and where you couldn't fish in any other way. Though I rose more than a dozen, I only hooked one fish, and he was foul-hooked. I fancy in former years most of them would have fastened. And every year, too, fish seem to rise more and more falsely, and to such an extent do they carry their caution that I have many times this year already seen them rising at the natural fly—I have seen them come at a live dun with quite a fine rise, and then seen the dun float away down stream untouched. I have noticed this in former years, but not till much later in the season. Water this season is a little short, and very clear and fine for one thing, and when that is the case the fish are always rather more shy. If they continue thus to grow more and more so, one hardly knows where it will land us. What is it that Hood says of Lady Macbeth when she is trying to cleanse her hands of blood stains ?

Washing her hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.

We shall want invisible gut and imperceptible hooks, I fear. However, it is no use discounting the future.

When fish are rising, the question is, how are you to catch them? Make yourself as unobtrusive as possible. A man standing upright on a river's bank will nearly always frighten a fish of any decent size that may be rising opposite to him anywhere within cast. If a fish be under the bank, and a very long way off, you may escape alarming him, but that is almost all. I always wear a leather knee pad on the left knee, and kneel down to it. Even then you must be careful. If you can get your back against anything—a bush, a paling, bank, or what not—it is quite surprising how little the trout will notice you; but only pop your head above it, so that it cuts the sky line, and see what happens. Who was it wrote that funny story in some by-gone periodical of the major who got himself up as a tree? It ran as follows: An angler was always forestalled by a certain major, and one day starting extra early, as he thought, he reached the favourite pitch before the major. He was congratulating himself on it, and venturing on an anathema at the expense of the absent major, when “Sir!” came in tones of stern expostulation from a large tree trunk on the bank, which he had not observed closely. It turned out to be the major, who had encased himself in slabs of bark, and was posing for a tree trunk, in order to delude the fish. Tableau, and exit Piscator. You need not enter into the spirit of the thing quite so enthusiastically as this; nor need you become a Jack-in-the-Green, as French sportsmen do when indulging in the *chasse aux perdrix*; but if there is a bush or a convenient tree stump handy, you may make use of it to the best of your ability.

Should you have half a dozen fish rising before you, always begin on the one lowest down and nearest to you ; for, if you manage matters rightly and have luck, you may then chance to take the greater part of them. I remember once seeing sixteen good fish rising in a shallow below a bridge—I counted them. By good management and some luck, I got thirteen of them, and hooked and lost the other three. Of course I did not do it right off—I had to wait now and then, and did, for it was the only bit of water on my liberty which was worth fishing ; but, as the Mayfly was well up for the first time, they soon came on again. On another occasion, out of eight good fish I caught five and lost one (the big one). The next day I caught the other two ; but I should have spoilt my own fun if I had gone at it indiscriminately, and just pitched at any fish that took my fancy. and hauled him down over rising fish. If after four or five casts your friend refuses, you may try the next one ; should he refuse too, change the fly and try something else. I have often seen a man try a dozen likely flies over rising fish, and hit upon the right one by luck after all. If a fish will keep on rising, and you don't put him down, you may always hope ; and, in such cases, some persons will actually get a fish at a fly which has passed over them fifty or sixty times. I suppose, as I once heard an angler say, it makes the fish think at last that there is a rise of that particular fly on. I have killed very good fish in that way often myself.

Then there is the question of single or double rods. Now, for some purposes a single rod is best ; for

others there is nothing like a double. If you have fish rising under your own bank up to the left, for example, a single-hand rod is almost indispensable to do the thing really neatly. For wading in moderate waters also, a single is undoubtedly the right thing. Still you can also do a great deal with a double-handed rod which you can't with a single. If you are fishing fine you must have a fairly limber rod, whether single or double. As regards the running line, there are many tastes. Some like plaited silk and 'hair, some twist, some the Manchester cotton line, and some light dressed plaited silk. For fine fishing I myself prefer plaited hair and silk. It does not kink, twist, and wrangle, which is an awful visitation in windy weather, and I think it lasts better than any other. But, whatever be the choice, always dry your line after using it, and be very careful never to have it a strand heavier than the rod will cast lightly and fairly in no wind at all. If you do, some kind of grief will fall on you sooner or later. It is very well to have a line that will cut through the wind like a knife; but if it cuts through your top joint also like a knife, or wrenches a ferrule, &c., you pay dearly for it. And lastly, as regards casting lines, get the best undrawn gut you can, and let the last two or three links be as fine as you care to use; even when you want to use the finest, don't put your faith in drawn gut—it is delusive, treacherous, and rubbishing.

And having said enough of materials, the question of weather may have a few lines devoted to it; and weather in fishing is, like scent in foxhunting, perfectly inscrutable. There never was so bad a season known

as the present one in point of weather—scarcely anything but N.E. wind since the commencement. Four times have I gone out to fish, and three of them been driven home by the weather. It seems as if the N.E. wind had become chronic. One of the most singular things I have found of late years in Hampshire is that the best-looking days—the days which you would have manufactured yourself if you could—days with a gentle S.W. wind and not too much of it, a cloudy sky, and a moderate temperature—constantly turn out the very worst fishing days. Dozens of such days have I seen without a particle of fly, and the fish all over the river indulging in “tails up” and feeding on the caddis, &c. It is very curious. And then, haply on a hideous, boisterous day, the river will be smothered in fly and the fish rising desperately, when you can’t put a fly over them so as to rise even a sprat. I don’t pretend to give any reason whatever for it; I only know that it is often so. But I don’t choose such weather to go out in, any the more for that. Sometimes on a rainy day, bad as it is to be out in and to endure, should you find some quiet spot where your feelings are not used to it being invaded by damp, you may fill your basket with the bonniest fish. I recollect just such a day when I got eight and a half brace of splendid fish in 150 yards of the river. But then, again, you may get wet through and never stir a fin. No, weather is not to be relied on in any way. I would ten times rather have a moderate rise, with now and then a scattering of fly and only odd fish rising here and there, than a regular eruption all over the river.

My experience is that, in these big rises big bags are not always the rule by any means. Good days are nearly always more or less fluky—you can't tell when one is going to happen, for a day may open badly and turn out a good one, and commence splendidly and die off to nothing. Keep your eyes and ears constantly employed, keep your fly in the water, and never think a day hopeless till it is quite over—for the last hour often makes up for a short take in the previous eight or nine. Beyond all, never be above giving the best information—even a fly if needed, to a brother angler, unless he is a downright scalawog. Try to do as you would be done by and so set a good example which may have influence with others.

Always be patient and long-suffering in your sport, however aggravating things will be at times—and they will sometimes be horridly exasperating. Who has not realised that day when everything persistently goes wrong—when you can't go within yards of a bush without being hung up—when, if you have a special particular pet fly, that is the one that gets hung up, and, of course, out of reach, and impossible to recover anyhow—when you lose fish after fish, if you get hold of them at all, no matter how well they are seemingly hooked—when you can't go over a bit of ordinary soft ground without getting into the particular foot-square hole, in an acre or so of it, which takes you in over your boots ; and so on ? But, however annoying things may be, be patient. Don't be like the man who got his line in a tangle, and beginning to undo it very patiently and precisely, for a time wrought care-

fully, until the tangle got more perplexing, when he began to pluck harshly at it, which of course only made it worse. On he went till rage overmastered him; he tore the tackle right and left, furiously broke each joint of the rod over his knee into flinders, flung them down and dug his heel over and into reel, rod, and all, pitched his fly-book into the river, sat down panting with indignation, and then went home and bought some more tackle. I fear me he had mistaken his vocation, and, save for the tackle-makers, would never achieve much in fishing. Don't sit up too late o' night, nor smoke too many pipes, nor imbibe too many whiskies. "Diluculo surgere saluberrime est" is an excellent motto, no doubt, but deal gently with it. Give the trout time to get their breakfasts before you worry them; for though the early fish, as well as bird, catches the worm, and the early angler may sometimes catch the fish, such long days become wearisome and trying before you get to the end of them, and it is doubtful, on the whole, whether ten hours well fished are not better than fourteen hours fished indifferently. Do what you do well and carefully, and so good sport to ye.

IN AND OUT THE DALES.*

How many years ago it is since I first visited those lovely Derbyshire dales I cannot tell, for, sooth to say, I visited them in spirit long, long before I visited them in person. Let me consider; let me "perpend my rudiments." It is now somewhere about half a century ago, a trifle more or less, when I, a lad of nine or ten, was finishing "a day at Freemart fair"—a fair then holden yearly in Portsmouth Town, and which monopolised the whole of the High-street and Parade for fourteen days, to the delight of us boys and the despair of the burghers. I remember that I had been regaled with spice-nuts, spotted boys, pig-faced and white-haired ladies, giants, dwarfs, and peep-shows. Well do I remember *them*, for there was one representing that cruel murder of the Red Barn, or "the true voracious specter" (as per the showman) "of the 'orrid tragedy of Maria Martin, or the Red Barn murder," wherein her sweetheart, one Corder, inveigled Maria Martin to the solitary Red Barn, somewhere in Suffolk, I believe, and did her to death with pistol and knife, and then with pick and shovel dug a grave and buried her within the precinct. But murder will out,

* Written in 1881.

for ghosts walked in those days and formed a detective force of their own, gifted with peculiar powers, as witness Giles Scroggings, Jacob Marley, and "the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton." So Maria appeared in a very ensanguined condition, pointing to her various wounds, arose from the open grave in terrific sulphureous clouds (from which it was clear where *she* was), and went sliding along, with a hitch now and then (due to defective machinery), which was more terrific than if she had kept straight on, and thus appearing phantomimically to her slumbering parents, she disclosed the secret of her fate, &c. All of which I remember woke me oftentimes afterwards at dead of night with dreams of shivering horror. It is fifty years ago, but I can see the Red Barn and Maria Martin's ghost now, and that quite-impossible knife which was like unto Sydney Smith's "Kime" that "the natives cut themselves with," and out of which he got such fun.

Pondering on this tremendous drama, I came across a bookstall in the fair—I always was a stall hunter—and poking about old volumes I discovered an old edition of "Izaak Walton," by Moses Brown—the first fishing work I had ever encountered. It required the whole of my remaining capital, "a splendid shilling," to purchase that delightful volume. The cuts with which Moses had adorned, *or otherwise*, his edition of the work, were too-too-too, and even now I roar with laughter at his Jemmy Jessamy and meditative anglers, with their spruce and spotless knee-breeches, hosen, and buckles. And here is a curious reflection *en passant*: "Walton" has never yet been suitably illus-

trated in the *correct* costume of the period ; what has been done by artists is this :—they have accurately depicted the costume of the period, but it is the full-dress costume, not the angling or sporting costume. Only conceive now if even Mr. Punch were to bring out a picture of a gentleman engaged in fishing in a swallow-tail coat, white tie, acres of shirt front, and cuffs, and patent leather pumps—what should we say of it ? Yet that is exactly what has been done in the case of Walton, when full-dress costumes were even more inappropriate for the field.

Then and there for the first time I visited the Dales. I will not touch upon the Waltonian portion of the book, as it is foreign to this relation, but the Cottonian part I devoured with intense delight. How I revelled in every bit of scenery described and noticed in Dove Dale ! How every incident from the journey thither to the catching of each fish and the dressing of the flies burnt itself into my memory never after to be forgotten ! That was my first acquaintance with the Dales, and it was long after that I became acquainted with quaint old Rowsley.

“ Why, dear me, friend Crayon, dost remember the day when we first pulled up at the porch of this now familiar Peacock, and admired yon wondrous carving in stone, over the doorway, of a peacock evolved certainly out of the depths of the artist’s inner consciousness—a peacock with his tail set in a gale of wind and blowing all manner of ways ? Dost thou remember ? ”

“ Truly do I. That was when poor old Cooper himself, the pleasant landlord, was alive ; and well do I remember, too, how upon the third day he haled you

off to look at the museum of one Bateman, and you objected thoroughly to be taken away from your fishing to look at "three shark's teeth, a New Zealand club, made in Manchester, and a stuffed monkey," as you said, while I went fishing—you thereafter returning much delighted with one of the finest collections of old English arms, &c., &c., &c., that you had ever seen. Indeed, I remember it all exceeding well. And now having seen our rooms and mounted our creels, let us take one sober glass of ale to the memory of old times and old friends. Now here are our tickets of permission to fish, so let us away up stream, for the August days grow shorter and we may as well make them as long as we can. See here is Fillford Bridge."

"I suppose you will feel it incumbent on you to sketch Haddon Hall," I say slyly. Now Crayon is an artist, but he is even more a fisherman, and you will not get him to leave rising fish for any sketching whatsoever.

"Haddon Hall!" he says, with profound contempt, "it's been done to death a hundred times and more. It is like Pecksniff's Salisbury Cathedral, and has been taken from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, from the north-east and from south-west. Haddon Hall from the nor'-nor'-east, Haddon Hall from the sou'-sou'-west. No, thank ye, the crowd is too big and the whole thing is on too large a scale. That ancient postern bridge though, half-hidden under broad spreading trees, and over which but one person could pass abreast at the same time, is fine. 'Tis a worthy fragment, and by my

halidame, were it not that I have seen three trout rise beneath it and a goodly one above, I would—I—I—ah!—Featly now—carefully. Faith, 'twas a neat cast, too, for that fine fellow that rose by the corner of the arch; and as good luck would have it, there he rises again and is fast. Hey-day, what a pother, master trouty! no more wilt thou seek the friendly shade of you sheltering arch though. Hither to me, my pretty spotted fellow, gently—so—into the landing net, in with you! A nice fish truly of a good three-quarters; may his capture be auspicious and but a precedent of sport to come."

Thus we stray onwards past the grand old castellated mansion of the Manners, and before them of the Vernons (Kings of the Peak entitled) and yet farther back, possibly even unto Saxon times, of the Avenels. One could fancy that the trout and grayling pay particular worship to the magnificent old hall, for some of the best streams are close beside. But the fish are comparatively wary, for perhaps no portion of the hotel water, which extends over five miles or so from Fillford Bridge to Bakewell, gets so well fished, Haddon being a magnet that draws troops upon troops of visitors all the summer long, many of whom carry their fishing rods along with them.

On we went through the loveliest meads perhaps in Derbyshire, which in their luscious greenery seem made not only to produce fat cattle, but for man's delight also. On past many a sinuous wind and turning—and surely there be few rivers that do wind and turn like the Wye; oftentimes shall you be standing on the bank of one bend and another bend will be within

a few yards of you ; yet if you follow the winding bank you shall have to cover half a mile or more before you can reach from the one spot to the other. These deep bends, however, with their many ripples and eddies, and high scarpèd banks, are where the fish most do congregate, and

Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

may be seen sucking in the tender delicate duns which come floating adown the stream, like the thoughtless ones of the world, who float upon the stream of life too lightly, regardless of the doom that lurks below. Fresh is the air, and bright the sun ; sparkling the water, and heavenly the day. Why need they trouble themselves about to-morrow, or the hopes and chances of existence ? “ Poor insect, what a little day of sunny bliss is thine ! ” Fate yawns for you beneath that crystal wave you sit so lightly and cockily upon. Suddenly there is a small whirlpool, and a huge cavernous recess, set with a double row of horrid teeth, gapes above and below, the water rushes in to fill the fearful pit, the terrible jaws clash together like the brazen gates to Tophet, and, “ poor insect,” indeed ! you are no longer a sentient thing, but mere animal provant.

In pitying these pretty, delicately-pencilled creatures, however, one is apt to forget that they themselves, possibly but a brief hour since, were savage, devouring monsters in their sphere, too, and just as terrible to the lesser insects of the waters as that all-devouring trout now is to them and theirs. For some of the larvæ of water-flies—and notably that of that delicate

creature, the Mayfly, or green drake—are, when in the larva state, the most savage and blood-thirsty little monsters possible, chopping up, with their sharp-pointed forceps, small fish and insects fully of their own size; and you can hardly, perhaps, get a worse pest into your hatching-boxes, amongst your trout and salmon eggs, or alevins, than a dozen or so of Mayfly larvæ. The only insect pests at all equal to them in their destructive powers are the larvæ of the big dragon-fly, and the water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginalis*, both in its natural and its larva state; in the latter, so savage and destructive is it that it is called the water-devil. It is almost incredible what these insects will attack and devour. Fortunately, they are small creatures; for were they not their rapacity would be too terrible. Look at a drop of water in a microscope, and you will see a parallel there. I am afraid that, beneficent as is the whole scheme of creation, a great deal of what sentimentalists regard as savagery and slaughter goes on amongst even the most (reputedly) tender and placid creatures.

Peep into that region of wonders, the Brighton Aquarium, with me; regard that gorgeous tank, crammed with anemones of every form and hue, like a blooming bed of beauteous flowers—asters, daisies, chrysanthemums, anemones, ranunculuses, and fifty others. See that actinia, in rose-leaf hues. How tender, how reposeful! How innocently harmless! But let any wandering shrimp come half a fraction of a barleycorn too close to those charming and inviting harmless arms, and see how promptly he is collared, and how arm after arm enfolds him, struggle he never

so madly and heroically ! How, finally, enwrapped in fifty filaments, he disappears into what we may call the calyx of the anemone ! Horrible fate ! Ah, those sirens ! those sirens, and all the so-called myths of antiquity ! They are only myths to those whose imperfect knowledge forbids them to understand the parable. What was the Lernean Hydra slain of Hercules, for example, but a huge octopus ? If you doubt it, read your Victor Hugo, perpend the devil-fish, and doubt no longer. You will thus, at any rate, have gained one step upon the ladder of wisdom, if, as the modern poet says—

For little fools trust all to much,
But great ones not all.

But this is moralising and day-dreaming ; not that it is altogether an unprofitable mood to walk the meads in. And thus we wander on, Crayon and I, till we reach the stream below the wilderness, or “kingfisher’s haunt,” a wild and charming bit of scenery, an island wilderness, surrounded by pretty streams more or less fishable. At the foot-bridge below the weir we make a pause, for Crayon is seized with a sketching fit and sits down resolutely to his work ; but, unfortunately, at his feet runs one of the best grayling streams on the river, which is rarely without a moving fish, and he has not well got his outlines on paper when a fish begins to rise, which at once relegates the pencil to the pocket. For *that* fish *must* be caught ; and the Academy consequently loses a pretty, breezy “Bit on the Wye,” with Mr. Piscator plying his art in the distance.

From this, up to the iron foot-bridge, we pass stream after stream of lovely grayling water, and when the fish are on the rise here, it is a sight to see and to remember. In the pool below the bridge at Bakewell we pause to note some great big fellows rising far out and beyond reach. A very pretty shallow this, of probably a hundred yards or so in length. On this bit I once killed eight and a half brace of very nice trout, with not a grayling among them, and, though there are very large trout in places on this shallow, they do not come to hand every day. But the evening is falling fast, the fish have ceased to rise, and, satisfied with our sport, let us turn aside now. A short walk through the clean little town, and the welcome portals of the Rutland Arms receive us. There is just time to wash our hands before the seven o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, with its pleasant company of hungry anglers and tourists.

A pleasant drive of three or four miles the next morning, through the village of Ashford, lands us at the new bridge at the entrance to Monsal Dale. And here, again, while I am out-tackling, Crayon rubs in a few outlines. But fish are seen to rise, and he soon forsakes the pencil for the rod. It is a curious thing to note how each of these Dales varies from and is utterly unlike the other. Monsal Dale is peculiar; though the hills that enclose it, often closely, are in places precipitous and wild enough, and often thickly wooded, there is a softness and sylvan beauty about the scenery peculiarly its own.

Here, too, is a singular pile of rocks, which bear a rude resemblance to a castle tower, and this is called

“Hob’s” Castle—Hob being supposed to be a certain goblin ; manifestly, of course, a Hobgoblin, and a sort of Robin Goodfellow, since he did good work now and then for farmers or their wives when they were kind to him, and placed bowls of cream and cakes out for his delectation. As Milton says—

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
Which ten day-labourers could not end.

A very proper sort of goblin, a very estimable goblin, and it is a very great pity that all such personages are now abolished by Act of Parliament. I suppose, however, if they were not they would be “comprehended as vagrom characters” by the rural police. But garrulousness, that vice of age, is getting hold upon us.

The river here, though it does not wind about nearly so much as below Bakewell, has plenty of sharp bends and big deep pools to shelter any quantity of fish. The water, too, is heavier than it is higher up, and the fish less often found on the feed—at least at the fly. Crayon, I see, has contrived to bag a grayling or two, while I have done the same kind offices for a leash of trout, and am engaged in trying to tempt a fine fellow of above a pound in weight out of the neck of a long, deep, round, swelling pool where the river makes a sudden turn in its course and goes off at right angles. The bank is fringed with alders, and the cast is not an easy one owing to the trees behind. Twice, however, have I covered the fish, and twice have I seen the rogue come up to the fly and drop back a yard or two with his nose almost touching it,

so closely does he think it necessary to scan it. Both times, however, as he reaches the glide, he leaves it and returns to his observatory at the neck. But the colour is right, though the sun is rather bright, which makes him shy. No doubt his wonder is raised that a fly, otherwise so accurate in details, should have such a curly tail, to say nothing of that long shiny filamentous appendage extending from the mouth, and which excites suspicion in his scaly bosom. But the sky is clouded now, the water ruffled with a little breeze, and once more the fly goes true to its mark and lights like a shadow two feet above the fish; once more he rises to it, this time he sees neither curly tail nor filament. There is a little dimple on the water as he gently raises his nose, a slight turn of my wrist is followed by a prodigious plunge on the surface, and then rushing down into the depths up and across he takes out line like a little salmon; nor is he to be denied, for if I check him hook, gut, or hold will give way. They fight like Turks these Derbyshire fish, not being like Hamlet, "fat and scant o' breath." Up and down, trying for every sheltering weed or bank, he goes, then back again, and "Here we go round (not the mulberry), but the alder bush," and it is no easy matter to steer him out of it. But his time is come at last, and after a grand fight Mr. Piscator's landing net scoops him out, as it has many an one of more than double his weight, a handsome fish of a pound and a quarter, the fish of the day, I doubt not. Bravo! my little Olive quill, offspring of my friend Marryat's invention, and one of the most irresistible insects which can be put over a trout, from

John o'Groat's to Land's End, and I blow out the feathers of the wee tempter lovingly. Thus we go on from stream to stream and pool to pool, until it is time for lunch.

Why here we are in the midst of a rabbit warren, and Thomas-a-Keeper comes to us to look at our cards of permission—a very civil, decent fellow, who pockets his half-crown and takes his sip from the flask with hearty good wishes for our sport, as a keeper should. And now we adjourn to a little hillock crowned with a thorn bush, and spread out the frugal luncheon in sweet repose and shelter. And sitting here I moralise like the melancholy Jaques or the sixth Henry upon Towton field.

Oh, God, methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly point by point,
Thereby to see the moments as they run.

* * * * *

Oh, what a life were this, how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy,
To kings who fear their subjects' treachery?

“Yes, how true it all is; and how Shakespeare, if there ever was a Shakespeare, finds fitting expression for every phase of life and thought! Who wouldn't prefer to be here sitting on this hill carving out dials even of bread and ham as quaintly as you please, to being in the kingly editorial chair worried by printers' devils, fearing the treachery of jealous rivals, and howled at now and then by an unsympathetic public?

Yes, Monsal Dale is preferable to Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, or the Strand, and let us be as homely as we can, provided we are not too homely to obtain permission to fish these lovely Dales from their considerate proprietors. *Apropos des bottles*—was there a Shakespeare?—that is, a Shakespeare who wrote all those plays and produced those splendid creations? Had Shakespeare the learning and education and general acquaintance with poetic literature; had he that close community with the highest society, that complete and intimate knowledge of the most minute characteristics of most polished gentlemen which is shown throughout these plays; or were they written by another, and conveyed to Shakespeare to be acted for a consideration? as some do roundly assert, and with some show of argument too. It is certain that he never openly claimed the authorship, and yet he had a good notion too of claiming and realising and sticking to what *was* his own. Can we have set up a false Dagon, a brazen serpent, as mankind are so apt to do?"

Here Crayon breaks in: "It is hard to get at truth in anything, even when it is directly under your nose; and when the question to be investigated happened years ago, and all the witnesses are dead and gone, it is doubly difficult to say what is truth. As Mr. Chadband said, 'What is Terewth, my friends. If the master of this house were to go forth into the city and there to see an eel, and was to come back and was to call untoe him the mistress of this house, and was to say, Sarah, rejoice with me, for I have seen an elephant, would that be Terewth?' I fear not, and yet it is quite astonishing too what a number of

house masters do go forth and see eels and come home and rejoice that they have seen elephants. How then can one believe history?" continues Crayon, taking up my parable. "Is it all a lie? Was Shakespeare, Bacon? Wasn't crookbacked Richard a most estimable person? the princes in the Tower, horrid little monsters whom it was a charity to smother—nay, were they ever in the Tower at all? Wasn't Nero a hero, and Titus a hypocrite and diplomatist of the period, who knew how to manipulate the press and play on public opinion?" and he paused for a reply. What a train of thought is opened to us here! Are we to throw in our creed with that of the deeply experienced examiner who, when a student under examination translated *anthropos* as "a robber" said, "You take a very gloomy, but I am constrained to admit, an accurate view of human nature, sir." Alas, if all the baits humanity rises at and swallows so voraciously are no better than this artificial fly, let us by all means be that "humble swain" and have as little to do with affairs as possible.

The subject was getting dry, and Crayon, taking out his flask, a real old leather-covered concern, of the last century pretty nearly, balanced it in his hand and sang with emphasis and gesture—

When I survey the world around,
The wondrous things that do abound,
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To keep out foes that none come in;
Well, let them all say what they can,
'Twas for one end—the use of man;
So I hope his soul in heaven may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel,

and, taking a deep draught, he passed it to me, and then we got up, shouldered our rods, and fell to our fishing again.

Just below us and on the other side are two wonderful ponds called the "Quaker's ponds," fed by a little stream from the limestone, the water of which is marvellously bright and clear. They cover some three or four acres of ground, and are full of very fine trout, which are not easy to catch. Having finished our luncheon we once more get to our fishing. And now we pass some lovely water (perhaps the cream of the Dale), where fish are both plentiful and large, and the baskets grow in weight, whilst hour by hour slips by. As the afternoon wanes we come to a pretty waterfall which descends over the weir of a large pool about sixty yards wide and above a quarter of a mile long. The water here is almost still, there being a very slight current, but it abounds in very fine fish, some of them of 2lb. weight and more. We can see them swimming to and fro as we walk onwards towards the neck of the pool, where a lofty viaduct spans the valley; and we watch a train come thundering across it and disappear suddenly into the bowels of the earth as it reaches a tunnel in the hill on the other side. The effect is perfectly magical—now all roar and thunder, then a whiff of smoke and sudden silence. Passing under the viaduct, we saunter up the bank, cross a hand-bridge, and pursuing the stream, which is here dull and dubbish, we pick up a nice trout or two, until we reach the plank bridge just below the railway station. A further saunter above this shows us still some very pretty water and fine

trout therein, with an opening view of Cressford mill—a big factory most picturesquely placed amidst waterfalls, rocks, and greenery of all descriptions. The view is charming, but our time is up, so we make our way up to the station, with brimming baskets and tired limbs which have well earned a temporary rest.

The next station to Monsal Dale is Millers Dale, and here we land on the succeeding morning, and proceeding down a very steep road reach the bridge which spans the river. Here we stop to tackle up, and the keeper comes to us from an adjoining cottage. It is a question whether we shall go up or down stream, but I decide upon “up.” There is much more water and the scenery is far more lovely. Below, it is not remarkable, and though there are fine trout and grayling, the mills often interfere with the state of water. We therefore (after trying some wary old trouts which are always rising just above the bridge, and being contemptuously declined by them), go through the gate, along the private road towards a small wood, above which there are large limestone quarries (plentiful hereabouts), in which they are constantly blasting. It is not an uncommon thing it appears to have a shower of stones and rocks descending about your ears in this wood, and the keeper tells us how, but a month or two previously, a stone twice the size of his head plunged into the mud within two yards of him. We therefore do not dwell within that wood, pretty as the scenery is, but hurry on to the exit, where is another railway viaduct. Here we are safe, and in some very fine water find some very fine trout, too, of which one or two are coaxed into our creels; for, as luck will have

it, there was a heavy thunderstorm last night and the rain that fell coloured the water which is exactly what Millers Dale requires. You see quite a different and superior class of fish on the feed under such circumstances, and may make a capital bag of them averaging a pound apiece or thereby, which you never can do when the water is clear. The fish soon learn their rudiments in these clear streams, but they seem to lose their caution in coloured water.

On yonder peaceful little island a foul murder was committed several years ago. The river here belongs to the Bagshawe family, who live in a fine old residence but a short distance away over the hill. Buxton has a sort of mixed population, including a dash of rowdies and miners who are desperate poachers, and who go a poaching in large gangs. Several years ago, news was brought one evening up to the Hall that a gang of poachers were netting the stream, and young Bagshawe, a very promising, plucky young fellow, joined the keepers and went down to stop the mischief. In the quarrel that ensued he was struck down by a heavy stake upon that island by one of the poachers and slaughtered like a bullock. The gang escaped in the darkness, but five of them were afterwards arrested; nothing, however, could be proved, and the murderer got off his punishment by any human tribunal. But this is an eery subject for so pleasant a prospect, and here, from this stout plank bridge upwards, is some very pretty water which holds fine fish and plenty of them, when there is plenty of fly also to show them. From this the vale gathers rapidly in wildness, picturesqueness, and beauty.

Presently we come upon quite a sizeable stream, which, when we attempt to cross some sixty yards or so up, we find springs suddenly from the ground in three or four most copious jets that, combined, pour out of the limestone a supply which would suffice for a considerable portion of London. It is beautifully clear and pure, and as Crayon remarked, "after a toilsome climb along the other bank" (which is very precipitous), "it mixes excellently with whisky and gives a strong temperance flavour to it."

"I only wish," said Crayon, as like the stranger—

He stooped to the well of St. Keyne, and drank of its waters again,

"I only wish, my sparkling beauty, that I had you in my back garden at Twickenham—what a property you would be! While here you are not worth twopence a year. What a deal there is in locality!"

"Why don't you wish you had that five-acre plateau yonder in Lombard-street and Cheapside while you are about it?" I growled.

"No harm in wishing," said Crayon cheerily, as we turned and clambered up the steep and slippery path which merged Millers Dale into what is called Chee Dale. Now I have seen Killarney and Loch Lomond, the Trossachs and the west of Connemara, they are all lovely, but they cannot hold a candle to Chee Dale. The river here runs for a distance at the foot of a wall of stratified rock some hundreds of feet in height, which springs abruptly from the very bank, and is called Chee Tor. It is beautifully crowned with a broken outline of fine foliage, while on the other side

a confusion of rock, bank, ferns, and foliage of all kinds trends precipitously away behind, as you plunge on from beautiful pool to more beautiful pool, all filled with still more beautiful trout.

It is impossible to describe adequately the loveliness of the next mile or so of the river. In some parts, notably at the "Lover's Leap," the river is not to be approached, but runs through a chasm in rocks, clad with creepers and ferns that hang down to the dark waters eddying below.

Crayon could hardly fish, he was so affected. "And here's a cave, too!" he said, pointing out a hole where two big stones had been brought together either by nature or art, leaving a sort of hollow like an Egyptian tomb beneath. "Here some jolly old hermit, no doubt, lived and enjoyed the most beautiful scenes and had all the best of the fishing to himself, and deluded the public to come and consult him about their corns or their indigestions or their future prospects, or something, and bring him venison pasties and apple turnovers and larded capons and bottles of consoling mixtures and runlets of ale, and so forth, whilst charming females sang—

‘Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,’

Very pretty, upon my veracity! A nice little freehold, truly! 'Live in my heart and pay no rent,' as Paddy says. And this was the sort of place that they used to pretend to practise *Æstheticism* in."

"Practise what, Crayon? *Æstheticism*!"

"No, no. I—I mean a—a—asceticism. But it's

all the same, you know—all just alike to hermits and such folks.”

“Oh,” I rejoined, “it’s all the same to hermits, doubtless, since the last one vanished with Vauxhall, and there are no Troglodytes hereabouts in these days.”

But the mistake had discomposed Crayon, who rather prides himself on his accuracy, so he fell again to fishing, making his way slowly on up to the railway junction, whence, after a delightful day, we got back with famous creels to our starting point, the station at Buxton. And here we must leave the reader and betake ourselves to the great Babylon again, where much accumulated business awaits us. Crayon returns to his mill, I to mine, blessing the beneficent award which made work the wholesome lot of all living, since without it how should we really enjoy play.

UP AND DOWN.

Up and down the brook we go
From morning time till dewy eve ;
Light the feathered fly we throw,
And the wary trout deceive.
Sweet the winds that round us sing,
And glad the ear with tuneful strain ;
Sweet the flowers that round us spring
And deck with gems the verdant plain.

When the sun with scorching heat
Upon the glassy stream doth shine,
Choose we then some mossy seat,
And 'neath the spreading trees recline,
Looking upwards through the leaves
That languid hang upon the spray ;
Scarce a breath the lightest heaves ;
And thus we pass the hours away.

Lightly then our sports resume,
And ply the rod with zealous care ;
Pleased with toil, tho' fortune doom
Disappointment to our share.
When the gloaming ends the day
From harvest moon a light we borrow ;
Homeward take a cheerful way
To dream of sport until to-morrow.

TOM BOWERS'S CHRISTMAS.

If you know a pleasanter place to spend Christmas in than Shawford Grange, you may tell me; but, you will have a very hard task indeed to convince me of it. My old friend Fred Forrester has been a lucky man; he has contrived to get the nicest wife and the nicest place for its size in Starkshire. He has the nicest children, too, that I know of, and one or two of them call me Godpapa. Fred and I were boys together, and were subsequently in the same office, though he was several years older than I was, and leaving in the first year of my articles, I lost sight of him for years. I never quite learnt what happened to him during that period, though I heard that fate was rather rough on him; but when I came to meet with him again, he was married and settled at Shawford. An accidental *rencontre* led to a closer acquaintance. When first I knew him, Shawford, though a nice place, was not what it is now. A far-away uncle, who had made a largish pile by mining out west, died, and left Fred his heir; and an adjoining estate coming into the market just then, he became the purchaser. Yes, he *was* a lucky chap, no doubt of it. It is better to be born lucky than rich, they say; I dare say it is; unfortunately I have no very wide experience of

either. Breakfast is over and the post comes in, and with it a letter from Fred, which contains an invitation for the Christmas week, with all the usual good news. There are plenty of pheasants in the coverts, and a fair sprinkling of cocks in Key-dell. There's a very big pike in the Lang Mere, which has eaten several broods of Dawkins', the headkeeper's ducks, and against which that worthy man vows dire vengeance. The Squash is full of snipe, and ducks and teal are pretty plentiful. The children have a party on Christmas Eve, and look forward to Godpapa's coming with uproarious anticipation, and Emily Harefield is coming over to help amuse the children. I don't know why that particular sentence should produce a flush on my cuticle, but, as I happen to glance at the glass over the mantelpiece, I am aware that it does do so. I am to meet Sam Walters at Waterloo by the 4.20 train on the 23rd, and that will land us at Sandover Road station, whence we have only a couple of miles to drive to be in time for dinner.

Sam is a boy of twenty-five or so. I have ten years the advantage of him; but we are hail-fellow-well-met; and he is far more experienced in the ways of the world than I am—or thinks he is—and I don't contradict him.

"These your gun-cases, gents? have 'em in the carriage? The 'amper is in the back wan. Thank ye, sir," and the porter shuts us in carefully, and the guard locks the door and walks away, to the great indignation of a perspiring party who comes up just then, and views our isolation with green jealousy, and

shouts to the guard to "hunlock this door," and wants to know "whether we've paid for a compartment." To Sam's bland and smiling assurance that there is plenty of room in the next carriage he shakes his head resolutely, and repeats, "Here, hunlock this door!" But the guard is very deaf and very busy, and the porters to whom he appeals grin, but "han't got no key;" and so in the end the train begins to move on, and the guard hustles him ignominiously into an adjoining carriage, which is all but full, and whence he glares at us at the stations, threatening to write to the papers, &c., and is generally cheerful and entertaining. Ninety minutes or so of travelling lands us at Sandover Road, and here we find a carriage waiting, and twenty minutes' drive brings us to Shawford, where my kind hosts are delighted to see me, and I am enveloped in children, who must kiss Godpapa, for right well are they aware that there is a trunk for them quite full of the newest and most splendid toys somewhere among my luggage.

I follow the portmanteaux to the blue room, which is always mine—it has a beautiful look-out through an ivy-clad oriel window on the terrace and garden, with the mere just peeping between the trees beyond—and I throw myself into a real old easy chair, big enough for a hall porter. A blazing wood fire is burning. Slowly I get myself into sables, and descend to dinner. Nothing remarkable takes place. We have a good dinner and a pleasant smoke and chat after; and the next day we shoot the coverts. The pheasants are plentiful and rise well, but my

mind is rambling, and I don't shoot in good form. Woodcocks flit down the rides right into my face, and don't get shot at even. "Mark cock ! Dash my wig, Tom, that cock must have come right over you," said Fred on one of these occasions ; " Why didn't you let loose at him ? " " Fact is, old man, I was thinking of something else at the time, and didn't see him till he was out of sight." Fred looked hard at me for a moment or two, clucked his tongue, wheeled round sharp and stopped a bunny going across the ride, then walked away further up the ride, putting in fresh cartridges as he went. The shoot ended with a total of about fifty head per gun.

Dinner was over when various rat-tat-tats announced the arrival of the young people, and Jack whispered to me that " Emmy had come, and was in the school-room, and had promised to dance the first dance with him." I don't intend to describe what ensued. I had taken several lessons from a professional conjuror for some weeks, and, in a professional robe covered with cabalistic signs, I performed such marvels, that if I had developed a pair of horns, a tail, and a sulphurous odour then and there, none of my small audience would have felt much surprised. Something, too, happened in that recess in the course of the evening ; if you want to know what really took place, I shall have to refer you to Mrs. Tom Bowers, who is now dressing a doll for our youngest, aged three, on the other side of the hearth. The mistletoe was there, however, and—and—I believe we found it out.

The next day was Christmas Day. The bells rang

gloriously out over the still crisp air, and after church we all repaired to the shrubbery pond, a small shallow pool which froze easily, and which Jack and Dawkins announced would bear; and here we had an hour or two's skating, to get up our appetite for the turkey, beef, pudding, and mince pie.

The dinner over, Fred, Sam, and I retired to the snuggerly to smoke and maunder. It was a glorious snuggerly, decorated with trophies of the chase, rods, nets, guns, pipes, &c., all carefully inclosed in glass cases. Three large easy chairs were placed around the fire; the kettle sang on the hob, and liquors and tobaccos various were at hand.

"Hallo! why, here's a new trophy!" said I; "where did Master Reynard come from?" and I pointed to a fine fox in a case, set up in first-rate style, and as natural almost as life.

"Well, Sam can tell that," said Fred quizzically; "it isn't my story," and he lighted his long meer-schaum.

"It an't a bad one, fix it how you will," said Sam, flipping off the ash of his cigar. "You see I was asked to shoot at Sir Francis Bolt's, over at the Priory—so was Fred here, and we drove over. It was a very grand affair indeed. The Duc de Montebellini was staying there, and everything was being done in the most gorgeous style. That ass Yawley—Hawley-Yawley as they call him—was there, and la-di-da'd about all over the place, till I got so sick of him that, if I'd seen his legs near enough to a bush to have called it an accident, I'd have been tempted to draw on 'em. Well, the shooting was

hot at times, and one of these times a fox jumped up, and, before he knew what it was, Yawley let drive and bowled him over. The duke, a nice little fellow who couldn't speak much English, shot next to him, and I'm hanged if Yawley didn't poke it off on him. He knew they wouldn't say anything to him about it; so he coolly whispered to the head-keeper, with a wink and a thumb over the shoulder, 'Dook shot a fox, he! he! don't say a word about it, but just go and bury it quick out of sight.' He knew that Leathers wouldn't talk about it, as a fox shot in their coverts would be too awful in a hunting country. So Leathers and one of the beaters cut back and buried it out of hand. 'Wot's that he said?' asked the beater; 'that ere furrin dook shot tha vox?' 'Yas,' said Leathers; 'but don't you go a-hollerin' now, or it 'll be wuss for you.' 'I be'nt a-goin to holler; but lor, lor! wot liards some of them gents is, to be sure! Whoy, he shot 'n hissself!'

"'Noa,' says Leathers.

"'But a did; tell 'ee a zeed un.'

"'Howld thee gob, Jack,' said Leathers; 'we'll ha sum larks over this.' So they buried reynard. You know what a beastly screw Yawley is. I don't hold with over-paying keepers, but I think a really good day is worth a sov. Yawley magnanimously presented Leathers with two half-crowns.

"'Would you like some game, Mr. Yawley?' asked Sir Francis.

"'Thanks,' drawled Yawley; 'yaas, if you'll let your man put me up four or five brace of pheasants

and half a dozen hares or so in a hamper, I'll be obliged.'

"Sir Francis smiled to himself, but said nothing. 'I'm sorry the duke shot that fox, Leathers, but you must take care it doesn't ooze out,' he said just after.

" 'Lord bless 'ee, sir, the dook never shot'n, not he; he's too good a sportsman, though he be a furriner,' said Leathers.

" 'Why, who did then?' asked Sir F. in great amazement. Leathers pointed over his shoulder in the direction that Yawley had just gone.

" 'Never?' said Sir F.

" 'Ee did, though, and then shoved it on the dook; Shackel seed un.'

" '—— him!' said Sir F., in a sudden fit of unwonted heat; 'what a skunk! And now he wants only five brace of pheasants and half-a-dozen hares or so to take away with him.'

" 'Well, he's a werry liberal gent hisself, I will say that; he did gi' me five shillins.'

" 'H'm!' said Sir F., gradually breaking into a smile. 'Well, we shall see.'

" 'Yawley, they haven't packed that hamper of yours. They waited till the game was cold; but I'll see that it is packed, and sent on by to-night's train, addressed to your club, if that is convenient.'

" 'Do admirably, thank yaw; save a lot of trouble too. Ta-ta.'

" Yawley is a member of the ——, and I put a man or two on next day but one, and looked in about lunch time; and just as Yawley was leaving the club,

the hall porter came up to him: 'Beg pardon, sir, but there's a 'amper—game I think—just come for you. What 'll you 'ave done with it?'

"'Oh! ah! hampa from Sir Francis Bolt's—shootin' tha' day 'fore yes'day with the Dook of Montebellini. Tell ya' good joke about him presently. Haw, haw!'" he continued to three or four men, including myself, who were standing by. 'Chawles, get three or four baskets, and give me as many labels; we'll send 'em about;'" and he addressed some labels, and then, accompanied by the bystanders, went down to unpack the hamper.

"'Pretty full and heavy, eh? ve'y kind of Saw Francis, I'm shaw. Plenty straw seeminly,'" as he tossed it out. 'Now then? Hallo! what's this?'" as, having laid hold of a paw, he hauled out, in full view, a very fine old dog fox, which was reclining on a dozen bricks in the bottom of the hamper; on his neck was a label with Sir Francis's compliments. There were shrieks—roars. I never heard such a yell of laughter in a respectable club in my life.

"The sight of that fox was like the 'chunk of old red sandstone' that took Bret Harte's friend 'in the abdomen' in the row on the Stanislaw:

He smole a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Yawley dropped the fox with a feeble grin, and wasn't seen at the club again for six weeks. I sent it to Ward's to be set up; and there it is!"

"By the way, Fred, you never told me the story of that otter and pike, though you promised to;" and I

pointed to a stuffed otter and a pike of 16lb. or 18lb. or so, in the same case, at the end of the room.

“Didn’t I? No, I don’t think I ever did,” said Fred musingly. “It was connected with my earlier days, when I first knew Shawford. I don’t mind if I tell it to you now. You remember when I left old Wopshot’s office, but you did not know why. My father died, as you may have heard, and left his affairs a good deal involved. Much depended upon a partner who had gone to Australia on some matter of business, and who was supposed to have been murdered at the diggings. Unfortunately, he had papers, without which large claims due to the firm could not be prosecuted. The banks were quite favourable to us, but nothing could be done until these papers could be produced, and the fate of poor Jones made certain. Without this there was mighty little left for any of us. I determined, therefore, to take a berth as land surveyor or bailiff for the present. Some time before, I was making a fishing tour in Northumberland during my holidays, and there I met with Mr. Peters and his daughter Lucy, now my wife. We got very friendly, and made some excursions together—one to the Pin Well in a lonely glen near Wooler. The legend was that if, just at sunset, you cast a pin into the well, repeating a certain rhyme, you would see the face of your sweetheart on the water. I had joked Lucy about this; and one evening she induced the woman who waited on them to go with her to the well, and went through the ceremony. What she saw I don’t know, but she came back in a very alarmed and hysterical state, though

she recovered next day, when I had to leave, as my time was up. After that my father died, and I had to look round for something to do, as what little there was my mother and sister, of course, needed. It so happened that Mr. Peters, who chanced to be in town, heard of this, and looked me up. He had always liked me, and he offered me the management of his estate, with the cottage at the cross roads for a residence for myself, mother, and sister ; and I gladly accepted it. I had paid a good deal of attention to Lucy when I met her in the north ; but in my now altered circumstances I did not feel justified in continuing to do so. Accordingly, though I often met the dear girl, I was merely distantly polite. As is often the case in old houses of this kind, there was of course a ghostly legend attached, of a white lady who walked by the mere at certain times of the moon. She had not been heard of for years, when suddenly there ensued talk of the white lady. Various people had seen her, or fancied they had ; though of course Mr. Peters and I pooh-poohed it. At that time, too, a very unpleasant thing came about ; articles of jewellery, mostly those belonging to Lucy, began to be missed. Valuable rings, necklets, bracelets, &c., set with precious stones, disappeared in the most mysterious way. The servants in the house had been there from children. The only person frequenting the house who was at all a novelty was myself. Of course Mr. Peters never thought of me in connection with the jewellery, but I didn't half like it, and I racked my brains to think how the theft could be effected ; but I could not solve it, and still the

robbery went on. One morning old Dawkins came to me and asked me to watch with him next night for an otter that haunted the mere, and I promised to do so, as the old fellow made rather a point of it. I had been a good deal disturbed in my mind, for Lucy had missed that very morning a handsome snake bracelet, which went twice round the arm and clasped at the head and tail, the head glittering with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. It was a very handsome bracelet, which she had worn the night before, and now, though they searched high and low, it could not be found. It was most extraordinary; we could not account for it. Night came, however, and we sought a little bothy which Dawkins had made near the edge of the mere. He had his gun, and was resolved to make an end of Master Otter if he could.

“ ‘Master Fred,’ said he, as we sat watching in the moonlight, ‘Mr. Fred,’ he said in solemn tones, ‘I fear ’s I be’nt long for this world.’

“ ‘Why, what on earth do you mean, Dawkins?’ I asked.

“ ‘I seed the White Lady last night sir, as ever wor; and they as dooes that don’t never live werry long arter, they says.’

“ ‘White Lady, be blowed! what nonsense! You saw a shadow, or a wreath of mist, or something of that sort.’

“ ‘That I didn’t, sir; I see her as plain as I see you now. She came along the shore there over the far side, and went on to the jetty to the end, and stood on the werry brink and waved her hand over the

water, as if trying to cast something from her; then she wrung her hands, and gradually disappeared in the trees. But hist! what's that!'

"There was a splash some sixty yards away, and evidence of a severe struggle, as we saw the otter come up to the surface, fighting fiercely with a big pike. Now the pike pulled the otter under; now the otter got him to the surface. It was a desperate encounter, but the fish seemed to get weaker and weaker as they drew nearer and nearer to the bank, and finally the otter scrambled ashore with his prey about thirty yards off us, when a wire cartridge from old Dawkins's gun put an end to the struggle. When we got to them, both otter and pike were at their last gasp. We took them up and carried them to Dawkins's cottage, and I returned to mine. The next morning, before I was down, old Dawkins came to me in a great hurry.

"'What do you think, Mr. Fred? As I was a-cleaning out that there big pike, I found this here in his innards;' and he produced a beautiful snake bracelet, set with rubies, diamonds, and emeralds, which I recognised at once as Lucy's. While turning it over, a sudden thought struck me, and bidding him be silent and say nothing of his discovery, I determined to watch for myself for a night or two; then, stationing myself in a low boathouse close to the jetty, I did so. The first night I had my watch for nothing. The second night I was sitting in the boat, and had almost fallen asleep, when a light footstep on the gravel path which leads to the jetty struck on my ear, and I became all attention instantly, as a female figure

in a white *robe-de-chambre* walked on to the jetty, and, going to the end, stretched her arms over the water. Something glistened in her hand under the moonbeams, and in a low tone she murmured,

‘Fairy, fairy, tell me true,
Does my sweetheart dwell with you?’

As she spoke these words she dropped the glittering object into the water, and it disappeared with a slight splash; then, wringing her hands, she turned round, presenting to my gaze the face of Lucy in a state of somnambulism. She came slowly down the jetty, still wringing her hands, and disappeared among the trees. She had been enacting the adventure of the fairy’s well, and using her jewellery for pins. The next day I apprised her father of the circumstance; he had the spot well dredged, and they recovered the whole of the missing jewellery.

“I got some information by letter about that time from the governor of the prison at Sydney, which induced me to expect that the whole of the property which belonged to my father would be recovered. The news somehow led to a very pleasant conversation with Mr. Peters, and a far pleasanter one with Lucy subsequently, and when I left England we were engaged to be married on my return, property or no property — for that was the dear old man’s will. I went to Sydney, where I found a noted bushranger in prison, who confessed the murder of my father’s partner, with whom, before he took to the bush, he had some dealings; and he returned to me the whole of the papers, which placed

me in very easy circumstances. Lucy gave up sleep-walking as soon as we were engaged; and that is the history of the pike and otter. Master Pikey must have seen the bracelet as it fell through the water in the moonlight, and grabbed it as a delicacy, no doubt. And now, Tom, it's your turn; turn out your budget. You usually pick up a good yarn or two at the club, and you can't have failed to bag one or two."

"Well," said I, "I did hear one or two the other night, I confess. Jack Peel and Con Delaney were lying against one another, as is their nature to, and two of their efforts touched the sublime. Jack Peel is the most inventive man I know, and if not himself 'the father of lies,' as an Arab would term him, he is a very near relation. 'I was fishing on the Machine Barn shallow on the Test three years ago,' said he, 'a sweet piece of water, and there are one or two stakes left on it where the old bridge stood, which the fish are fond of. The grannom was up in swarms, and there was a fine fish—at least a three-pounder, rising just below the further stake. I fished over that fish, sir, a dozen times beautifully, but I couldn't rise him. I changed to another shade of fly, but it was no go—look at me he wouldn't. At length I noticed that he didn't take every fly that came over him, but only certain ones, and those not even at equal intervals. What did *this* mean? Then, after a time, I noticed that he only took such flies as happened to quiver and give a flutter of the wing as they passed. Thus you see he was an artful old customer, and had been hooked before, and

wouldn't take any fly, no matter how well it floated, unless he saw it actually move.

“ ‘ Well, I thought about this for a minute or two, and then a bright idea struck me. I do get a bright idea now and then, you know.’ ‘ Begorra, ye do ! ’ said Con Delaney ; ‘ *lucid intervals.* ’ Jack grinned and went on : ‘ Well, I pitched my fly over to him nice and dry, so that cast and all lay on the surface ; and just as the fly came to the fish, I gave the butt of the rod two or three sharp taps, thus communicating a vibration to the line, which in turn communicated a quiver to the fly. At this, sir, though the same fly had been over him twenty times before without notice, I give you my word, sir, he rose and gulped it in without a moment’s hesitation. Well, sir, I played that fish for ten minutes, and had him under the rod twice—I saw him distinctly, he was as near 3lb. as possible—when by some mischance he got foul of a weed, and broke me. I did not fish that shallow again that year ; but next season, about the same time, having a ticket from my friend, I was on the same bit of water. The rise came on, and if you’ll *believe me*, hang me if there wasn’t the same fish rising in exactly the same place. I tried him two or three times. No, he wouldn’t have it ; not he. Then I suddenly remembered my experience of last season, and, as the fly came over him, I gave the magic tap-tap to the butt of the rod ; and by Jove, sir, I had him in a second. This time I had better luck, for I got him out, and he weighed just 4lb. 2oz., having increased a pound in the twelvemonth, so that I lost nothing by leaving

him. What do you think of that?' 'Think!' said Charley Prosser, 'well, if I must say it, I think with the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, that taps is wanities.'"

"What said Con to that?" asked Fred; "surely he could not sit down under such a challenge."

"Not he; he was quite equal to the occasion. 'Boys,' says he, 'ye heard how Charley Prosser lost his fish the other day by its running into a drain, and so up into the sewer, and down another drain into the river again, and was caught half a mile below the weirs with a bung and a bit of bread next day, with the identical fly in his mouth.

"'I?' said Charley, with surprise, 'I? This is the first I've heard of it! Now for a cracker.' 'Well,' said Con, 'I was playin' a shuperb fish the other day in Twyford meadows; he was a five-pounder—five pounds two ounces.' 'Divided by three,' murmured Jack. 'All of a sudden he bolted into a big rat-hole in the bank right under my feet. What to do, be jabers, I couldn't imagine. At length, after thinking a bit, I got a big sod of turf and knelt down, and, reaching over the bank, plunged it into the hole and clane stopped it up. Then I out with me bowie (which I've always carried since I was mining in Colorady), and dug that trout out, though I had to go down five fate perpindicular before I reached the hole. Be gorra, ye never seen a trout so astonished in yer life whin I took him in the flank.' 'Take a note of that Jack,' said Charley; 'that'll do for the U.S.' 'Are things what they seem, or is visions about? they call me truthful James,' murmured Jack, absently."

“If you please, sir, missis says, shall she send you some tea, or would you come to the drawing room?” And thus the sederunt closed. The next day the frost went, and two days after I caught Dawkins’s big pike, to his everlasting delight and thankfulness. He weighed $27\frac{1}{2}$ lb. “Eat my ducks, will yer, yer warmint!” said he at every crack on the poll he gave him. That is the pike over the dining-room door out in the hall. And, each laden with a big hamper of game and wildfowl, and various other country contentments to pleasure less fortunate friends, Sam and I took our departure.

“You’re quite sure there are no foxes here?” said Sam, as the hampers were being hoisted into the waggonette, whereat Fred roared like a sucking dove. As to me, I was too busy kissing my hand to a pair of the brightest eyes in Christendom at an upper window, to notice anything else.

“What nonsense you talk, Tom!” says Emily, who has just glanced over my shoulder. We were married in the spring—

1887.

A

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

RELATING TO

Angling, Boating, Cricket, Farming, Gardening, Hunting,
Shooting, Tennis, Travel, Yachting, &c.,

USEFUL FOR

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN,
TRAVELLERS, ETC.,

PUBLISHED BY

HORACE COX,

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

*** Orders for any of the following works, with postage stamps or post-office order (payable at the Money Order Office, 369, Strand) for the amount, should be sent to HORACE COX, Publisher, at the above address, or they may be obtained by order of any bookseller.*

.

PREFACE.

I BEG to call the attention of Country Gentlemen, Travellers, Sportsmen, Farmers, &c., to the works quoted in this catalogue, as written by authors who are well known and trusted as authorities in their respective branches of knowledge. These books are well illustrated by competent artists, and I think I may say that everything has been done that could be to make them complete.

HORACE COX,

Publisher.

A
CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY
HORACE COX.

Second Edition, Greatly Enlarged.

Royal 4to., bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 15s.

PHEASANTS:

THEIR

NATURAL HISTORY AND PRACTICAL MANAGEMENT.

BY

W. B. TEGETMEIER, F.Z.S.,

(Member of the British Ornithologists' Union.)

AUTHOR OF "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CRANES," &c.

Illustrated with numerous full-page engravings drawn from Life by T. W. WOOD.

CONTENTS.

The Natural History of the Pheasants, Habits, Food, Structure, &c.; Management in Preserves and in Confinement, with detailed descriptions of the Different Species adapted for the Covert and the Aviary, and an account of their Diseases and Transport.

NOTICES OF THE SECOND EDITION.

From Yarrell's "British Birds," fourth edition.—"For further details, as well as for instructions as to the management of pheasants, both in the covert and the aviary, and the disorders to which they are liable, the reader is referred to Mr. Tegetmeier's excellent work, to which the editor is under great obligations."

From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—"This new and sumptuous edition contains so large an amount of fresh matter that it may be regarded, practically, as another work. In its own way, it is quite exhaustive. Illustrated by admirable and life-like full-page illustrations. On the technical details of rearing and preservation, Mr. Tegetmeier will be found a thoroughly trustworthy and scientific guide."

From the *Daily Telegraph*.—"Both in its description and practical aspects, the treatise is admirable."

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now ready, super-royal 8vo., price £2 2s.

YACHT ARCHITECTURE.

By DIXON KEMP,

Associate Institute Naval Architects (Member of the Council).

THIS WORK enters into the whole subject of the laws which govern the resistance of bodies moving in water, and the influence a wave form of body and wave lines have upon such resistance. It also deals comprehensively with the subject of STEAM PROPULSION as applied to yachts. An easy SYSTEM for DESIGNING is provided, and every necessary calculation is explained in detail. The latter part of the work is devoted to YACHT BUILDING, and engravings are given of every detail of construction and fitting, including laying off, taking bevels, &c. The List of Plates (exclusively of over thirty devoted to the elucidation of the text, and nearly two hundred woodcuts) exceeds fifty, and comprises the LINES of some of the most CELEBRATED YACHTS AFLOAT by the most successful builders and designers.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS.

Chap.

- I.—Displacement, Buoyancy, and Centre of Buoyancy explained.
 - II.—Proportions of Yachts and Tonnage Rules; Rules for Freeboard, Depth, &c.
 - III.—Stability as influenced by the Proportions, Form, Weight, and Ballasting of Yachts; their Centres of Gravity and Buoyancy. Profusely Illustrated.
 - IV.—The Motions of Yachts among Waves as influenced by their Forms and Proportions.
 - V.—Lateral Resistance, and the adjustment of its centre in relation to the Centre of Effort of the Sails.
 - VI.—Power to Carry Sail; the Impulse of the Wind as a Propelling Force; Apportioning Sail for Speed; Speed Formulae, &c.
 - VII.—The Action of the Rudder and Steering Efficiency. Proportions of Rudders, &c.
 - VIII.—Resistances of Vessels moving in Water. The Wave Line Theory; the Stream Line Theory; the Wave Form Theory. Mr. Froude's Admiralty Experiments, clearly defining the exact influence of Form on Speed.
 - IX.—Resistances Experiments with Models.
 - X.—The Wave Form in Theory and Practice. The Forms of many celebrated Yachts analysed.
 - XI.—Steam Yachting. The Boiler, Engine, Indicator, &c., practically explained at great length.
 - XII.—Propulsion by Steam. The action of the screw propeller and all the conditions which influence propulsion by steam explained, with numerous practical examples.
 - XIII.—Rules and Formulae in use for determining the Displacement, Stability, and other qualities of a yacht fully explained.
 - XIV.—Working Examples for making all the necessary Calculations concerning a Yacht, every sum being given in detail.
 - XV.—Yacht Designing: being a complete system for putting into effect the Art of Designing Yachts by Scientific Methods.
 - XVI.—Laying Off, Making Moulds, Taking Bevels, &c.; Taking Off a Yacht's Lines, &c.
 - XVII.—Yacht Building: Giving detailed examples for constructing yachts, with numerous plates and engravings of the various parts of the vessel, including two large coloured lithographs on a half inch scale giving sectional views of a 40-tonner, complete with all her fittings, &c.
 - XVIII.—Spars and Blocks. Rules for fixing upon their lengths, girths, &c. Sizes of block, cordage, &c.
 - XIX.—Ballasting.
- APPENDIX.—Contains much information concerning small yachts, various useful tables, &c.

“THE FIELD” OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

FIFTH EDITION. GREATLY ENLARGED.

Super-royal 8vo., with Seventy-five full-page Diagrams, price 25s.

A MANUAL OF YACHT AND BOAT SAILING.

BY
DIXON KEMP, A.I.N.A.,
AUTHOR OF "YACHT DESIGNING."

(The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have ordered this work to be supplied to the Libraries of the ships of the Royal Navy.)

THIRD EDITION. *Price 7s. 6d., by post 7s. 10d.*

FIGURE SKATING; BEING THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE ART AS DEVELOPED IN ENGLAND, WITH A GLANCE AT ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY. BY H. C. VANDERVELL AND T. MAXWELL WITHAM (*Members of the London Skating Club*).

There are thousands of skaters who attain a small amount of skill in Figure Skating, and there stop, because they neither know what to do or how to do it. A reference to this, the acknowledged Text Book on Figure Skating, will solve any difficulty that may have stopped progress for years.

FOURTH EDITION. *In post 8vo., limp cloth, gilt, price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 8d.*

THE ART OF SKATING; WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, DIAGRAMS, AND PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR THE ACQUIREMENT OF THE MOST DIFFICULT AND GRACEFUL MOVEMENTS.

By GEORGE ANDERSON ("Cyclos"),
Vice-President of the Crystal Palace Skating Club, and for many years President
of the Glasgow Skating Club.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

b

ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS DRAWN PRINCIPALLY FROM
LIFE BY HARRISON WEIR.

In Imperial 4to., bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 18s.

THE
CATTLE OF GREAT BRITAIN:
BEING
A SERIES OF ARTICLES
ON THE
VARIOUS BREEDS OF CATTLE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,
THEIR HISTORY, MANAGEMENT, &c.

EDITED BY J. COLEMAN,

Editor of the Farm Department of "The Field," and formerly Professor of Agriculture
at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

CONTENTS.

THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF CATTLE.

- Chap.
I.—Introductory.
II.—Breeding and General Management.
III.—Principles of Feeding—Nature and Value of Different Kinds of Food.
IV.—Buildings, and the Manufacture of Manure.
V.—Dairy Management, the Milk Trade, &c.

THE VARIOUS BREEDS OF CATTLE.

ENGLISH GROUP.

- Chap.
VI.—Shorthorns. By John Thornton.
VII.—Herefords. By Thomas Duckham.
VIII.—Devons. By Capt. Tanner Davey.
IX.—The Longhorns. By Gilbert Murray and the Editor.
X.—Sussex Cattle. By A. Heasman.
XI.—Norfolk and Suffolk Red Polled Cattle. By Thomas Fulcher.

SCOTCH GROUP.

- Chap.
XII.—Polled Galloway Cattle. By Gilbert Murray.
„ Polled Angus or Aherdeenshire Cattle. By "Scotus."
XIII.—The Ayrshire Breed of Cattle. By Gilbert Murray.
XIV.—West Highland Cattle. By John Robertson.

WELSH AND IRISH GROUP.

- Chap.
XV.—The Glamorgan Breed of Cattle. By Morgan Evans.
XVI.—Pembrokeshire or Castlemartin Cattle. By Morgan Evans.
XVII.—The Anglesea Cattle. By Morgan Evans.
XVIII.—The Kerry Breed of Cattle. By R. O. Pringle.

CHANNEL ISLANDS GROUP.

- Chap.
XIX.—The Alderney Breed of Cattle. By "An Amateur Breeder."
XX.—The Breton Breed of Cattle. By J. C. W. Douglas and Others.
XXI.—The Guernsey Breed of Cattle. By "A Native."

ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS DRAWN PRINCIPALLY FROM
LIFE BY HARRISON WEIR.

In Imperial 4to., bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 18s.

THE SHEEP AND PIGS OF GREAT BRITAIN:

BEING

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

ON THE VARIOUS

BREEDS OF SHEEP AND PIGS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,
THEIR HISTORY, MANAGEMENT, &c.

EDITED BY J. COLEMAN,

Editor of the Farm Department of "The Field," and formerly Professor of Agriculture
at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

CONTENTS.

SHEEP.

THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

Chap.

- I.—Introductory.
- II.—Management of Ewes up to Lambing.
- III.—Preparations for and Attention during Lambing.
- IV.—Management from Birth to Weaning.
- V.—From Weaning to Market.
- VI.—On Wool.

THE BREEDS OF SHEEP.

Chap.

- I.—Leicester Sheep. By the Editor.
- II.—Border Leicesters. By John Usher.
- III.—Cotswold Sheep. By the Editor.
- IV.—Long-Wooled Lincoln Sheep.
- V.—The Devon Long-Wools. By Joseph Darby.
- VI.—Romney Marsh Sheep. By the Editor.
- VII.—Southdown Sheep. By the Editor.
- VIII.—The Hampshire, or West Country Down Sheep. By E. P. Squarey.
- IX.—Shropshire Sheep. By the Editor.
- X.—Oxfordshire Down Sheep. By Messrs. Druce and C. Hobbs.

Chap.

- XI.—The Roscommon Sheep. By B. O. Pringle.
- XII.—Negrette Merino Sheep.
- XIII.—Exmoor Sheep.
- XIV.—The Blackfaced or Scotch Mountain Sheep.
- XV.—Cheviot Sheep. By John Usher.
- XVI.—Dorset Horned Sheep. By John Darby.
- XVII.—Welsh Mountain Sheep. By Morgan Evans.
- XVIII.—The Radnor Sheep. By Morgan Evans.
- XIX.—Herdwick Sheep. By H. A. Spedding.
- XX.—Sheep Farming in Queensland. By John Sidney.

PIGS.

Chap.

- I.—General Management of Pigs.
- II.—The Berkshire Pig. By the Editor.
- III.—Black Suffolk Pigs.
- IV.—Large White Pigs. By the Editor.
- V.—Small White Pigs. By the Editor.
- VI.—Middle-bred White Pigs. By the Editor.
- VII.—The Black Dorset Pig. By A. Benjafield.

FIFTH EDITION.

Re-written, with additions and new full-page Engravings. In one volume, bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 15s.

THE
DOGS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS:
BEING
A SERIES OF ARTICLES
ON
THE POINTS OF THEIR VARIOUS BREEDS,
AND
THE TREATMENT OF THE DISEASES TO WHICH
THEY ARE SUBJECT.

REPRINTED FROM "THE FIELD" NEWSPAPER

BY J. H. WALSH,

"STONEHENGE," EDITOR OF "THE FIELD."

(WITH THE AID OF SEVERAL EXPERIENCED BREEDERS.)

CONTENTS.

General Management.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Book
I.—Management of Dogs in Health.
II.—Drugs Commonly Used for the Diseases of Dogs, and their Modes of Administration.</p> | <p>Book
III.—The Ordinary Diseases of the Dog and their Treatment.
IV.—Judging at Dog Shows and Field Trials.</p> |
|---|---|

Sporting Dogs.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Book
I.—Dogs Used with the Gun.</p> | <p>Book
II.—Hounds and their Allies.</p> |
|--|--|

Non-Sporting Dogs.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Book
I.—Watch Dogs.
II.—Sheep and Cattle Dogs.</p> | <p>Book
III.—Terriers (other than Fox and Toy).
IV.—Toy Dogs.</p> |
|---|---|

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

THIS WORK CONTAINS ABOVE 700 PAGES, AND NEARLY 400
ILLUSTRATIONS.

*New and cheaper Edition, with additions, price 30s., by post 31s. 4d.,
cloth gilt.*

Shifts and Expedients

OF CAMP LIFE, TRAVEL, and EXPLORATION.

BY
W. B. LORD AND T. BAINES.
(*Royal Artillery.*) (F.R.G.S.)

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Chap.

- I.—Outfit to take abroad.
- II.—Boats, Rafts, and Makeshift Floats
- III.—Working in Metal.
- IV.—Huts and Houses.
- V.—Extempore Bridges and Makeshifts for Crossing Rivers and Ravines.
- VI.—Timber and its Utilisation.
- VII.—Sledges and Sledge Travelling.
- VIII.—Boots, Shoes, and Sandals.
- IX.—Waggons and other Wheeled Vehicles.
- X.—Harness and Pack Animals.
- XI.—Camels.
- XII.—Cattle Marking.
- XIII.—Water, and the Sap of Plants.
- XIV.—Camp Cookery.

Chap.

- XV.—Fish and Amphibious Animals.
- XVI.—Poisoned Weapons, Arrows, Spears, &c.
- XVII.—Tracking, Hunting, and Trapping.
- XVIII.—Palanquins, Stretchers, Ambulances, &c.
- XIX.—On Sketching and Painting under the Ordinary Difficulties of Travel.
- XX.—The Estimation of Distances, and Hints on Field Observing.
- XXI.—Hints to Explorers on Collecting and Preserving Objects of Natural History.
- XXII.—Bopes and Twines.
- XXIII.—Bush Veterinary Surgery and Medicine.

Extract from the INTRODUCTION.

Like two voyagers returned from a long cruise in far-off seas, we throw together our joint gleanings in many lands. These do not consist of jewels, gems, gold, or furs; no piles of costly merchandise do we lay at the reader's feet as offerings from distant climes, but simply the experiences of two roving Englishmen who have "roughed it." By those who have to pass through a campaign, travel wild countries, or explore little known regions, shifts must be made, and expedients of many kinds had recourse to, of which the inexperienced in such matters would but little dream. . . . In our travels and adventures we have not been associated, the paths trodden by us being widely separated. Whilst one was exploring the wilds of North Australia, the other was dwelling in a canvas-covered hole in the earth before Sebastopol. The scenes change; Southern and Tropical Africa is visited by the late Australian traveller, whilst the Crimea, with its rugged hills and wild ravines, is exchanged for the jungles of Central India by the other.

IN TWO VOLUMES,
 Demy 8vo., price 15s. each, by post 16s.,
 THE
**MODERN SPORTSMAN'S
 GUN AND RIFLE,**
 INCLUDING
 GAME AND WILDFOWL GUNS, SPORTING AND MATCH RIFLES
 AND REVOLVERS.

Vol. I.—Game and Wildfowl Guns.
 Vol. II.—The Rifle and Revolver.

By J. H. WALSH,

"STONEHENGE," EDITOR OF "THE FIELD,"

Author of "Dogs of the British Islands," "The Greyhound," "British Rural Sports," &

PRESS OPINIONS ON VOLUME I.

"A perusal of Mr. Walsh's book has forced upon us the conclusion, one that will be shared by nearly every reader, that it is indisputably the standard work on the subject, and is likely long to remain so—a position it richly merits. Sportsmen will anxiously look forward to the second volume of the work, for there is every reason to anticipate that the same high standard will be maintained, and that the rifle will receive as complete an exposition as the 'Game and Wild Fowl Guns.' We are only fulfilling a duty to the public when we say that no man connected in any way with guns or gunnery should be without a copy of Mr. Walsh's masterly volume."—*The Birmingham Daily Gazette*, Nov. 21, 1882.

"It will be seen that the work contains a variety of hints which may be useful to intending purchasers of guns, so that we can confidently recommend an intelligent glance through it as likely to save money and prevent disappointment."—*Saturday Review*.

"Taking the work as a whole, the sportsman will find in it much information on guns, shot, and kindred topics."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The most complete work that has yet been written on sporting guns."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"For breadth of view and completeness this treatise could hardly be excelled. It has, moreover, the advantage of reporting authoritatively on the very latest improvements, both as regards weapons and powder and shot, all which objects of a sportsman's consideration seem to be susceptible of indefinite progress."—*Daily News*.

"With such a guide as this, all who appreciate sport will be able to enjoy it fully, and, what is of importance, will be able to avoid much of the danger attending the use of imperfect weapons."—*The Era*.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Demy 4to., with 12 full-page illustrations, some of which contain Portraits of Sporting Celebrities, and 24 vignettes, price £1 1s., by post £1 2s.

SPORTING SKETCHES

WITH

PEN AND PENCIL.

BY

FRANCIS FRANCIS AND A. W. COOPER.

CONTENTS.

The First of September.
A Day in a Punt.
Mark Cock!
Trouting.
Long Tails and Short Ones.
Paying the Pike.

Rabbit Shooting.
Roaching.
Grouse Shooting.
Salmon Fishing.
Snipe Shooting.
Grayling Fishing.

Crown 4to., printed on toned paper, price 25s., by post 26s.

THE

ANNALS OF TENNIS.

BY

JULIAN MARSHALL.

THIS work will be found very complete, and, it is thought, justly entitled to take its place as the standard work on Tennis. It has cost its author much laborious research; and, independently of its great value to tennis players and all lovers of the game, it is trusted, from the vast amount of curious lore it contains, the volume will be found not unworthy of a place on the shelves of the scholar. The author, himself a well-known amateur, is fully competent to speak with authority on the game, having had the opportunity of studying the play of the best Continental, in addition to that of the best English, masters, and, therefore, may be taken as a safe guide by learners.

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| I.—Tennis Abroad. | IV.—The Laws and their History. |
| II.—Tennis in England. | V.—The Game. |
| III.—The Court and Implements. | VI.—Appendix. |

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

A PRESENTATION VOLUME FOR CLUBS.

4to., bevelled boards, gilt edges, (500 pages), with appropriate illustrations, price One Guinea, by post £1 2s. 4d.

THE
ENGLISH GAME OF CRICKET:

COMPRISING A DIGEST OF ITS

ORIGIN, CHARACTER, HISTORY, AND PROGRESS,

TOGETHER WITH

AN EXPOSITION OF ITS LAWS AND LANGUAGE.

BY

CHARLES BOX,

Author of "The Cricketers' Manual," "Reminiscences of Celebrated Players," Essays on the Game, "Songs and Poems," "Theory and Practice of Cricket," &c.

CONTENTS.

Chap. I. } to } Introductory. VI. }	Chap. XV.—Warwickshire and Derbyshire. XVI.—Gloucestershire. XVII.—Lancashire and Leicestershire. XVIII.—The Eastern Counties. XIX. } XX. } Intercolonial Matches. XXI.—School and Village Matches. XXII.—Curiosities of Cricket. XXIII.—Cricket Grounds. XXIV.—Laws of the Game. XXV.—Poems, Songs, and Ballads. XXVI.—Glossary of Words and Phrases. POSTSCRIPT.—Shakespeare and Cricket —An Enforced Dissertation.
Glances at the Past and Present State of County Cricket. VII.—Middlesex. VIII.—Public School Matches. IX.—Kent. X.—Hampshire. XI.—Surrey. XII.—Sussex. XIII.—Nottinghamshire. XIV.—Yorkshire.	

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The most complete and interesting work on cricket ever published. No expense has been spared in making that which is really useful a very handsome volume."—*Bell's Life*.

"We welcome with heartiness a writer like Mr. Charles Box, who has so pleasantly united in the splendid volume before us the old order (of cricket) with the new."—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

"This work will prove interesting to all lovers of cricket."—*Times*.

"The volume is a very handsome one indeed, destined, doubtless, to become an authority on the essentially 'English Game of Cricket.'"—*Morning Post*.

"The best work on cricket that has yet come under our notice."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"A handsome and well got-up volume, the author being the man of all others qualified and in a position for compiling such a work."—*Kent Herald*.

Large post 8vo., price 8s. 6d., by post 9s.

BY LAKE AND RIVER:

AN ANGLER'S RAMBLES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND
AND SCOTLAND.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS.

Author of "A Book on Angling," &c.

SECOND EDITION, *large post 8vo., price 5s., by post 5s. 3d.*

ANGLING.

By FRANCIS FRANCIS.

Author of "A Book on Angling," "By Lake and River," "Hot-Pot," &c.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

Chap.

- I.—The Art of Angling.
- II.—Mid-Water Fishing.
- III.—Surface or Fly Fishing.
- IV.—The Gudgeon, the Pope or Ruff,
the Bleak, the Roach, the Rudd,
the Dace, the Chub, the Barbel,
the Bream, the Carp, the Tench,
the Perch.

Chap.

- V.—The Pike.
- VI.—Trout Fishing with Bait.
- VII.—Fly Fishing for Trout.
- VIII.—Trout Flies.
- IX.—Grayling Fishing.
- X.—Salmon Fishing.
- XI.—Salmon Flies.
- XII.—On Tackle Making.
- ADDENDA.

Post 8vo., in cloth, price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

HOT-POT.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS,

Author of "A Book on Angling," "By Lake and River," "Angling," &c

CONTENTS.

- A Christmas Reverie—The First Day of the Season—A Strange Fishing Match—
The Poacher—The Banker—Reminiscences of an Angler; or, Justices' Justice—
Christmas in the Fisherman's Snuggery—St. May Fly—Catching Tartars—
Under the Boughs, "Now and Then"—Reminiscences of an Angler, "Farmer
Gunshott"—Bankers and Tinkers—The Pleasures of Grayling Fishing—Will
Whistle—An Angler's Christmas Yarn—Reminiscences of an Angler, "Squaring
the Keeper"—A Week on the Brattle—A Storm on the Brawle—White Trout and
Salmon Fishing in Galway—Reminiscences of an Angler, "Anglers' Miseries"
—Sam Coventry—Piscatory Prosings "De Omnibus Rebus," &c.—Chewton Pike.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

d

Demy 8vo., with folding plates and full-page illustrations printed on toned paper, price 21s., by post 21s. 9d.

MODERN WILDFOWLING.

BY
LEWIS CLEMENT,
"WILDFOWLER."

CONTENTS.

PUNTING.—Introduction.

- Chap.
I. } Muzzle-loading Punt Guns
II. } (Flint, Percussion and Copper
III. } Tube Ignition.
IV. }
V. } Breechloading Punt Guns.
VI. }
VII. } Loading Punt Guns.
VIII. } Aiming and Firing Punt Guns.
IX. } The Setting of Punt Guns.
XI. } Recoil and After-recoil Apparatuses.
XII. }
XIII. }
XIV. } Punts.
XV. }
XVI. }
XVII. }
XVIII. } Launching Punt and Canoes.
XIX. } Punting Accessories.
XX. }
XXI. } Punting.
XXII. }
XXIII. }
XXIV. } My First Single-handed Punting Trip.
XXV. } Amateur and Professional
XXVI. } Puntsmen.

- Chap.
XXVII. }
XXVIII. } Shoulder Guns.
XXIX. }
XXX. } Flapper Shooting.
XXXI. } Inland Duck Shooting.
XXXII. } Sailing to Fowl.
XXXIII. } Decoying to the Gun.
XXXIV. }
XXXV. } Decoying in America.
XXXVI. } American Blinds.
XXXVII. } American Canvas-back Shooting.
XXXVIII. } Shore Shooting.
XXXIX. }
XL. } Curious Wildfowl and Sea-fowl Shooting Expedients.
XLI. }
XLII. } Close Time and Wildfowl and Sea-fowl Acts.
XLIII. } "Wildfowler's" Table of Loads.
XLIV. } Netting Plovers and Snipe Snaring.
XLV. } Snaring and Hooking Sea-fowl on the Continent.
XLVI. } Decoying into the "Pipes."
XLVII. } Flight Ponds and Rock Fowling.
XLVIII. } Concluding Remarks.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"An excellent work indeed, and full of capital illustrations, is 'Modern Wildfowling;' to recommend it aright I should have, if I were clever enough, and it did not already exist, to invent the famous phrase, 'a book no gentleman's library should be without.'"—*Truth*, March 17, 1881.

"This book deals not only with the various modes of approaching or decoying, and killing wildfowl of all kinds, but enters into minute details upon the construction of punts, both single and double handed; sails; punt guns, muzzle-loading as well as breechloading; recoil apparatus; and shoulder guns of all patterns, with the varying loads required for different bores. In addition to this are several chapters devoted to a narration of the adventures of the author while in pursuit of wildfowl, both at home and abroad—which are very pleasant reading. . . . With the addition of a good index, sportsmen will have in this work a capital *valet* *meum* on the art of wildfowling.—*The Zoologist* for November, 1880.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

SECOND EDITION. *Large post 8vo., price 7s. 6d., by post 8s.*

THE
“IDSTONE” PAPERS.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES AND DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS ON
 SPORT AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY
“IDSTONE,”
 OF “THE FIELD.”

CONTENTS.

Chap.	Chap.
I.—Agricultural Labourers.	XVI.—Brown in the Country.
II.—The Rough Rider.	XVII.—The Earthstoppers' Feast.
III.—The First of May.	XVIII.—The White Snipe.
IV.—“Strictly Confidential.”	XIX.—Swans and Eagles.
V.—Shooting Dress.	XX.—The Philosophy of Missing.
VI.—Some Old Portraits.	XXI.—Shooting in Alderney.
VII.—Dens and Sanctums.	XXII.—Shirkers.
VIII.—The Rat-catcher.	XXIII.—Our Black Heath.
IX.—Early Morning in London.	XXIV.—Traps and Calls.
X.—The Earthstopper.	XXV.—Northward.
XI.—The Shooting Pony.	XXVI.—A Bright October.
XII.—Whistle and Whip.	XXVII.—Varied Shooting.
XIII.—Old Traps and Spring-guns.	XXVIII.—The End of the Season.
XIV.—Tom Frere the Hard-riding Farmer.	XXIX.—On Beating for Game.
XV.—Expecting Brown.	XXX.—Land Valuers and Stewards.
	XXXI.—Snipe Shooting.

This work is admirably adapted for use as a Sporting Tourist's Handbook, while it is of absorbing interest to the general reader.

Large post 8vo., price 6s. 6d., by post 6s. 10d.

SKETCHES
 OF
LIFE, SCENERY, AND SPORT IN NORWAY.

BY
Rev. M. R. BARNARD, B.A.

Author of “Sport in Norway and Where to Find It,” “Life of Thorvaldsen,”
 and Translator of “Private Life of the Old Northmen,” and a “Summer in
 Iceland,” &c.

“THE FIELD” OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Just published, 8vo., pp. 463, with 32 illustrations, price 16s., by post 16s. 10d.

ESSAYS ON SPORT AND NATURAL HISTORY. By J. E. HARTING.

CONTENTS.

Shooting—Hawking—Fishing—Training Hawks—Lark Mirrors—Plover Catching—Fishing with Cormorants—Decoys—The Irish Wolfhound—The Badger—Wild Turkeys—The Great Bustard—Seals—Wild Swans, &c.

Thirty-eight Essays: concluding with Practical Hints on Bird Preserving for the use of Travellers and Collectors.

In demy 8vo., price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF HAWKS. By J. E. HARTING,

Author of "A Handbook of British Birds," "Essays on Sport and Natural History."

Large post 8vo., price 6s., by post 6s. 4d.

RAMBLES AFTER SPORT; OR, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAS AND AT HOME. BY "OLIVER NORTH."

CONTENTS.

A Week's Duck Shooting at Poole—That Sheldrake—Quail Shooting in California—Bear Hunting in Mexico—Bear Shooting in California—My First Elk—My Last Bear—Round Cape Horn, Valparaiso, Santiago—Andacollo, Lima, Panama, Jamaica—Country Sports and Life in Chile—Shooting in Chile—Two Days' Fishing in Chile—"Tolling" for Ducks in California—Up the Sacramento—The White Elk of Astoria—Sport in the Coast Range Mountains.

In large post 8vo., limp cloth, price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 8d.

COLORADO: ITS AGRICULTURE, STOCKFEEDING, SCENERY, AND SHOOTING. By S. NUGENT TOWNSHEND, J.P. (*"ST. KAMES."*)

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now ready, VOLUME I. (containing Parts I., II., and III.), in crown 8vo., red cloth, price 6s., by post 6s. 6d.

THE
HUNTING COUNTRIES
OF
ENGLAND,
THEIR FACILITIES, CHARACTER, AND REQUIREMENTS.
A GUIDE TO HUNTING MEN.
By "BROOKSBY."

CONTENTS.

PART I.—Introduction—The Belvoir—The South Wold—The Brocklesby—The Burton and The Blankney—The Fitzwilliam—The Quorn—The Cottesmore—The Puckeridge—The Old Berkeley.

PART II.—The North Warwickshire—The Pytchley—The Woodland Pytchley—The Atherstone—The Billesdon or South Quorn—The Meynell—The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt—The Heythrop—The Old Berkshire—The South Oxfordshire—The South Nottinghamshire—The East Kent—The Tickham—The Vine—The South Berkshire—Mr Garth's—The H. H.—The Tedworth—Lord Ferrers'—The Warwickshire.

PART III.—The Dulverton—The Stars of the West—Mr. Luttrell's—Lord Portsmouth's—The Essex and the Essex Union—The Hertfordshire—The Whaddon Chase—The Vale of White Horse—The Cheshire and South Cheshire—The Blackmoor Vale—The Cambridgeshire—The Duke of Grafton's—The Holderness—The Oakley—The North Herefordshire—The Duke of Buccleuch's—The Tynsdale—Lord Percy's—The Morpeth—The Rufford.

Also now ready (VOLUME II.).

PART IV.—The Badsworth—The Southdown—The East Essex—The Bramham Moor—The East Sussex—The Essex and Suffolk—The York and Ainsty—Lord Fitzwilliam's—The Crawley and Horsham—The West Kent—Sir Watkin Wynn's—The Hursley—The Hambledon—Lord Coventry's—The Grove—The West Norfolk—The Bedale—Lord Zetland's—The Craven—The Surrey Union.

PART V.—The Old Surrey—Mr. Richard Combe's—The Burstow—The Hurworth—The Cattistock—The Suffolk—The Shropshire—The Earl of Radnor—Capt. Hon. F. Johnstone's—The South Durham—The Worcestershire—The Ledbury—The South Herefordshire—The South Staffordshire—The North Staffordshire—The Dukes of Beaufort's—The Cotswold—The Dumfriesshire—The Albrighton—The North Cotswold.

PART VI.—Lord Middleton's—The Sinnington—The Wheatland—The United Pack—The Chiddingfold—Lord Fitzhardinge's—Hon. Mark Rolle's—South and West Wilts—Lord Portman's—The Cleveland—The North Durham—Braes of Derwent—The Radnorshire and West Hereford—The Monmouthshire.

Each Part is published separately, price 2s. 6d.

In One Map, bound in red cloth, mounted on canvas, size 25in. by 25in., price 4s. 6d., by post 4s. 8d.

"THE FIELD" HUNTING MAP

(PRINTED IN COLOURS),

GIVING THE NAMES AND DISTRICTS OF EACH PACK OF HOUNDS FROM
CARLISLE TO LAND'S END.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now ready, royal 8vo., price 10s. 6d., by post 11s.

HORSE BREEDING RECOLLECTIONS.

BY
COUNT G. LEHNDORFF,

CONTAINING:

Notes on the Breeding of Thoroughbreds—In-breeding and Out-crossing—Pedigrees of all the Principal Sires—and Genealogical Tables of Celebrated Thoroughbreds.

Post 8vo., price 7s. 6d., by post 8s.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE; MOORISH WANDERINGS AND RAMBLING REMINISCENCES.

BY
CHARLES A. PAYTON.

"Sarcelle" of "The Field," &c., Author of "The Diamond Diggings of South Africa."

In One Volume, large post 8vo. with Maps, price 6s., by post 6s. 4d.

THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA. A PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL ACCOUNT.

BY
CHARLES A. PAYTON.

"Sarcelle," of "The Field."

CONTENTS.

Part	Part
I.—General Account of the Fields.	IV.—My Diary at the Diggings.
II.—Routes to the Fields.	V.—The Gold Fields.
III.—Sketches of Life and Character on the Fields.	

Price 5s. cloth, by post 5s. 4d.

A Year of Liberty; or, Salmon Angling in Ireland.

By W. PEARD, M.D., LL.B.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

THIRD EDITION. *Large post 8vo. price 7s. 6d. cloth, by post 7s. 10d.*

FACTS AND USEFUL HINTS RELATING TO FISHING AND SHOOTING:

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A LIST OF RECIPES FOR THE MANAGEMENT AND CURE
OF DOGS IN DISEASE.

Edited by I. E. B. C.,

Editor of "The Gamekeeper's and Game Preserver's Account Book and Diary," &c

CONTENTS. FISHING.

Baits—Fish—Fish Hatching—Flies and Fly Making—Flights—Floats—Gut—Lines
—Miscellaneous—Nets—Ponds and Streams—Rods—Wading Boots—Wax.

SHOOTING.

Birds and Beasts—Breeding—Coverts—Deer—Dogs—Ferrets—Foxes—Guns—
Kennel—Miscellaneous—Nets—Preserving—Rabbits—Rifles—Traps—Vermin.

APPENDIX.—Diseases of Dogs.

In post 8vo., with Illustrations, price 3s. 6d.

THE PRACTICAL MANAGEMENT OF FISHERIES. A BOOK FOR PROPRIETORS AND KEEPERS.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS,

Author of "Fish Culture," "A Book on Angling," "Reports on Salmon
Ladders," &c. &c. &c.

CONTENTS.

Chap.	Chap.
I.—Fish and Fish Food.	VI.—On the Rearing of Fry and the Conduct of Ponds, Stews, &c.
II.—How to Grow Fish Food and how to Make Fishes' Homes.	VII.—Some Hatcheries.
III.—On the Management of Weeds and the Economy of Fishing.	VIII.—Coarse Fish.
IV.—The Enemies of Trout and how to Circumvent them.	IX.—On Salmon and Trout Ladders and Passes.
V.—The Artificial Incubation of Ova.	APPENDIX.—Notes, &c.

Price 2s. 6d. by post 2s. 9d.

GAME REGISTER, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF EACH HEAD OF GAME KILLED, AND HOW DISPOSED OF.

Containing also Divisions for Registering Sporting Engagements and
General Observations.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now ready, quarto, price 5s., by post 5s. 6d.

THE
GAMEKEEPER'S AND GAME PRESERVER'S
Account Book and Diary.

By I. E. B. C.,

Editor of "Facts and Useful Hints relating to Fishing and Shooting," "The Angler's Diary," &c.

ITS SECTIONS COMPRISE—

THE SHOOTING AND ITS GUARDIANS.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT.

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS.

VERMIN DIARY—
General Summary.

POULTRY DIARY—
Receipts and Payments.
General Balance Sheet.

PHEASANT DIARY—
Receipts and Expenses.
General Balance Sheet.

DOG DIARY—

Kennel Names, Ages, Value, &c.
Kennel Occupants at the beginning of
each Quarter of the Year.
Produce Register—Bitches.
Stud Register.
Pedigrees.
Receipts and Expenses.
General Balance Sheet.

GAME DIARY—

Total Summary of the Season.
Produce of the Beats or Coverts.
Tenants, &c., to whom Game should be
given.
Inventory of Appliances, &c.

STOCK VALUATION.

General Balance Sheet for the Year.

In handy pocket size, price 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 7d.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S SHOOTING MEMORANDUM BOOK

FOR THE

REGISTERING OF GAME SHOT, MEMORANDA OF SALE, &c.

By I. E. B. C.,

Editor of "Facts and Useful Hints relating to Fishing and Shooting," "The Gamekeeper's and Game Preserver's Account Book and Diary," &c.

Crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 9d.

PUBLIC SHOOTING QUARTERS
IN ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND ON THE
CONTINENT.

By "WILDFOWLER,"

Author of "Shooting and Fishing Trips," "Modern Wildfowling," "Table of Loads," &c.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED AND REVISED.

Large post 8vo., with Illustrations, price 5s. cloth, by post 5s. 4d.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE:

A COLLECTION OF USEFUL INFORMATION AND RECIPES,

Adapted to the Country Gentleman and his household, and of the greatest utility to the housekeeper generally.

By I. E. B. C.,

Editor of "Facts and Useful Hints relating to Fishing and Shooting," and "The Gamekeeper's and Game Preserver's Account Book and Diary."

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY. *In post 8vo., price 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 8d.*

THE ANGLER'S DIARY

AND

TOURIST FISHERMAN'S GAZETTEER

CONTAINS

A Record of the Rivers and Lakes of the World, to which are added a List of Rivers of Great Britain, with their nearest Railway Stations.

Also Forms for Registering the Fish taken during the year; as well as the Time of the Close Seasons and Angling Licences.

By I. E. B. C.,

Editor of "The Gamekeeper's and Game Preserver's Account Book and Diary," &c.

THIRD EDITION. *In fcap. 8vo., price 1s., by post 1s. 1d.*

WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT, 1880,

WITH COMMENTS ON THEIR RESPECTIVE SECTIONS

Explanatory of their bearing as regards owners and occupiers of land, sportsmen, bird catchers, bird dealers, &c.; together with Notes on the Birds named in the Schedule, their provincial names, &c.

An accurate exposition of and commentary on the recent measure, and will dispel many misconceptions of its scope."—*Quarterly Review*.

'A capital annotated edition of the Act.'—*Saturday Review*.

"You have not the hook of riddles about you, have you?"—*Merry Wives*.

Price 5s., by post 5s. 3d.

"WHETSTONES FOR WITS;"

OR

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

BY VARIOUS HANDS.

EDITED BY "CRACK."

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

SECOND EDITION. *In demy 8vo., price 10s. 6d., by post 11s.*

ESTATE MANAGEMENT :

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK FOR LANDLORDS, STEWARDS, AND PUPILS,

WITH A

LEGAL SUPPLEMENT BY A BARRISTER,

ALSO

Tenant Right from a Landlord's Point of View.

By **CHARLES E. CURTIS.**

CONTENTS :

Chap.	Chap.
I.—Letting and Leases.	VIII. } Repairs and Materials.
II.—Farm Valuations.	IX. }
III.—Forestry.	X.—The Blights of Wheat and other Cereals.
IV.—Underwood.	XI.—Accounts.
V.—Fences.	XII.—Useful Rules of Arithmetic and Mensuration.
VI.—Grasses suitable for Woods and Plantations.	
VII.—The Home Farm.	

In crown 8vo., price 1s.

CATECHISM OF ESTATE MANAGEMENT.

SECTION I.

LETTING AND LEASES.

BY

CHAS. E. CURTIS, F.S.I.,

Professor of Estate Management at the College of Agriculture, Principal of the School of Estate Management, Author of "Estate Management," &c.

In crown 8vo., with Thirteen full-page Plates, price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 9d.

THE SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR :

A TREATISE ON THE ARTS OF SWIMMING AND DIVING.

By **WILLIAM WILSON.**

Author of "Swimming, Diving, and How to Save Life," "The Bather's Manual," "Hints on Swimming."

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

SECOND EDITION, Greatly Enlarged (with Illustrations and Plans of Silos).

Just published, price 6s., by post 6s. 6d.

S I L O S

FOR

PRESERVING BRITISH FODDER CROPS STORED IN A GREEN STATE.

Notes on the Ensilage of Grasses, Clovers, Vetches, &c.

COMPILED AND ANNOTATED

BY THE

SUB-EDITOR OF "THE FIELD."

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Cattle-feeding v. corn-growing; previous information on the storage of green fodder in pits; silos in ancient and modern times.

CHAP.

- I.—Summary of Practice.
- II.—CROPS FOR THE SILO.—Grasses, clovers, lucerne, vetches, maize, green rye and oats, spurrey, buckwheat, comfrey, roots and miscellaneous crops.
- III.—THE VARIOUS KINDS OF SILOS.—Earthen pits and other simple forms of silos; barn and other converted silos; specially constructed silos of stone, brick, concrete, wood, &c.; ensilage stacks and harrels.
- IV.—COST OF SILOS.—Estimation of capacity; cost of British silos, specially constructed; converted buildings; patent silos of concrete slabs, slate, and wood; French silos; relative capacity and cost of silos and hay barns; roofs.
- V.—FILLING THE SILO.—Mixture of dry material with green fodder; influence of wet weather; chopping up the fodder; slow v. quick filling; curbs or super-silos; the use of salt; trampling down the fodder.
- VI.—COVERING AND CLOSING THE SILO.—Straw and other materials; the covering boards; closing the doorway.
- VII.—WEIGHTING THE SILO.—Amount of weight to put on; consequences of insufficient pressure; expression of juice from the fodder; mechanical arrangements for pressure; cost of apparatus.
- VIII.—OPENING THE SILO.—Precautions to be taken in uncovering the silage, and removing the weights.
- IX.—EFFECT OF ENSILAGE ON FODDERS.—Fermentation in the pit; advantages and losses produced by fermentation; reduction in weight and altered proportion of constituents of silage, resulting from excessive fermentation.
- X.—FEEDING QUALITIES OF SILAGE.—Effect of amount of moisture in diluting the nutrient matters; comparative money value of green fodders and silage; results of feeding experiments on the condition of the animals and the production of milk and cream; silage for horses, sheep, &c.
- XI.—EFFECT OF SILAGE ON DAIRY PRODUCE.—Complaints of bad flavour in milk and butter; causes of conflicting reports.
- XII.—COST OF HAYMAKING V. ENSILAGE.—Differences of cost of the process under various conditions.

Just published, price 6d., by post 7d.

SHORT NOTES ON SILO EXPERIMENTS AND PRACTICE.

(Extracted from "Silos; or Preserving British Fodder Crops.")

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now ready, price 6d.

HARVESTING CROPS INDEPENDENTLY OF WEATHER:

Practical Notes on the Neilson System of Harvesting.

By "AGRICOLA,"

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE FIELD."

In crown 8vo., price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 8d.

MANURES:

THEIR RESPECTIVE MERITS FROM AN ECONOMICAL
POINT OF VIEW.

BY A. W. CREWS,

Author of "Guano: its Origin, History, and Virtues," "The Potato and its Cultivation," &c.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—Definition of the Word "Manure"—Nature's Modes of Applying Fertilisers—History—Classification.

PART II.—The Value of Ploughing Down Green Crops—Weeds—Sea-weed—Straw—Sawdust—Tanners' Bark—Wood Ashes—Peat—Rape Cake—Hemp—Poppy, Cotton, and Cocoa-nut Cakes—Bran—Malt Dust—Brewers' Grains—Coal—Soot—Charcoal.

PART III.—Dead Animals—Fish—Blood—Animalised Charcoal—Bones—Horn—Woollen Rags, Hairs, Feathers, &c.—Night-soil—Farmyard Manure—Guano.

PART IV.—Salts of Ammonia—Salts of Magnesia—Salts of Potash—Salts of Soda—Common Salt—Lime and its Compounds—"Ooze."

In crown 8vo., price 2s., by post 2s. 2d.

THE POTATO AND ITS CULTIVATION.

BY A. W. CREWS.

Author of "Guano: its Origin, History, and Virtues," "Manures: their Respective Merits &c."

CONTENTS.

Derivation—History—Constituents—Varieties—Sprouting—Soils—Planting—Manures—Earthing up—Disease—Scab—Storing—Forcing—Producing New Varieties—Substitutes for the "Potato"—Miscellaneous Information.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Demy 8vo., price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d., Illustrated with several Diagrams.

THE PRACTICAL SURVEYOR: A TREATISE UPON SURVEYING.

SPECIALLY ARRANGED FOR THE GUIDANCE OF PUPILS, STEWARDS,
THE SCHOLASTIC PROFESSION, AND INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

BY THOMAS HOLLOWAY.

CONTENTS.

Chap. I.—The Man and his Outfit.	Chap. XIII.—Example of a Survey of several Fields together, and the Field Book.
II.—The Chain — Cautions to Beginners—Best Figure for Chain Surveying.	XIV.—Reference Numbers to Maps—To put Detached Buildings in correct Positions on a Plan by Means of Unmeasured Lines—Lines Measured on the Work—Making Stations.
III.—Boundaries.	XV.—Plotting — Selection and Management of Paper—Inking in.
IV.—Setting-out Lines by the Eye and passing Obstructions.	XVI.—Surveys made for the purpose of Dividing Land into Stated Quantities.
V.—Division of the Circle and Use of Box Sextant — Chain Angles Condemned—Cross Staff Condemned — The Optical Square — Measuring Inaccessible Distances.	XVII.—Setting-out Allotments and Building Plots.
VI.—The Theodolite — Setting-out Lines with the Theodolite.	XVIII.—Angles and Bearings, and Use and Adjustment of Circular Protractor.
VII.—Reduction of the Measure of Undulating Ground to Horizontal Measures and Table of Vertical Angles.	XIX.—Traverse Surveys.
VIII.—Measuring Lines—The Offset Staff and taking Offsets.	XX.—Trespass.
IX.—To prove the Correctness of Observations taken with the Sextant—Single Fields Measured with the Chain and Optical Square, so that the Areas can be directly Calculated.	XXI.—Quality Lines—Superstructures and Works Underground—Harvest and Coppice Work—Reducing Plans from a Large Plan to a Small One.
X.—To Set-out a Right Angle with the Chain—Figures of the Lines of Measurement best adapted to Irregular Fields	XXII.—To Copy a Map—Colouring, Penmanship, &c.
XI.—Equalising Boundaries, and Drawing a Triangle equal to a given Figure.	XXIII.—Commencement of a Parish Survey—Surveying to a Scale of Feet.
XII.—Computation of Areas of Irregular Fields.	XXIV.—Town Surveying.
	XXV.—Testing the Accuracy of a Survey—General Remarks.
	XXVI.—In Memory of the Past.

Price 6d., by post 7d. : or 2s. 6d. the half-dozen.

"THE FIELD" DUPLICATE JUDGING BOOK

Facilitates the work of the Judges at Poultry and other Shows, by a very simple method of entering and preserving a duplicate judging list.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND W.C.

SECOND EDITION. *In Three Parts, large post 8vo., price 5s., by post 5s. 4d., each.*

THE
FARM, GARDEN, AND STABLE.

By I. E. B. C.,

Editor of "The Gamekeeper's and Game Preserver's Account Book and Diary."

CONTENTS.

Part I.—The Farm.

Cattle—Crops—Dairy—Diseases—Fencing—Food for Stock—Manures—
Miscellaneous—Pigs—Sheep—Soils—Weeds—Woods.

Part II.—The Garden.

Flowers—Fruit—Houses—Lawns—Manures—Miscellaneous—Seeds—Trees and
Shrubs—Vegetables—Vermin—Weeds.

Part III.—The Stable.

Carriages—Diseases—Feeding—Harness, &c.—Miscellaneous—Stable Management.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY. *In large post 8vo.*

THE
KENNEL CLUB STUD BOOK:
CONTAINING A COMPLETE
RECORD OF DOG SHOWS AND FIELD TRIALS,
WITH
Pedigrees of Sporting and Non-Sporting Dogs.

Vol. I., from 1859 to 1873, price 12s. 6d., by post 13s.

PRICE 10s. 6d., BY POST 10s. 10d. EACH—

Vol. II., 1874; Vol. III., 1875; Vol. IV., 1876; Vol. V., 1877
Vol. VI., 1878; Vol. VII., 1879; Vol. VIII., 1880; Vol. IX., 1881;
Vol. X., 1882; Vol. XI., 1883; Vol. XII., 1884; Vol. XIII., 1885.

Vols. VIII. to X. are also published in Four Parts.

Demy 8vo., price 1s., by post, 1s. 1d.

THE EARLY MATURITY OF LIVE STOCK

By HENRY EVERSHED,

Writer on Agriculture in the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of
England," "The Field," "Quarterly Review," &c.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY. *Demy 4to., price 1s., by post 1s. 2d.*

THE RURAL ALMANAC

AND SPORTSMAN'S ILLUSTRATED CALENDAR FOR 1887.

Articles on the following Subjects are included in the List of Contents:

NOTES ON THE PAST RACING SEASON.

YACHT RACING IN 1886.

LIST OF HUNTS, THEIR MASTERS, &c.

FIELD TRIALS WITH POINTERS AND SETTERS IN 1886.

DOG SHOWS AND CANINE MATTERS IN 1886.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL JOCKEY.

THE BLOOD OF OUR THOROUGHBRED HORSES.

COUNTY CRICKET IN 1886, with *Tablss* of Averages, &c.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS' TOUR OF 1886.

FERRETS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

SWIMMING IN 1886.

EXTRAORDINARY SCORES AT BILLIARDS IN 1886.

HOCKEY; Hints to Players.

THE GOLFING GREENS OF THE WORLD.

DEFLECTION OF BULLETS BY THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH.

ATHLETICS IN 1886 (with Tables of Amateur and Professional Performances, the best on Record).

STALLIONS FOR BREEDING BLOODSTOCK AND HUNTERS
(List of about 300 Stallions, with their Pedigrees, and Fees for Thoroughbred and Half-Bred Mares).

ALSO SUMMARIES, TABLES, RECIPES, &c., *viz.*,

Angling close seasons
Antiquity of the drag hunts
Athletic championships
Beagles, packs of
Bicycling, best times on record
Biggest dog, the
Boat-races, Oxford and Cambridge
Cambridgeshire winners
Canker in dog
Cesarewitch winners
Close seasons for game
Cricket on cocoa-nut matting
Derby winners
Dog clubs, list of
Fairs for horses, &c.
Foxhounds, packs of
Fox stratagems
Game, legal season for killing
Golfing greens of the world
Harriers, packs of

Huntsmen, changes of
Jumping records
Oaks winners
Otter hounds, packs of
Prolific pheasants
Races of 1887, dates of
Racquets, Schools challenge cup
Rheumatism in horse
Running, best times
St. Leger winners
Skating, best times on record
Tennis, University matches
Terms, University and Legal
Tricycling performances
University athletic sports
University boat-races
University racquet matches
University tennis matches
Walking, best times.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

SECOND EDITION. *Price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 8d.*

OUR COMMON INSECTS: FIRST STEPS TO ENTOMOLOGY. BY MRS. E. W. COX.

FOURTH EDITION. *In demy 4to., on toned paper, and in fancy cover, price 2s., by post 2s. 2d.*

THE BOOK OF DINNER SERVIETTES;

CONTAINING

A NEW INTRODUCTION ON THE DECORATION OF DINNER TABLES,
AND GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR FOLDING THE SERVIETTES.

There are Twenty-one different kinds given, with Ninety-two Woodcuts Illustrative of the various Folds required, and the Serviettes complete.

Just published, price 5s., by post 5s. 2d.

"COMBINED FIGURE SKATING;"

Being a collection of 300 combined figures, as skated by the Skating Club, London, the Wimbledon Skating Club, &c., illustrated by 130 scaled diagrams, showing the correct direction of every curve executed by the skater, and the recognised amount of circling round the centre; together with a progressive series of alternate "calls." The figures are named in accordance with the revised system of nomenclature and rules for combined figure skating, compiled by the Skating Club, London, Sept. 11, 1882. Diagrams of the combined figures in the first and second class tests of the National Skating Association are included.

BY MONTAGU S. F. MONIER-WILLIAMS AND STANLEY F. MONIER-WILLIAMS
(Members of the Wimbledon Skating Club).

Now ready, post free, 6d., cloth gilt..

RULES OF THE GAME OF HOCKEY AND OF THE HOCKEY ASSOCIATION.

Price 6d., by post, 6½d.

THE THAMES:

Rules and Bye-Laws as to Boating, Fishing, the Use of Steam Launches, &c.

By C. E. GODDARD, Solicitor.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

In crown 8vo., price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

BOAT-RACING;

OR,

THE ARTS OF ROWING AND TRAINING.

BY
EDWIN DAMPIER BRICKWOOD

(EX-AMATEUR CHAMPION OF THE THAMES).

CONTENTS.

ROWING.

- Chap.
I.—Introduction: Past and Present Condition of Boat-racing.
II.—Racing Boats: Their History and Fittings.
III.—The Sliding Seat: Its Invention, Adoption, and Theory.
IV.—How to Use an Oar, and Sculls.
V.—Faults and Errors: What to avoid.
VI.—Steering: Coxswain and Non-coxswain.
VII.—Teaching Beginners.
VIII.—Coaching for Races, and Selection of Crews.
IX.—The Varieties and Conduct of Boat-races.
X.—The Laws of Boat-racing.

Chap.

- XI.—The Qualifications of Amateurs.
XII.—Boat Clubs: Their Organisation and Administration.
XIII.—Historical Records, A.D. 1715 to 1838.
XIV.—Historical Records, A.D. 1839 to 1855.
XV.—Historical Records, A.D. 1856 to 1875.

TRAINING.

- XVI.—Its Principles.
XVII.—Its Practice.
XVIII.—Prohibitions, Ailments, &c.
APPENDIX.—Rules for Betting.
INDEX.

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY. *Price 1s., by post 1s. 1d.*

THE ROWING ALMANACK AND OARSMAN'S COMPANION.

Edited by E. D. BRICKWOOD

(EX-AMATEUR CHAMPION OF THE THAMES),

Author of "Boat-Racing; or, the Arts of Rowing and Training."

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>A Calendar with Space for Memoranda and High Water Table, with a Table of Tidal Observations.
The Definition of an Amateur.
Record of all Regattas and Principal Club Races, with a copious Index.
A Review of the Rowing Season.
An Itinerary of the River Thames from Oxford to Putney, showing all the points of interest, with Hotels, &c.</p> | <p>A Rowing Directory.
The Lengths of the different Racing Courses.
The Laws of Boat-Racing.
Henley Regatta Rules.
Metropolitan Amateur Regatta Rules.
The Rule of the Road on the River.
Thames Navigation Rules.
Tables of Winners of all the principal Races and Regattas.</p> |
|---|---|

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now ready, price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 8d., in limp cloth.

RABBITS for PROFIT and RABBITS for POWDER.
A Treatise upon the New Industry of Hutch Rabbit Farming in the Open, and upon Warrens specially intended for Sporting purposes; with Hints as to their Construction, Cost, and Maintenance. By R. J. LLOYD-PRICE.

REPORTS on SALMON LADDERS, with Original
Drawings, Plans, and Sections. By FRANCIS FRANCIS. In post 4to., price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 7d.

A MANUAL of the LAW of SALMON FISHERIES in
ENGLAND and WALES, with a copious Index. By SPENCER WALPOLE, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries. Price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 8d.

A TABLE of CALCULATIONS for use with the "Field"
Force Gauge for Testing Shot Guns. Also an Illustration and Description of the Apparatus. In demy 4to., price 2s. 6d.

THE RULES of PIGEON SHOOTING. Published by
Special Permission, the Hurlingham Club and the Gun Club Rules of Pigeon Shooting. SECOND EDITION. Bound together in cloth, gilt edges, price 6d., by post 7d.

THE COURSING CALENDAR, for the Autumn Season
1886, contains Returns of all the Public Courses run in Great Britain and Ireland. A revised List of Addresses of Coursing Secretaries, Public Coursers, Judges, Slippers, and Trainers, with List of Waterloo Cup Winners, Greyhound Sales, &c. Edited by C. M. BROWNE ("ROBIN HOOD"). Price 10s. 6d.

THE LAWS of LAWN TENNIS, as adopted by the
Marylebone Cricket Club and the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 6d., by post 6½d.

Now ready, price 6d., by post 7d.

ALL ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CLUB REGULA-
TIONS for the MANAGEMENT of LAWN-TENNIS PRIZE MEETINGS, 1885.

THE "FIELD" LAWN TENNIS UMPIRES' SCORE-
SHEET BOOK (with instructions for the use of Umpires). Adapted for the use of Umpires and Players, as used at the Championship Meetings. Price 6d., by post 6½d.

THE "FIELD" LAWN TENNIS CALENDAR for
1886. Containing the Laws of Lawn Tennis; List of Secretaries and their Addresses; Summary of the Season, 1885; On the Making of Tennis Lawns and Cinder and Gravel Courts; with Full Reports of all Tournaments and Club Matches of the Season 1884. Edited by B. C. EVELEIGH (of the "Field"). Price 1s., by post 1s. 3d.

THE ITALIAN SYSTEM of BEE KEEPING; being an
Exposition of Don Giotto Ulivi's Economical Frame Hives and Honey Extractor. By Arthur J. Danyell, late Capt. H.M. 81st Regiment. With Illustrations. Price 1s., by post 1s. 1d. This pamphlet contains practical directions for the making and utilisation of frame hives, costing less than 2s. each, and a centrifugal honey extractor costing 5s. or 6s.

"THE FIELD" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

In 4to., printed on toned paper, with plates, price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

THE QUEEN LACE BOOK:

AN

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Hand-made
Antique Laces of all Countries.

BY L. W.

This work contains the whole of the series of articles on Antique Point Lace which have been published in "The Queen." It will prove an invaluable guide and book of reference to ladies interested in Antique Lace, and, with its highly ornamental embossed cover, will form a handsome ornament for the drawing-room table.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE CLASSICS.

Post 8vo., 540 pages, price 7s. 6d.

HALF-HOURS WITH GREEK AND LATIN AUTHORS.

FROM VARIOUS ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS, WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

By G. H. JENNINGS and W. S. JOHNSTONE,
Authors of a "A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote."

In post 8vo., price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

THE BARB AND THE BRIDLE:

A

HANDBOOK OF EQUITATION FOR LADIES,
AND

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN THE SCIENCE OF RIDING FROM THE
PREPARATORY SUPPLING EXERCISES ON FOOT TO THE FORM
IN WHICH A LADY SHOULD RIDE TO HOUNDS.

By "VIEILLE MOUSTACHE."

Handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d.

ACTING CHARADES FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

BY

ARTHUR LILLIE,

Author of "The Enchanted Toasting Fork," &c.

In paper cover, price 6d.

"THE QUEEN" RECIPES.

By "THE G. C." (Author of "Round the Table").

"THE QUEEN" OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

Now Ready, Price One Shilling; by Post, 1s. 2½d.

THE QUEEN ALMANAC, AND LADY'S CALENDAR for 1887.

AMONG ITS CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND
A CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH PLATE OF DESIGNS

FOR FISHBONE WORK, PRIMROSE WALL PINCUSHIONS, HEDGEHOG,
KELLS, AND GUIPURE EMBROIDERY, &c.

TWO COLOURED PLATES OF NOVELTIES IN KNITTING
AND CROCHET.

Specimens of China and Pastel Painting; Smocks and Smocking Patterns; New Designs for Macrame Lace; Arrangements of Flowers for Posies, in Baskets, and on Stands; Feather and Beadwork; Snowflake Embroidery; Leather and Ribbon Work; Suggestions for Ornamenting Miscellaneous Furniture.

AND PORTRAITS OF THE FOLLOWING:

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany.	The late Miss Philp.
Maria Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, and Infanta Maria de las Mercedes.	Mme. Edmond Adam.
Prince Albrecht of Prussia.	Mrs. Cleveland.
Princess Albrecht of Prussia.	The late Mr. Randolph Caldecott.
Alphonso XII., the late King of Spain.	The late Mr. Bouverie Goddard.
The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Portugal.	The late Duke of Abercorn.
Louis II., the late King of Bavaria.	The late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn.
Dom Fernando II., the late King of Portugal.	Miss Dorothy Dene.
The late Miss M. Darley Mutrie.	Mme. Jane Hading.
	The late Abbé Franz List.
	The late Mr. Joseph Maas.

ALSO

Children's Indoor and Outdoor Costumes, also Millinery; Fashionable Mantles and Hats; Winter Costumes and Bonnets; Brides and Bridesmaids' Dresses and Posies; Pages' Costumes and Girls' Frocks for Weddings; Fancy Costumes for Ladies and Children; Suggestions for Pictorial Cards, &c.

Full information is given relating to—The Royal Family; the Royal Household; the Government; British and Foreign Ambassadors; Lord Lieutenants of Counties in the United Kingdom; Irish and Scotch Representative Peers; Peers who are Minors; Peeresses in their own right; Alphabetical List of the Surnames of the Peers Temporal; Complete List of the House of Peers, with their Surnames and Titles, and the Titles of their Eldest Sons; Jewish Calendar; Bank of England; Post Office Regulations; Eclipses in 1887; List of Charities, Associations, &c.; Obituary of Ladies of Distinction during the Past Year.

RECIPES FOR SOUPS, FISH, ENTREES, SWEETS, BREAKFAST DISHES, AND SAVOURIES.

“THE QUEEN” OFFICE, 346, STRAND, W.C.

